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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LODOVICO ARIOSTO.

VOL. IV.

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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LODOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH NOTES:

By JOHN HOOLE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.



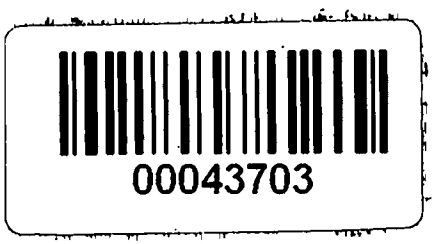
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THE

THIRTIETH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the mad feats of Orlando. The poet takes leave of Angelica. Diſſentions in the camp of Agramant renewed. Rogero and Mandricardo firſt named by lot to decide their quarrel for the ſhield of Hector. Deſcription, and iſſue of their combat. Bradamant laments the abſence of her lover, and hears tidings of him by Hippalca. Rinaldo arrives at Mount Albano, and prepares with his brethren Guichardo, Richardo, Richardetto, and Alardo, and his kinſmen Vivian and Malagigi, to go to the aſſiſtance of Charles. Bradamant remains behind at Mount Albano.

THE

THIRTIETH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN Reaſon, that ſhould ſtill in bounds reſtrain
Each ſudden warmth, to Paſſion gives the rein;
And blindfold Rage our hand or lips can move
To injure thoſe who merit moſt our love;
Though we with tears our errors paſt bemoan,
Such tears can never for th' offence atone.
In vain, alas! I ſorely now repent
Thoſe words in which I gave my anger vent;
Since like a wretch I fare, who while diſtreſt
With ſlow diſeaſe, has long his plaints ſuppreſt,
Till hopeleſs grown, to wild impatience driven,
He arms his tongue againſt diſpenſing Heaven:

His health reſtor'd, he owns his crime with grief,
But words once ſpoke admit of no relief.
Yet, ever-courteous dames! I hope from you
To meet that grace for which I lowly ſue.
Forgive, what from a lover's frenzy came,
And to my beauteous foe transfer the blame;
She plunges me in ills, ſhe bids me burn
With fierce reſentment, that indulg'd muſt turn
On my own head — Heaven only knows if love
So true as mine, deſerves ſuch fate to prove.
Not leſs my madneſs than Orlando's rage,
And ſuch as well may pity's ear engage;
Like his, who wandering now from hill to plain,
Had travers'd o'er Marſilius' wide domain.
Day following day from place to place he flew,
While at his back the lifeleſs beaſt he drew.
At length he reach'd a ſtream whoſe ample tide
Pour'd to the ſea; there on the turfy ſide
The carcaſe left, and ſwiftly plunging o'er,
He gain'd by ſtreſs of arms the further ſhore.
When near the banks a village-ſwain he view'd,
Who brought his horſe to water at the flood,
And onward held his way, nor thought of fear
To ſee one naked like Orlando near.
Let me (the madman cry'd) thy courſer take,
With my good mare I mean th' exchange to make:

Look

Look if thou wilt — behold ſhe lies at hand,
For dead I left her there on yonder ſtrand.
I left her dead — but well I know thy care
Will bind her wounds and every hurt repair.
Give me thy ſteed — and with him further pay
For ſuch a fair exchange — diſmount I pray
In courteſy to ſpeed me on my way.

Loud laugh'd the ſwain, but anſwering not a word
The madman left, and turn'd him to the ford.
Thou hear'ſt me not — (enrag'd Orlando cry'd)
Give me thy horſe — and with a lengthen'd ſtride
Advancing ſwift, a ſtaff the herdſman ſhook
Of knotty oak, with which the earl he ſtruck:
At this the Paladin was rouz'd to ire,
He gnaſh'd his teeth, his eye-balls flaſh'd with fire.
With hand unarm'd he dealt a craſhing wound,
And ſtretch'd the peaſant lifeleſs on the ground.
He mounts his ſteed, he ſcours the public ways,
And towns and villages in ruin lays:
No reſt, no provender the beaſt he gives,
But in a few ſhort days diſabled leaves.

Ver. 54. *With hand unarm'd* —] The Italian is,

Sul capo del paſtore un pugno ſerra
Che ſpezza l' oſſo —

Literally,

He ſtruck the ſhepherd a blow on the head with his fiſt, and ſplit his ſkull.

Nor will Orlando long on foot remain,
But ſoon by force another ſteed obtain:
Whate'er he meets his lawleſs prize he makes;
He kills the rider, and the courſer takes.
Arriv'd at Malaga, the frantic knight
Fill'd every part with tumult and affright:
Such was the ravage of his fearful hand,
Two years ſuffic'd not to recruit the land.
Such numbers ſlain he left where'er he paſs'd,
Such buildings burnt, to earth ſo many caſt,
That half the country look'd a dreary waſte.
To Zizera he thence purſu'd his way,
That near the ſtraits of Zibelterra lay.
There looſen'd from the ſtrand a bark he view'd,
In which a troop for ſolace on the flood
Enjoy'd the freſhneſs of the morning breeze,
And ſkimm'd the ſurface of the tranquil ſeas;
On them Orlando call'd aloud to ſtay,
And him their partner in the bark convey.
In vain he call'd, when none to hear inclin'd;
A gueſt like him could little welcome find.
Swift o'er the level tide the veſſel flies,
As ſails the ſwallow through the liquid ſkies.
At this, with blows on blows Orlando drives
His ſteed though loth, and at the ſea arrives.

The

The ſteed reluctant enters in the waves,
Long vainly ſtruggling: now the water laves
His knees and breaſt; now ſwells on either ſide,
Till ſcarce his head appears above the tide.
No more returning ſhall he quit the ſurge,
While o'er his ears the madman waves the ſcourge.
Ah! wretched ſteed! whoſe life muſt ſoon be loſt,
Unleſs thou ſwimm'ſt to Afric's diſtant coaſt.
Now more and more, withdrawing from the land,
Orlando loſes ſight of hills and ſtrand.
Far in the ſea he wades; between his eyes
And objects loſt the billows fall and riſe:
Till now unequal to the watery ſtrife,
The beaſt concludes his ſwimming and his life:
He ſunk, and with the ſteed had ſunk his load,
But ſelf-ſupported on the heaving flood,
His nervous arms and legs Orlando ply'd,
And from his mouth expell'd the briny tide;
While Fortune, that o'er madmen ſtill preſides,
From death preſerves him, and to Setta guides;
Then lands him ſafe, where near aroſe in ſight
The walls in diſtance twice an arrow's flight:
At length he found along the tented coaſt
Encamp'd in ſwarthy bands a countleſs hoſt.

But let us leave the earl, till better time
To him again recall the wandering rhyme,

What next to fair Angelica befel,
Who late eſcap'd the madman's hand ſo well,
And how ſhe found a ſhip in happy hour
To bear her ſafe for India's ſpicy ſhore;
There gave Medoro o'er her realms to reign,
Others may ſing in more exalted ſtrain:
I haſten to the Tartar knight, who gain'd
Such conqueſt o'er his rival, as obtain'd
The faireſt dame to fill a lover's arms
That Europe boaſts in all her bloom of charms,
Since from our clime Angelica retir'd,
And Iſabella chaſte to Heaven aſpir'd.

Though Mandricardo heard with conſcious pride
The dame in his behalf the cauſe decide,
Yet ſhort enjoyment could that chance afford,
When quarrels ſtill on foot requir'd his ſword.
There young Rogero call'd him to the field,
And claim'd the argent eagle on his ſhield:

Ver. 109. *But let us leave the earl,*—] He returns to Orlando, Book xxxix. ver. 277.

Ver. 116. *Others may ſing,*—] Angelica and Medoro appear no more in the courſe of this work.

Gradaſſo,

Gradaſſo, king of Sericana's lands,
For Durindana here the fight demands.
King Agramant, and king Marſilius try'd
To make each warrior's angry ſtrife ſubſide;
But nor Rogero will the Tartar knight
Permit to bear great Hector's ſhield in fight;
Nor ſtern Gradaſſo let the Tartar wield
The ſword Orlando brandiſh'd in the field.

Then Agramant — No more at variance fall,
Let chance of lots each knight to battle call:
And let us prove, whom Fortune firſt may name
Of him ſhe favours, I confirm the claim:
If yet you hold your ſovereign's love ſo dear,
To what he offers lend a willing ear:
When lots decide who firſt the fight ſhall wage,
Let him, whoſe name appears, his faith engage
On his own head at once each ſtrife to take,
And, conquering for himſelf, a conqueſt make;
For either's claim; or if his loſs enſues,
He, loſing for himſelf for each ſhall loſe:

So

Ver. 148. — *for each ſhall loſe:*] It may not be amiſs to take a little retroſpect, in order to ſee how the matter was ſettled by Agramant, which ſeems rather to require ſome explanation. By the firſt lots that were drawn, the combatants ſtood thus: firſt, Rodomont and Mandricardo; ſecond,

Mandricardo

So nearly, held in equal balance, weighs
Rogero's and Gradaſſo's martial praiſe,
That he whoſe proweſs can in combat ſtand
With either knight, may prove his valiant hand

At

Mandricardo and Rogero: third, Rodomont and Rogero: fourth, Mandricardo and Marphiſa. The liſt being prepared for the fight between Rodomont and Mandricardo, while theſe knights are arming themſelves a new diſpute ariſes between them and Gradaſſo and Sacripant, for Durindana and Frontino, which puts a ſtop to the expected combat between Rodomont and Mandricardo. Marphiſa adds to the confuſion by carrying off Brunello priſoner, whom ſhe accuſes of ſtealing her ſword; and Rogero ſeeing the order of the lots diſturbed, claims again his horſe from Rodomont. Agramant, to ſettle the firſt diſpute between Rodomont and Mandricardo, orders the cauſe to be determined by Doralis, who chuſing Mandricardo, her former lover quits the camp with indignation. The liſt now remained according to the firſt lots, to be entered by Rogero and Mandricardo, but Gradaſſo perſiſting ſtill to claim Durindana from Mandricardo, Agramant propoſes that lots ſhould be again drawn to determine whether Rogero or Gradaſſo ſhould firſt engage with Mandricardo, and to prevent future ſtrife, propoſes that whoever draws the lot of combats ſhall determine both his own claim and the claim of the knight who loſes the lot; that when Rogero wins or loſes, he ſhall not only win or loſe the eagle for himſelf, but Gradaſſo ſhall, in right of his conqueſt, or in conſequence of his defeat, take poſſeſſion of Durindana or relinquiſh his claim; and in like manner Rogero ſhall in right of Gradaſſo's conqueſt, or

in

At all aſſays — let conqueſt grace the ſide,
Which Heaven's eternal juſtice ſhall provide:
But no diſhonour on the loſer fall,
Whate'er betide, impute to Fortune all.
Silent Rogero and Gradaſſo heard
The prudent council of their king rever'd,
And each agreed, whom chance the knight might make,
The cauſe of either on himſelf ſhould take.
The names inſcrib'd within an urn they threw,
And, ſhaking round, the lots a ſtripling drew.
Wrote on the firſt Rogero's name they find,
But bold Gradaſſo's name remain'd behind.
What words can ſpeak the joy Rogero feels,
Soon as the fateful vaſe his lot reveals:
Nor leſs the Sericanian chief repines:
But who ſhall that oppoſe which Heaven deſigns?
And now Gradaſſo with officious cares,
Rogero for the dreadful liſt prepares;
By long experience in the fields of fight,
To win the day inſtructs the youthful knight:

in conſequence of his defeat, continue to bear the ſhield of Hector, or relinquiſh the claim. In this laſt diſpoſition of the lots, no proviſion ſeems to be made for the termination of Marphiſa's quarrel with Mandricardo.

His veteran ſkill directs him how to wield
The trenchant ſword, or lift the covering ſhield;
What to his arm the foe may open leave,
Which ſtroke may reach, and which his aim deceive;
When Fortune's offers to accept or ſhun,
And all war's arts he points him one by one.
The liſts prepar'd; ere ſince the lots were caſt
On either ſide the remnant day was paſt,
As cuſtom wills, in many a kind addreſs
(As each inclines) for either knight's ſucceſs,
And all the ſigns of love that parting friends expreſs.

The people, eager to behold the fight,
Throng every paſſage with the dawning light;
While ſome impatient for the day's return,
Wait in the liſt all night th' approach of morn.
The vulgar herd, ſtill caught with outward ſhows,
Deſire the noble knights in arms to cloſe;
Theſe judge not of events: but all whoſe mind
Can from the preſent ſee what lurks behind,
Midſt whom Marſilius and Sobrino know
What moſt can work their country's weal or woe,
Condemn the fight, while Agramant they blame
Through whom the quarrel to ſuch iſſue came:

Nor

Nor ceas'd they to the monarch's thought to call
What ruin muſt the Mooriſh race befall,
Whether, by angry deſtiny decreed,
Rogero or the Tartar prince ſhould bleed:
Since one ſuch warrior loſt muſt weaken more
Their force to meet the ſon of Pepin's power,
Than thouſands ſlain, amidſt whoſe numerous band
Not one perhaps could boaſt of heart or hand.
King Agramant the important truth confeſs'd:
But how repeal his grant? In vain he preſs'd
The noble knights, and each by turns addreſs'd.
He urg'd how weak their preſent cauſe of ſtriſe,
How little ſuch deſerv'd the riſk of life:
But if they ſcorn'd to hear the ſound of peace,
At leaſt ſome months might each from quarrel ceaſe,
Till Charles was exil'd from th' imperial land,
His crown and mantle won; and from his hand
The ſceptre wrench'd, no more his ſway to own,
And Afric rais'd on Gallia's ruin'd throne.
In vain to this, to that the monarch ſues,
Their ſovereign both revere, yet both refuſe
To yield in this, where he who firſt gives way
They deem muſt all a ſoldier's fame betray.
But more than Agramant, and more than each
That urg'd the Tartar with diſſuaſive ſpeech,

King

King Stordilano's lovely daughter ſtrove
With prayers and tears his ſteadfaſt mind to move,
Begg'd him to grant what Afric's prince requir'd,
What with their prince the nobleſt peers deſir'd.
Ah! me (ſhe cry'd) what more ſhall ſoothe my breaſt,
Or calm henceforth my troubled thoughts to reſt?
When ſome new cauſe for ever can prevail
To make thee ſheath thy limbs in plate and mail?
What have I gain'd, ſo late o'erjoy'd to find
My hand decreed without the fight deſign'd
With Sarza's chief—if ſtill to riſk thy life
I view ſo ſoon another kindled ſtrife?
Alas! in vain was once my proudeſt boaſt,
That ſuch a knight, the braveſt of his hoſt,
Could for my beauty, prodigal of breath,
Engage a ſquadron in the face of death;
Since now too late I find the ſlighteſt cauſe,
For equal riſk thy ſword in battle draws:
Nor was it love for theſe unhappy charms
That urg'd thee then, but ſavage thirſt of arms!
Yet if ſincere, as all thy words would ſhow,
Love's faithful flames within thy boſom glow,
By Love I here adjure thee, by the grief
That rends my heart, and now implores relief;

Repine

Repine not though Rogero's hand may wield
The argent eagle in an azure field.
What good awaits, what evil can be thine,
Should he retain it, or the creſt reſign?
Thy battle much may loſe, but little gain:
Should now thy arms Rogero's bird obtain,
Small prize for mighty toil! but ſhould'ſt thou find
With face averted Fortune here unkind—
(Nor deem her ever fix'd) what tortures wait
This heart that ſhudders but to doubt thy fate!
Though life to thee ſo worthleſs may appear,
Thy judgment holds a painted bird more dear,
Yet, for my ſake, prolong thy valu'd breath,
The death of one includes the other's death;
But, ah! more wretched far my ſtate muſt prove,
If firſt I ſee the death of him I love.
In words like theſe ſhe pours the ſtrain of woe,
While ſighs to ſighs in quick ſucceſſion flow:
The live-long night her tender plaints increaſe,
The live-long night ſhe woos her lord to peace,
While from her eyes, which trickling tears ſuffuſe,
He ſucks, with many a kiſs, the balmy dews:

Then

Ver. 265. *While from her eyes* —] This paſſage may be taken from Statius, where Argia endeavours to perſuade Polynices to quit the ſiege of Thebes.

Riſit

Then from her roſy lips new ſweets he ſeeks,
Weeps to her words, and thus in anſwer ſpeaks.
For Heaven's dear ſake, my fair, thy grief control,
Nor let ſo ſlight a cauſe afflict thy ſoul:
Did Charles and Afric's king, with all the bands
Collected here from French and Mooriſh lands,
Unite their force to work my ſingle harm,
No terror ſhould thy gentle breaſt alarm.
To thee my proweſs little muſt appear,
If one Rogero thus can raiſe thy fear.
Thou may'ſt remember when I dauntleſs dar'd
(No ſword or ſcymetar my ſide to guard)
With broken ſpear, amidſt a numerous band,
To ruſh and quell them with my ſingle hand.
Gradaſſo's ſelf, though grief and ſhame oppreſs
His ſecret ſoul, if queſtion'd will confeſs
That him in Syria once I captive made:
Yet not with his Rogero's worth is weigh'd.

Not

Riſit Echionius juvenis, tenerumque dolorem
Conjugis amplexu ſolatur et oſcula mœſtis
Tempeſtiva genis poſuit——
—— Solve metus, animo—— THEB. Lib. ii.

The ſmiling hero claſps her to his breaſt,
And with the ſtamp of love her cheeks impreſs'd,
Prevents with blandiſhments the riſing tears,
And kindly then diſpels her jealous fears. LEWIS.

Ver. 283. *That him in Syria once*—] Alluding to the adventure

Nor king Gradaſſo will a truth diſown
Which, to your Iſolero well is known,
To Sacripant, who gives Circaſſia fame;
Gryphon and Aquilant, of warlike name;
To hundreds more, that equal fortune found,
By cruel foes in captive fetters bound,
Alike of Mahomet and Chriſtian ſeed,
Whom in one day this arm from bondage freed.
Still muſt remembrance wake in every thought
What mighty deeds that glorious day I wrought:
And ſhall Rogero now (a child to fame)
In ſingle trial ſhake my martial name?
Fear'ſt thou Rogero, when in fight I wear
Great Hector's arms and Durindana bear?
Why did I not in liſted field engage
With Sarza's king, for thee the fight to wage?
Such had my valour prov'd, thy conſtant mind
Had ſurely then Rogero's fall divin'd:
For Heaven's ſake, calm thy doubts, thy grief aſſuage,
Nor let theſe trickling tears ſo ill preſage:

venture at the caſtle of the fairy, where he conquered Gradaſſo in ſingle combat, won the armour of Hector, and ſet ſo many priſoners at liberty. See note, B. xiv. ver. 240.

Ver. 286. — *to your Iſolero* —] He gives him this appellation as being a Spaniard, and the countryman of Doralis.

For know 'tis Honour calls me to the field,
And not an eagle painted on a ſhield.
Thus he; while yet, with anxious fears oppreſt,
The fair in moving words her ſuit addreſs'd;
Words that might ſhake the moſt determin'd ſoul,
Might ſoften rocks and ſavage beaſts control.
A woman ſhe, with beauty's naked charms,
So nearly vanquiſh'd him renown'd in arms,
He promis'd, if again the king requir'd
To ſtay the fight, to grant the peace deſir'd.
But ſcarce Aurora had with light begun
To ſtreak the eaſt and uſher in the ſun,
When bold Rogero, to defend his fame,
And to the glorious bird aſſert his claim,
Appears in arms, where crowds the liſt encloſe,
And from his horn a ſtern defiance blows.
Soon as this ſound, the rattling peal of war,
The Tartar rouz'd, no longer will he bear
A word of peace, but from the couch he flies
With headlong ſpeed, and loud for arms he cries;
While in his look ſuch ſavage fury glares,
That Doralis herſelf no further dares
To plead for truce or peace, compell'd t'obey
Her knight's ſtern will, and give the battle way.
Himſelf his limbs in ſhining mail attires,
And ſcarce, impatient, waits th'attending ſquires;

Then

Then mounts the generous courſer, that before,
In combat, Paris' great defender * bore:
Soon came the king; the nobles take their ſeat;
And ſoon in arms the eager knights muſt meet.
Already now their ſhining helms are lac'd,
In either hand each aſhen lance is plac'd.
The ſignal ſounds; and at the dreadful blaſt,
A thouſand cheeks are pale and hearts aghaſt:
So fierce they pour t' obey the trumpet's call;
That earth appears to open, heaven to fall!
On either hand each knight is ſeen to wield
The ſilver eagle on his honour'd ſhield:
The bird, that once in air could Jove ſuſtain;
That oft was ſeen amidſt th' embattled train,
With other pinions on Theſſalia's plain.
While either knight, at ſuch a hideous ſhock,
Seems as a tower to winds, to waves a rock;
The craſhing ſpears break ſhort, and to the ſky
(As Turpin truly writes) the ſhivers fly;

* ORLANDO.

Ver. 344. —— *th' embattled train,*] The poet alludes to the battles of Cæſar and Pompey, where either army bore the Roman eagle: he ſays with *other* pinions, the Roman eagle being black, the Eſtenſian eagle white.

Whence from the fiery region (ſtrange to tell!)
Again on earth the burning fragments fell.
The knights, as thoſe who know not terror, drew
Their flaſhing ſwords the combat to renew:
At either's helm they aim the trenchant ſteel:
Together met, at once their vizors feel
The fearful ſtrokes: but neither knight would try
Ungenerous arts, or make the courſer die,
T' o'erthrow his lord—for wherefore ſhould the ſteed
Who knows not battle's guilt in battle bleed?
Yet he who thinks the knights ſuch compact made,
But errs, and never heard the laws that ſway'd
The times of old, when ſhameful was that arm
Eſteem'd of all, that could the courſer harm.
Their vizors ſtruck, though fenc'd with double fold
Of temper'd plates, could ſcarce the tempeſt hold.
Swift and more ſwift the gleaming ſwords aſſail,
Blows follow blows, deſcending thick as hail,
That breaks the trees, deſtroys the golden grain,
And marrs the harveſt of th' expecting ſwain.
Oft have you heard of Durindana's fame,
What fatal wounds from Baliſarda came,
Judge what their ſtrokes muſt prove which two ſuch warriors aim.

But

But while ſo wary each his guard maintain'd,
No blow deſcended worthy either's hand:
The Tartar firſt his dreadful ſword impell'd
That through the middle of the buckler held
Its biting courſe, thence through the corſelet hew'd,
And to the fleſh its cruel way purſu'd.
A wound ſo dreadful freezes every heart
Of thoſe that favour'd good Rogero's part;
And would but Fortune ſo exert her ſway,
To give the palm where general ſuffrage lay,
Stern Mandricardo ſoon muſt fall or yield;
And thus this ſtroke offended half the field.
But ſure ſome Angel's interpoſing power
Preſerv'd Rogero in that dangerous hour.
All terrible in wrath the warrior burn'd,
And to the foe his anſwer ſwift return'd:
At Mandricardo's helmet from above
He rais'd the ſword, but with ſuch haſte he drove,
It fell not edgeways: nor the knight I blame,
Whoſe noble warmth deceiv'd his better aim.
And had not Baliſarda fail'd to wound,
In vain the foe had Hector's helmet found.
So ſorely Mandricardo felt the ſtroke,
Senſeleſs he ſeem'd, the reins his hand forſook;

And threatening headlong thrice to fall, he reel'd,
While Brigliadoro cours'd around the field;
That Brigliadoro, once Orlando's care,
Who ſtill laments a foreign lord to bear.
Not with ſuch rage the trodden ſerpent glows;
Not half ſo fierce the wounded lion ſhows:
As Mandricardo to himſelf reſtor'd
From the late fury of Rogero's ſword:
The deeper wrath and pride inflam'd his breaſt,
The more his ſtrength and valour ſhone confeſs'd.
He ſpurs his ſteed, and to Rogero flies,
He lifts his ſword, he meaſures with his eyes,
High on his ſtirrups rais'd in fell deſign
With one fierce ſtroke to cleave him to the chine.
Rogero, heedful of the foe's intent,
While yet the hand hung threatening in deſcent,
Beneath his arm impell'd the pointed blade,
And through the mail an ample paſſage made,
Then from the wound with life blood ſmoking drew
His Baliſarda dy'd to crimſon hue;
And took ſuch vigour from the ſtroke away,
That Durindana fell with lighter ſway,
Though backward to his courſer's crupper ſent,
His brows, with anguiſh writh'd, Rogero bent;

And

And had his helm of common ſteel been fram'd,
That ſtroke had well the ſtriker's force proclaim'd.
Rogero to his ſteed the ſpur apply'd,
And ſwift at Mandricardo's better ſide
The weapon aim'd, where jointed armour clos'd
With ſtrongly temper'd plates, in vain oppos'd:
The fatal falchion, forg'd with potent charms,
Where'er it falls divides the ſtrongeſt arms;
Through plate and mail a ſpeedy courſe it found,
And in the Tartar's ſide infix'd a wound;
Who, loud blaſpheming, with ſuch fury raves,
As roaring ocean black with ſtormy waves.
Prepar'd to prove his ſtrength, the fatal ſhield
That bears the eagle on its azure field,
With fierce impatience to the ground he caſt,
And graſp'd with either hand his falchion faſt.
Full dearly haſt thou prov'd (Rogero cry'd)
Thou ill deſerv'ſt the creſt thou throw'ſt aſide;
Now thrown aſide, cleft by thy ſword before,
Claim not to this thy right or title more.

Ver. 432. *As roaring ocean—*] So Spenſer when the monſter is wounded by the Red-Croſs knight:

He cry'd, as raging ſeas are wont to roar.

B. I. c. xi. ſt. 21.

Ver. 439. — *cleft by thy ſword before*] See ver. 376, where Mandricardo cuts through Rogero's ſhield.

Thus he; but while he ſpoke was doom'd to feel
The fatal edge of Durindana's ſteel.
Divided ſheer its force the vizor prov'd,
At happy diſtance from his face remov'd;
Next through the ſaddle-bow with dire deſcent,
Through iron plates the gleaming falchion went,
Through ſkirted mail the jointed cuiſhes found,
And in his thigh impreſs'd a ghaſtly wound.
From both the combatants the guſhing tide
To purple hue their ſhining armour dy'd;
That doubtful yet it ſeem'd of either knight
Who beſt might claim th' advantage of the fight:
But ſoon Rogero ſhall that doubt decide;
The fatal ſword, by which ſuch numbers dy'd,
He whirl'd around, and the ſharp point impell'd
Where late the Tartar knight his buckler held:
Corſelet and ſide he pierc'd with thrilling ſmart,
And found a paſſage to his panting heart;
His heart unguarded by his ample ſhield;
Stern Mandricardo now to fate muſt yield;
Muſt yield the eagle to its youthful lord;
Muſt yield his title to the glorious ſword;
And ah! for final iſſue to the ſtrife,
With ſword and targe muſt yield his dearer life.

He dy'd; nor yet without revenge he dy'd,
For, ere the hoſtile weapon pierc'd his ſide,
His falchion, won ſo ill, he rais'd anew,
Whoſe edge had cleft Rogero's brows in two,
But that the wound the Tartar knight receiv'd,
Of wonted ſtrength his furious arm bereav'd.
From Mandricardo as Rogero took
His wretched life, the Tartar aim'd the ſtroke;
And through the helm with unreſiſted ſway,
Deep Durindana forc'd its cruel way.
Back fell Rogero ſenſeleſs on the ground,
A purple current guſhing from the wound.
Firſt fell Rogero, while the Tartar knight
Still kept his ſeat, as victor of the fight,
And each believ'd his valiant arm had gain'd.
The wreath in ſuch a glorious liſt obtain'd.
Fair Doralis, in that day's fight deceiv'd
With fears and hopes, th' event with all believ'd;
And gave with lifted hands her thanks to Heaven
For ſuch an iſſue to the combat given:
But when appear'd to all the Pagan train
Rogero living, Mandricardo ſlain;

In

Ver. 486. *Rogero living, Mandricardo ſlain.*] I believe every reader will agree that this combat is admirably deſcribed, that all the turns of fortune are painted in the moſt lively

In different breaſts new paſſions take their turn,
Theſe ſmile that wept, and thoſe that triumph'd mourn.

The king, the lords, and knights the moſt renown'd,
To brave Rogero, ſcarcely from the ground
With anguiſh rais'd, a friendly greeting give,
And in their arms the conquering youth receive.
All with the knight rejoice, and all expreſs
Sincere the thoughts their ſecret ſouls confeſs:
All ſave Gradaſſo, who within conceals
Far other feeling than his tongue reveals:
His outward looks the marks of joy impart,
But hidden envy rankles at his heart,
While oft he calls the lot of fate accurſt
That from the urn diſclos'd Rogero firſt.
How ſhall I ſpeak the marks of love ſincere
By royal Agramant, who held him dear,
Giv'n to the youth, without whoſe valiant hand
The king refus'd t' embark from Afric's land,
To ſpread his martial banners to the wind,
Or truſt the force of all his powers combin'd?
And now by him the Tartar chief o'erthrown,
He deems all ſtrength compriz'd in him alone.

lively colours, the expectation artfully kept up, and the iſſue unexpectedly brought about by the death of Mandricardo and the victory of Rogero.

Not

Not only to Rogero's weal inclin'd
The manly ſex, but woman's gentler kind;
From Spain and Afric, many a lovely dame,
That with the banded powers to Gallia came,
With looks and tongue would now his worth and praiſe proclaim.
Ev'n Doralis whoſe ſtreaming eyes bewail
Her noble lover ſenſeleſs, cold, and pale,
Even ſhe perchance had join'd the general voice,
But ſenſe of ſhame, that curbs the female choice,
Forbade her ſpeech — yet ſuch his charms of face,
His courage, virtue, every winning grace,
That ſhe who once had prov'd her wavering heart
So prompt to feel the point of Cupid's dart,
Rather than robb'd of love's ſoft bliſs to live,
Her charms would gladly to Rogero give.
Her joys on living Mandricardo fed,
But what can profit Mandricardo dead?
Behoves her now to ſeek another guide,
Vigorous and young, that ever at her ſide,
Might night and day for all her wants provide.
Meanwhile a leech of every leech beſt read
In healing arts, was to Rogero led;
Each wound explor'd, he ſoon with looks aſſur'd
Pronounc'd the noble knight of life ſecur'd.

Now

Now bade king Agramant with friendly care
Rogero to his royal tent to bear,
By night, by day to have him ever near,
So dear he lov'd him, held his life ſo dear.
Behind his bed on high the monarch plac'd
The ſhield and arms that Mandricardo grac'd,
Save Durindana, that all-famous ſword,
Now made the prize of Sericana's lord:
Rogero won his arms and gallant ſteed,
Which good Anglante's knight in madneſs freed;
But him to Agramant Rogero gives,
Who gladly at his hand the gift receives.

Now leave we theſe awhile, and change the ſtrain
To her who for Rogero mourns in vain:
'Tis mine to tell the heart-conſuming cares
That Bradamant for her Rogero bears.
Hippalca now to Mount Albano came,
With certain tidings to the love-ſick dame:
She told how late by Rodomont beſet,
She loſt Frontino, how at length ſhe met
With Richardetto at the wizard's fount,
Rogero, and the lords of Agriſmont;
That thence Rogero haſten'd to demand
Frontino taken from a damſel's hand;

Ver. 545. *Now leave we theſe*—] He returns to Rogero and Agramant, Book xxxi. ver. 577. But

But ſtraying from the path, he fail'd to find
The Sarzan prince, and miſs'd the fight deſign'd.
Then (as he will'd) the truſty maid explain'd
What from Albano's walls the youth detain'd.
Thus ſhe, and from her breaſt the lines ſhe drew,
Thoſe lines, which now the dame with alter'd hue
More ſad than pleas'd receiv'd, with beating heart
Peruſing that which little eas'd her ſmart:
For while ſhe hop'd on him to feaſt her eye,
She found his words alone her bliſs ſupply.
Hence on her lovely features mix'd appear
Soft diſappointment and intruding fear;
Yet oft the leaf ſhe kiſs'd, while ſtill ſhe bent
Her thoughts on him whoſe hand the greeting ſent,
Her ſighs are fire to burn the amorous page,
Her tears are rivers that the heat aſſuage.
How oft ſhe reads — how oft again enquires
What more from him, the lord of her deſires,
The damſel brought; again the truth ſhe knows;
Again ſhe fears — again her ſorrow flows;
And ſtill had flow'd — but hope again repreſs'd
The doubts and fears that ſhook her tender breaſt.
Rogero ſaid (and to Hippalca vow'd
By every ſaint to make his promiſe good)

Some

Some twenty days ſhould ſee her weep no more,
But to her ſight her abſent mate reſtore.
Ah! who can Fortune's fickle turns decide
That holds her rule o'er every ſtate? (ſhe cry'd)
And chief in war, where every chance we prove,
Some chance may keep him ever from my love.
Alas! Rogero, who would e'er divine
That whilſt I lov'd thee with a love like mine,
Beyond myſelf — leſs friendſhip wouldſt thou ſhow
To me, to all — than to thy greateſt foe!
To thoſe thou ſhould'ſt oppoſe, thou giv'ſt ſucceſs,
And whom thy arms ſhould aid, thy arms oppreſs.
Shall we with praiſe or blame thy deeds regard,
That thus can puniſh and can thus reward?
Haſt thou not heard (a ſtory known ſo well)
That by Troyano's arms thy father fell?
And lo! thy ſword Troyano's ſon attends,
From ſhame preſerves him and from death defends.
Is this thy vengeance for a parent ſlain?
Shall thoſe who combat for his ſake obtain
Such dire return, that weltering in their gore
Thou mak'ſt me ſtill their wretched end deplore?
The damſel thus her abſent knight reproves,
And with her tears invokes whom moſt ſhe loves:

Nor

Not once, but oft Hippalca (gentle maid)
Would ſooth her woes, would oft the fair perſuade
To truſt Rogero, and with patient mind
Await the period to her fears aſſign'd.
Hippalca's words and hope with theſe impreſt,
Hope ever preſent in the wretch's breaſt,
Aſſuage her grief and urge her now to ſtay
At Mount Albano till th' expected day,
A day but ill obſerv'd — though him ſhe lov'd,
For abſence mourn'd unjuſtly ſhe reprov'd,
Whom now one cauſe, another now detain'd,
And thus his ſeeming breach of faith conſtrain'd.
Meanwhile in anguiſh on his painful bed
The youthful knight his feeble members ſpread,
Struggling with death, from wounds receiv'd in fight,
From wounds inflicted by the Tartar knight.
Now came the day deſir'd; from roſy morn
Till ſable eve ſhe waits his wiſh'd return;
No tidings known but what Hippalca brought;
And ſince her brother Richardetto taught,
How brave Rogero at his greateſt need
His life had ranſom'd and his kinſmen freed:
All this ſhe gladly hears, but with it hears
What mingles with her joy intruding fears;

Ver. 626. — *his kinſmen freed:*] Vivian and Malagigi. See Book xxvi.

Much

Much was the talk of her, for female charms
No leſs extoll'd, than noble feats of arms;
Marphiſa ſhe, who with Rogero's ſword
Had Afric's king to life and hope reſtor'd.
So brave a friend might Bradamant approve,
But here a thouſand doubts alarm'd her love.
No light ſuſpicion had the dame poſſeſt,
That were Marphiſa fair, as fame expreſs'd,
Such friendſhip might by ſlow degrees impart
A warmer paſſion to his gentle heart.
But now ſhe chides the thought; again ſhe cheers
Her mind with hope; again by turns ſhe fears;
At Mount Albano ſtill reſolves t' await
In all the tumult of her anxious ſtate,
The day that muſt decide her doubtful fate.
As there ſhe ſtay'd, the * lord of that fair tower
Who of his brethren firſt the title bore,
(Not firſt in birth, but firſt in mighty name,
For two in † birth aſſerted earlier claim)
Rinaldo, who with martial proweſs won
All praiſe from them, as from the ſtars the ſun,
The caſtle reach'd at early dawn of day,
One page alone attendant on his way.

* RINALDO. † GUICHARDO, and RICHARDO.

While

While thus he paſs'd, as wont, from place to place
The flight of fair Angelica to trace,
Near Paris' walls he heard th' unwelcome hour
Approach'd, that to the fell Maganzan's * power
Muſt Malagigi and muſt Vivian yield;
And hence to Agriſmont his courſe he held,
Where ſoon he found that, freed from ſlaviſh bands
By brave Rogero and Marphiſa's hands,
Their foes o'erthrown or ſlain, the brother-pair
And Richardetto with their friends to ſhare
The general joy, to Mount Albano went:
Rinaldo, at the great deliverance ſent,
No leſs rejoic'd; and deem'd each day a year
That kept him far from thoſe he held ſo dear.

To Mount Albano hence with eager haſte
Rinaldo came, and there his friends embrac'd,
His wife, his brethren, every kindred name,
But chiefly thoſe who late from thraldom came.

* Bertolagi.

Each

Ver. 668. *His wife,*—] The diſcovery here firſt made of Rinaldo's marriage, will doubtleſs ſurpriſe the Engliſh reader, as not the leaſt hint has been given of ſuch a circumſtance in any former part of the poem: her name is indeed mentioned in Boyardo. (See note to Book xxxix. ver. 473. But by all the romance writers he is deſcribed to be a married man; and in the poem of Taſſo called after his name, Rinaldo, is a full account of his love for Clarice and hiſtory

Each round the Paladin impatient clung
With fond delight and on his aſpect hung:
As round their dam rejoice the callow brood,
When in her bill ſhe brings th' expected food.
Two days he ſtay'd, the third his home forſook,
And with him all his martial kindred took:
With him Richardo, Richardetto rode,
Guichardo, eldeſt born of Amon's blood:
Th' example Vivian and Alardo warm'd,
And Malagigi with the warriors arm'd.

But Bradamant who there expecting ſtay'd,
To wait her knight's return, ſo long delay'd;
To plead excuſe a ſudden ſickneſs feign'd
That from ſo brave a troop her arms detain'd.
Well might the noble virgin then complain,
Though not of fever, or corporeal pain:
Sick with deſire, her ſoul was doom'd to prove
The cruel, ſtrange viciſſitudes of love.
His banner thus from Mount Albano ſpread,
The flower of all his train Rinaldo led:
How theſe to Paris came, what thence befel
In aid of Charles, th' enſuing book ſhall tell.

of his marriage. However, there is certainly ſomething very ſtrange in the conduct of Arioſto in this matter, which muſt affect the character of his hero.

THE END OF THE THIRTIETH BOOK.

THE

THIRTY-FIRST BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO and his companions, in their way to the Chriſtian camp, meet an unknown knight, who challenges them to run at tilt. Richardetto, Alardo, and Guichardo, are overthrown. Rinaldo then engages the ſtranger, but neither having the advantage, Rinaldo diſmiſſes his train, and the two champions proceed to try their ſtrength on foot, till they are parted by the night. The ſtranger diſcovers himſelf to Rinaldo. They overtake Rinaldo's companions, and arrive together near Paris, where they are joined by Gryphon and Aquilant. Rinaldo hears the news of Orlando's madneſs. Rinaldo and his company attack the trenches of the Moors by night, and are joined by Charles. Valour of Rinaldo. Brandimart goes with Flordelis in ſearch of Orlando: his adventure at Rodomont's bridge. The forces of Agramant are defeated with great ſlaughter, and Agramant himſelf conſtrained to retreat to Arli. Gradaſſo ſeeks out Rinaldo, and challenges him to finiſh the combat formerly begun between them for Bayardo: a day is appointed, and the two knights meet to decide their difference.

THE

THIRTY-FIRST BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHAT ſtate of man ſuch rapture can impart
As the ſoft paſſions of an amorous heart?
What life ſo bleſt as his, decreed to prove
With pleaſing chains the ſervitude of Love;
But that the foe of every love-lorn breaſt,
That fear, ſuſpicion, that all-dreadful peſt
Call'd Jealouſy, the bane of human joys,
With canker'd tooth the lover's peace deſtroys?
Whatever elſe embitters for awhile
Life's ſweeteſt cordial, ſerves but as a foil
T' enhance the good: as water to the taſte
Of thoſe who thirſt, or food to thoſe who faſt:
And he, who never war's deſtruction knows
Can prize not peace, or aught that peace beſtows.

And while we pine, with longing eyes disjoin'd
From objects ever preſent to the mind,
Reflection tells, that abſence muſt improve
The dear delight of meeting thoſe we love:
'Tis thus, unrecompens'd, we can ſuſtain
A length of ſervice, while the hopes remain
That every year of loyal duty paſt
Shall find, though late, its full reward at laſt:
Remembrance ſtill of once corroding cares,
Repulſe, diſdain, all that a lover bears
To rend his ſoul, gives joy a double zeſt,
When joy renews the ſun-ſhine of the breaſt.
But if that plague, from hell's dire manſion brought,
Infects with deadly bane the ſecret thought,
Thenceforth ſhall pleaſure woo the ſenſe in vain,
All pleaſure then corrupted turns to pain.
Lo! this the fatal ſtroke, the venom'd wound,
For which no ſalve, no medicine can be found.
Here nought avails—nor verſe, nor ſage's care,
Nor long obſervance of a kindly ſtar:
Nor all th' experienc'd charms approv'd of yore,
By Zoroaſter ſkill'd in magic lore.

Ver. 36. *By Zoroaſter ſkill'd in magic lore.*] Zoroaſter, a king of the Bactrians, famous for his knowledge in the occult ſciences.

O jealouſy!

O jealouſy! that every woe exceeds,
And ſoon to death the wretched ſufferer leads:
Thou canſt with cruel falſehood reaſon blind,
And burſt the cloſeſt ties that hold mankind.
O jealouſy! in whoſe dire tempeſt toſt,
Has hapleſs Bradamant each comfort loſt!
I ſpeak not here of thoughts that firſt depreſs'd
With tender doubts and fears, her virgin breaſt,
From what Hippalca and her brother ſaid;
But heavier tidings to her ears convey'd
By later means; ſuch tidings as in woe
Plung'd her more deep, which ſoon the Muſe ſhall ſhow.
But to Rinaldo now I turn the ſtrain,
Who led to Paris' walls his martial train.
Next day at evening cloſe, a knight they ſpy'd
Advancing near, a damſel at his ſide:
Black was his ſurcoat, black his mournful ſhield,
Save that a bend of argent croſs'd the field.
He Richardetto challeng'd to the courſe,
Who by his aſpect ſeem'd a chief of force;
And he, who paus'd not, when to combat dar'd,
Wheel'd round his ſteed, and for the tilt prepar'd.

Ver. 49. *But to Rinaldo now —*] He returns to Bradimant, Book xxxii. ver. 71.

No further parley held; with equal ſpeed
Theſe noble knights, to win the victor's meed,
Together ruſh'd: apart Rinaldo ſtood,
And, with his warlike friends, th' encounter view'd.
Firm let me guide the ſpear, and ſoon I truſt
To ſtretch my rival headlong in the duſt—
Thus to himſelf bold Richardetto thought,
But different far his adverſe fortune wrought.
Full on his helm, beneath the vizor's ſight
With ſuch a fury drove the ſtranger-knight,
He bore him from the ſeat, with matchleſs ſtrength,
Beyond his courſer twice the lance's length.
T' avenge the fall Alardo turn'd his rein
With ready ſpeed, but ſudden on the plain
Senſeleſs he fell: ſo cruel was the ſtroke,
Through plated ſhield the thundering weapon broke,
Full ſoon his ſpear in reſt Guichardo held,
Who view'd his brethren proſtrate on the field;
Though loud Rinaldo cry'd—Forbear the fight,
To me the third attempt belongs by right.
Thus he: but while he ſtood with helm unlac'd,
Guichardo eager, with preventive haſte,
Th' encounter dar'd; nor better could maintain
His ſeat, but with his brethren preſs'd the plain.

With

With emulation next their force to prove,
Richardo, Vivian, Malagigi move:
But now prepar'd, Rinaldo firſt addreſs'd
His ready weapons and their ſpeed repreſs'd.
Time ſummons us (he cries) to Paris' walls;
And ill it ſeems, when ſuch high duty calls,
To loiter here—nor will I wait (he ſaid)
Till each of you by turns on earth is laid.
This to himſelf he ſpoke, which loud proclaim'd
Had touch'd his comrades, and their courage ſham'd.
Each warrior now had meaſur'd on the field
The ſpace to run, and each his courſer wheel'd.
Rinaldo fell not, for his ſingle hand
Compriz'd the ſtrength of all the knightly band:
Like brittle glaſs the ſpears in ſhivers broke;
Yet ſhrunk not back the warriors from the ſtroke
One foot, one inch,—while with the ſudden force
Driven on his crupper fell each warrior-horſe:
But ſwift Bayardo roſe, as ſwift purſu'd
His interrupted courſe with ſpeed renew'd:
Not ſo the adverſe ſteed, that tumbling prone
His ſhoulder lux'd and broke his ſpinal bone.
The champion, who his ſlaughter'd courſer view'd,
His ſtirrups left, and ſoon diſmounted ſtood,

To Amon's gallant ſon (whom near he ſpy'd
With hand unarm'd in ſign of truce) he cry'd.
Sir knight! the truſty ſteed that lifeleſs here
Lies by thy force, I held, while living, dear;
And knighthood ſure muſt feel a deadly ſtain,
To let him thus without revenge be ſlain.
Come on—exert thy ſkill, thy utmoſt might,
For thou and I muſt prove a cloſer fight.
Rinaldo then—If for thy courſer dead,
And this alone, thou to the ſtrife art led,
Diſmiſs thy care—and one from me receive,
Equal to him whoſe death thou ſeem'ſt to grieve.
Ill doſt thou judge (the ſtranger thus rejoin'd)
If for a courſer's loſs thou think'ſt my mind
So ſore diſtreſs'd—hear what I now demand——
As fits a knight, with ſword to ſword in hand,
To prove thy further nerve—if thou as well
Canſt wield thy weapon, or canſt mine excel.
Then, as thou wilt, on foot, or from the ſteed
Purſue the fight, but let the fight ſucceed.
I aſk but this—be each advantage thine,
So much I thirſt to match thy arm with mine.
Thus he, nor in ſuſpenſe Rinaldo ſtay'd—
The battle claim'd, I here engage (he ſaid)

And to remove thy doubts of this my train,
Let all depart and I alone remain.
One only page I here retain, to hold
My truſty ſteed—So ſpoke the baron bold,
And as he ſpoke, diſmiſs'd his noble band:
They part obſervant to their lord's command.
The courteſy by good Rinaldo ſhown,
Claim'd all the praiſes of the knight unknown.
The Paladin alighting, with the rein
Entruſts his page Bayardo to detain.
And when no more his ſtandard he beheld,
Already now far diſtant on the field,
His buckler firm embracing, from his ſide
He drew the falchion, and the knight defy'd.
Thus was the fight begun, and ne'er between
Two noble chiefs was deadlier combat ſeen:
Each little deem'd at firſt th' opponent's ſtrength
Would draw the trial to ſuch dangerous length.
By turns huge ſtrokes they give, by turns receive;
And neither yet has cauſe t' exult or grieve.
With valour ſkill combines; and wide around
Loud echoes ſpread the batter'd armour's ſound.
Piecemeal to earth their riven ſhields they ſend,
Lay bare the mail, and plates aſunder rend.

Here

Here leſs imports an arm to reach the foe,
Than well-taught art to ward each coming blow;
Where both ſo equal in the dangerous ſtrife,
The firſt miſtake might hazard fame and life.
Thus held the fight, till in his wavy bed
The ſinking ſun had veil'd his golden head,
And now from ſhore to ſhore's extremeſt bound,
Night's ſable ſhade had veil'd th' horizon round.
No reſt each warrior knows—no little cauſe
Can ſtay that ſword which rival glory draws:
That ſword which rancour nor revenge could raiſe
To mortal arms, but reſtleſs thirſt of praiſe.
Meantime Rinaldo ponder'd in his thought
What unknown warrior ſo undaunted fought,
Who not alone withſtood his fierceſt might,
But oft his life endanger'd in the fight;
And now he gladly would the combat ceaſe,
(Did fame permit) and join their hands in peace.
Not leſs the ſtranger-knight (who little knew
That he, who 'gainſt him now his weapon drew
From malice free, was Mount Alban's lord)
Confeſs'd the thunder of his rival's ſword,
By none ſurpaſs'd; and wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain,
The fight untry'd t' avenge his courſer ſlain.

Fain

Fain would he now the dangerous ſport elude,
But conſcious honour ſuch deſign withſtood.
Deep and more deep the glooms of evening roſe,
Till darkneſs ſeem'd to mock their random blows:
Ill could they ſtrike, and worſe could ward the blade,
Conceal'd in either's hand with murky ſhade.
The lord of Mount Albano firſt addreſs'd
His gallant foe—The hour requires to reſt:
Defer the fight till ſlow Arcturus' wain
Has left its place in Heaven's o'er-ſpangled plain.
Meanwhile in our pavilion ſhalt thou meet
A friendly welcome and ſecure retreat,
Attended as ourſelf, and at our hands
Receive ſuch honour as thy worth demands.
Thus far Rinaldo, nor in vain he ſpoke,
His proffer'd grace the courteous baron took:
And now Rinaldo from his ready ſquire
Receiv'd a ſtately ſteed with rich attire;
To ſword and ſpear well train'd in every fight,
And with this gift he grac'd the ſtranger knight,
Who knew ere long the chief with whom he came
Was Clarmont's leader, as by chance the name
Eſcap'd his lips, while journeying thus they went
To join the warriors at Rinaldo's tent.

Theſe,

Theſe noble knights were near by kindred ties,
Brethren by blood; and hence new paſſions riſe.
That conflicts in the ſtranger's boſom move;
Who ſheds the mingled tear of joy and love.
This youth was Guido ſavage, who before
On ſtormy ſeas ſuch toils and dangers bore
With Olivero's ſons *, Marphiſa bold,
And Sanſonetto, as the Muſe has told.
This knight, in Pinabello's fraudful hands
A priſoner fall'n, was held in ſhameful bands
From his lov'd friends, and there compell'd was ſtay'd
T' enforce an impious law his hoſt had made.
Guido who now with eager gaze beheld
Rinaldo, who in arms ſuch chiefs excell'd,

* GRYPHON and AQUILANT.

Ver. 207. *This youth was Guido ſavage,*—] This Guido was the champion with whom Marphiſa fought amongſt the Amazons (ſee Book xix. and xx.) and who afterwards with Gryphon, Aquilant, and Sanſonetto, being ſworn to defend the law made by Pinabello, was caſt down by the enchanted light of Rogero's ſhield: the poet gives no further account of him till his meeting with Rinaldo in this book, nor does it appear how, or where he parted from the other knights. the lady in his company was Aleria his favourite wife, who he brought from the land of the Amazons.

Ver. 208. *On ſtormy ſeas*—] Alluding to the ſtorm before they landed amongſt the Amazons.

On

On whom ſo oft he wiſh'd to bend his ſight,
As ſighs the blind to view the long-loſt light,
With tranſport thus began—O! honour'd lord!
What ill-ſtarr'd chance could ever lift my ſword
On one, for whom ſuch rooted love I feel,
For whom, o'er all, I glow with kindly zeal.
My name is Guido—me Conſtantia bore
To noble Amon on the Euxine ſhore:
Not leſs than thine my anceſtry I trace,
An alien branch of Clarmont's noble race:
A fond deſire my journey hither drew,
Thyſelf and all my kindred friends to view:
But when I reverence meant, behold I give
Such greeting only foes from foes receive!
If to my fault indulgence may be ſhown,
Thy valiant followers and thyſelf unknown,
O! ſay, what fair amends can ſuch offence atone?
Courteous he ſaid; and now on either ſide
Th' embrace exchang'd, Rinaldo thus reply'd.
Here ceaſe—no more diſturb thy generous mind
T' excuſe the fight, ſince from our ancient kind
Thou ſpring'ſt a genuine ſhoot—no proof we claim
Beyond the laſt to ſpeak thy lineal fame.
Thy birth were doubtful, were thy courage leſs,
But high ſoul'd thoughts a race as high confeſs.

No

No lions fierce from timorous deer proceed;
Nor doves from eagles, or from falcons breed.
So ſpoke the knights, and now their way purſu'd,
And, as they paſs'd, their friendly talk renew'd.
The tent they reach'd, where to his comrades bold,
Of ſavage Guido found, Rinaldo told;
That Guido whom ſo long they wiſh'd to view,
Whom Fortune thither to their wiſhes drew.
The welcome tidings gladden'd every breaſt,
And all in him his mighty ſire confeſs'd.
I paſs the greetings of his noble race,
How oft, with joy unhop'd, the fond embrace
Sage Malagigi, Richardetto brave,
Alardo, Aldiger, and Vivian gave:
How lords and knights to him obſervance paid,
What he to them, and they in anſwer ſaid.
At every time the kinſmen had beheld
Guido with joy—but now the joy excell'd
Beyond compare, when public need requir'd
Each arm and ſword, and every boſom fir'd.
Now roſe the ſun from ocean's blue profound,
With orient rays his ſhining temples bound:
When with the brethren, all the warrior-kind
Of Amon's race, the banners Guido join'd.

Day

Day following day, the band their march purſu'd,
Till now the ſhores of winding Seine they view'd,
Whence, ſcarce ten miles remote, the guarded towers
Of Paris roſe, beſieg'd by Pagan powers.
Here Gryphon with his Aquilant they found,
The brother chiefs for arms of proof renown'd,
Of Sigiſmunda born—with theſe appear'd
A dame, that ſeem'd far other than the herd
Of vulgar females; ſplendid to behold
Round her white veſts ſhe wore a fringe of gold.
Lovely her mien, replete with every grace,
Though tears ſtood trembling on her mournful face,
While by her geſtures and her looks intent,
She ſeem'd on ſome important converſe bent.
Theſe knights to Guido known, nor leſs to theſe
Was he, with whom ſo late they plough'd the ſeas.
Behold a pair (he to Rinaldo cries)
Whoſe like in battle ſcarce the world ſupplies:
Let theſe for Charles with us united ſtand,
And ſoon I truſt will ſhrink yon Pagan band.
Rinaldo then confirm'd the praiſe he gave,
And own'd each warrior brave amongſt the brave;
One clad in white, and one in ſable veſt,
And each in arms of ſumptuous faſhion dreſt.

No leſs the brother champions ſaw and knew
Rinaldo, Guido, all the generous crew;
Theſe greeting fair, Rinaldo they embrac'd,
And caſt a veil o'er all unkindneſs paſt:
Time was, at ſtrife (which now were long to tell)
The gallant warriors, for Truffaldin fell;
But now in brothers' love and friendſhip join'd,
All former hate was ſcatter'd to the wind.
To Sanſonetto next (the laſt who came)
Rinaldo turning, to his noble name
Due honours paid, for oft Albano's knight
His praiſe had heard, and own'd his force in fight.
When now the dame more near Rinaldo drew,
And mark'd (for well each Paladin ſhe knew)

Ver. 295. — *Truffaldin* —] Truffaldin was a Pagan in Albracca, who, taking Sacripant priſoner by ſurprize, offered treacherouſly to betray the city into the hands of king Agrican; but the propoſal was generouſly rejected by Agrican. Having poſſeſſion of the fort, he refuſed admittance to Orlando till Angelica had promiſed him protection from puniſhment. The knights were divided in parties about him. Rinaldo fought with Gryphon who defended him. Orlando, being armed by Angelica, left the walls to engage with Rinaldo. At length Rinaldo having ſeized Truffaldin dragged him at his horſe's tail, and put an end to his life.

ORL. INNAM. B. i. c. xiv. xx. xxvi.

His

His mien and arms — ſhe to the generous chief
Diſclos'd a tale that fill'd his ſoul with grief.
O prince! (ſhe ſaid) thy kinſman ſo belov'd,
Whoſe ſaving arm our church, our empire prov'd,
Orlando, once ſo wiſe, ſo far renown'd
For deeds of proweſs, roves the world around,
Of better ſenſe diſtraught; nor can I tell
From what ſtrange cauſe this dire miſchance befel.
Theſe eyes beheld his cuiraſs, ſword and ſhield
Diſpers'd at random o'er the wood and field:
A courteous knight I ſaw with pious pains
Collect the mail and weapons from the plains,
And theſe collecting on a ſapling near
In martial pomp the ſplendid trophy rear.
But thither came, on that ill-fated day,
The ſon of Agrican, who bore away
The hapleſs champion's ſword—think what diſgrace,
What loſs may thus attend the Chriſtian race,

Ver. 314. *A courteous knight I ſaw*—] Flordelis, as the reader may recollect, was preſent when Zerbino and Iſabella collected together the arms of Orlando, and was witneſs to the combat between Zerbino and Mandricardo, in which the former received his death's wound; but it does not appear that Flordelis knew either Zerbino or Iſabella.

That Durindana, by the Tartar worn,
Should once again a Pagan's ſide adorn.
With this he Brigliadoro thence convey'd,
That near unrein'd without a maſter ſtray'd.
Few days are paſs'd ſince I Orlando left
Naked, devoid of ſhame, of ſenſe bereft:
Who (ſtrange to tell) unhous'd, unſhelter'd lies,
And fills each cave and wood with dreadful cries.
She ſaid; and told how on the bridge ſhe view'd,
Where cloſe engag'd with Rodomont he ſtood,
Till both, embrac'd, fell headlong in the flood.
To every chief that held Orlando dear,
(The dame purſu'd) to every courteous ear
The tale I tell, till one with pious care
To Paris, or ſome friendly place ſhall bear
The wretched chief, and art or medicine find
To cure the frenzy of his moon-ſtruck mind:
And ah! could Brandimart his ſufferings know,
How would his ſoul with tender pity glow,
And every means eſſay to heal his kinſman's woe!
This dame was Flordelis, the lovely wife
Of Brandimart, far dearer than his life:
At Paris him ſhe ſought, but ſought in vain:
And now ſhe told how, midſt the Pagan train,

Debate

Debate and hatred for that famous ſword
Embroil'd Gradaſſo and the Tartar lord:
Till Mandricardo ſtern of life bereft,
The fatal ſword was to Gradaſſo left.

Struck with the news Rinaldo ſtood oppreſt,
And thrilling ſorrow fill'd his noble breaſt:
His heart in melting ſoftneſs ſeem'd to run,
Like fleecy ſnows diſſolving to the ſun;
Reſolv'd, where'er forlorn Orlando ſtray'd,
To trace his ſteps, and yield him friendly aid;
But ſince by chance, or Heaven's all-ruling mind,
He ſaw near Paris' walls his ſquadron join'd,
He firſt decreed to raiſe the ſiege, and chace
From royal Charles th' exulting Pagan race;
But, anxious for th' event, delay'd th' aſſault
Till night had ſhaded o'er th' ethereal vault,
And through the camp the toils of day had ſhed
Lethean ſleep on every drowſy head.

Far in the wood to wait th' appointed hour
All day conceal'd he kept his banded power;
But when the ſun the darkening ſkies forſook,
And to the lower world his journey took:
When harmleſs ſerpents, bears, and all the train
Of fabled beaſts, adorn the ſtarry plain,
Unſeen

Ver. 368. *When harmleſs ſerpents,—*] By this expreſſion

Unſeen in preſence of the greater light,
Rinaldo leads his troop, and to their might
With Vivian, Guido's, Sanſonetto's fame,
Adds Gryphon, Aquilant, Alardo's name.
His firſt attack ſurpris'd the ſleeping guard,
And theſe he ſlew; for no defence prepar'd:
The trembling Moors, in evil hour perceive
No cauſe for mirth but ample cauſe to grieve.
How ſhould a naked, timorous, feeble train
With ſuch a force th' unequal ſtrife maintain?
To ſtrike the Saracens with deeper dread,
When to the charge his band Rinaldo led,
He pour'd the horn and trumpet's clangor round,
And bade each tongue his well-known name reſound.
Touch'd by the ſpur Bayardo ſeem'd not ſlow,
But leapt at once the trenches of the foe:
The foot he trampled, and the horſe o'er-turn'd,
And tents to earth and rich pavilions ſpurn'd.
Amid the Pagans none ſo bold appear'd,
But every hair was briſtled when they heard

is meant the conſtellations of ſtars, to which the poets have affixed the names of the goat, the bull, the lion, the ſerpent, and other animals, feigned to have been placed in the Heavens.

Rinaldo's

Rinaldo's name above the tumults riſe,
And Mount Albano echo'd to the ſkies!
Swift fled the troops of Spain, as ſwift the Moor,
None ſtay'd behind their riches to ſecure.
Him Guido follow'd, and with equal might
The ſons of Olivero ruſh'd to fight.
Not leſs Richardo, nor Alardo leſs,
With Aldiger and Vivian, cleave the preſs:
Guichardo next with Richardetto moves,
And each in arms his ſingle valour proves,
Seven hundred that in Mount Albano dwell'd
And round the neighbouring towns, Rinaldo held
Beneath his rule: theſe rais'd the fearleſs hand,
In heat or cold, a firm determin'd band.
Not braver troops of old Achilles ſway'd,
Though the gaunt Myrmidons his word obey'd:
Each in himſelf ſuch dauntleſs force compriz'd,
A hundred here a thouſand foes deſpis'd.
Though good Rinaldo might not boaſt to hold
Extended land, or heaps of treaſur'd gold;

Yet

Ver. 408. *Though good Rinaldo*—] The low ſtate of Rinaldo's finances is mentioned in ſeveral of the old romances; and in the adventure of the fairy of riches in Boyardo, where he is ſet at liberty by Orlando, he attempts to carry off a chair of ſolid gold, alleging that it will furniſh the

Yet ſuch his conduct, ſuch his fair regard
To every warrior, while with all he ſhar'd
His little ſtore, that none amidſt the crew
For proffer'd favour from his ſide withdrew.
From Mount Albano ne'er theſe bands he took,
But when ſome weighty cauſe their arms beſpoke
In parts remote; and now to aid his prince
He left his caſtle-walls with weak defence.
This train, aſſaulting now the Mooriſh hoſt,
This matchleſs train whoſe valour's praiſe I boaſt,
So rag'd, as on Galeſus' verdant mead,
The ſavage wolf amidſt the woolly breed:
Or oft as near Ciniphius' held in chace,
The lordly lion rends the bearded race.
Imperial Charles (who heard Albano's force,
Prepar'd t' attack the camp with ſilent courſe)

pay of his troops; this action of Rinaldo, and ſome other paſſages in the romances, will ſerve to explain the obſervation of the curate and barber in their ſcrutiny of Don Quixote's library, where Rinaldo and his train are called greater thieves than Cacus. Arioſto in taking up the ſtory, has judiciouſly dropt this part of his character.

Ver. 420.—— *Galeſus*—] Galeſus, a river near Tarentum, where the ſheep from the fertility of the paſture had remarkable thick wool.

Ver. 422.—*Ciniphius*—] The Cyniphians were a people of Africa, whoſe country was extremely fruitful.

Stood

Stood ready arm'd, and at th' expected hour
Join'd, with his Paladins, Rinaldo's power.
With him came wealthy Monodontes' * ſon,
Whoſe love and truth fair Flordelis had won.
Him long ſhe ſought, and now, from far reveal'd,
Obſerv'd his buckler blazing o'er the field.
When Brandimart his deareſt conſort view'd,
The fight forgotten, gentler thoughts enſu'd:
He ran, he held her cloſe in ſpeechleſs bliſs,
And preſs'd her lips with many an ardent kiſs.

Great was the truſt of ancient times diſplay'd
In the fair conſort or the blooming maid,
Who, unaccompany'd, could ſafely rove
In lands unknown, through mountain, field, or grove.
And, when returning, found their dear-held name
Clear as their form from breath of tainting fame!

Here to her lord the dame began to tell
What dreadful chance Anglante's knight befel:
Not from report the fatal tale ſhe drew,
Her mournful eyes had prov'd th' event too true:
Then of the bridge ſhe told where every knight
Was ſtay'd by Rodomont in dangerous fight;

* BRANDIMART.

Ver. 427. ——*with his Paladins,*] In the xxviith Book, ſt. 232, he tells us that the Paladins, except Ugero and Olivero, were made priſoners, and no mention has been ſince made of their deliverance.

Who

Who veſts and armour won from chiefs o'erthrown,
Had hung to grace the monumental ſtone:
She told, how far tranſcending every thought,
She ſaw the deeds by mad Orlando wrought,
Who on the bridge engag'd the Pagan foe,
And headlong plung'd him in the flood below.
But Brandimart, who dear Orlando lov'd,
With truth by friends, by ſons, by brothers prov'd;
Reſolv'd, through every threaten'd toil, to find
The wretched earl, and heal his frantic mind.
In armour dight, he mounted on his ſteed;
And took the path his dame prepar'd to lead
To where ſhe late unbleſt Orlando view'd:
Now near they drew where Algier's monarch ſtood
To guard the bridge; and now arriv'd in ſight,
The ready watchman to the Pagan knight
The wonted ſignal gave, and lo! with ſpeed
His ſquire attending brought his arms and ſteed:
His arms were lac'd, his foaming courſer rein'd,
What time good Brandimart the banks had gain'd;
Then with a thundering voice in impious pride,
To Brandimart the ruthleſs Pagan cry'd:
Whoe'er thou art, by fortune hither led
Through error or deſign theſe ſhores to tread,
Alight—deſpoil thine arms—and yonder tomb
Grace with the trophy ere I ſeal thy doom;

And

And give thy life a victim, for the ſake
Of her pale ghoſt—then ſhall my fury take
What thou may'ſt now thy willing offering make.

He ended—Brandimart indignant burn'd,
And anſwer with his ſpear in reſt return'd:
Battoldo ſpurr'd (his gentle courſer's name
Battoldo call) he with ſuch ardor came
To meet the foe, as well his ſtrength proclaim'd
A match for all in liſts of combat fam'd;
While Rodomont as ſwift to battle drew,
And o'er the bridge with hoofs reſounding flew.
His ſteed that oft the narrow paſs had try'd,
And oft, as fortune chanc'd on either ſide
Had headlong plung'd, now ran without diſmay,
Nor fear'd the perils of the downward way.
Battoldo little us'd ſuch path to keep,
Shook in each joint to view the fearful ſteep:
Trembles the bridge, and to the burthen bends;
The bridge, whoſe ſides nor fence nor rail defends.
Alike their beam-like ſpears the warriors drove,
Such as they grew amid their native grove:
Alike they ruſh'd, and in the meeting ſtrife,
Well far'd each generous ſteed to 'ſcape with life:
Yet both at once before the ſhock gave way,
And 'neath the bridge beneath their riders lay;

The

The ſpur had rouz'd them, but the plank unmeet
No ſpace afforded to their floundering feet:
Plung'd in the ſtream both equal fortune found,
And with their fall made waves and ſkies reſound.
So roar'd our Po, receiving in his tide
The youth * that ill his father's light could guide.
Prone ſunk the courſers with the ponderous weight
Of either knight that firmly kept his ſeat;
While to the river's ſecret bed they fell,
To ſearch what nymph or naiad there might dwell.
Not this the firſt or ſecond venturous leap
The Saracen had prov'd; hence well the deep,
The ſhallows well he knew; where roll'd the flood
With bottom firm, where ſoft with ooze and mud.
Head, breaſt, and ſides, triumphant o'er the waves
He rears, and now at great advantage braves
The Chriſtian knight, whoſe courſer whirling round
An eddy buries in the ſands profound,
Where deep infix'd, and by no ſtrength releas'd,
Certain deſtruction threatens man and beaſt.
The water, foaming with reſiſtleſs force,
Bears to the deepeſt current knight and horſe,
Together roll'd—while Brandimart beneath
His ſteed lies ſtruggling in the jaws of death.

* PHAETON.

Fair

Fair Flordelis afflicted, from above,
Tears, vows, and prayers, employs to ſave her love.
Ah! Rodomont, by her, whom dead thy ſoul
Reveres ſo high—thy cruel thoughts control:
Permit not here, by ſuch inglorious death,
So true, ſo brave a knight, to yield his breath.
Ah! courteous lord! if e'er thy heart could love,
Think what for him my bleeding heart muſt prove;
Suffice, that now he bears thy captive chain,
Suffice, with thee his arms and veſt remain:
And know of all, by right of conqueſt thine,
No nobler ſpoils adorn the virgin-ſhrine.
She ſaid; and ſuch perſuaſive prayers addreſs'd
As touch'd the Pagan king's obdurate breaſt;
Then to her lord his ſaving hand he gave,
Her lord whom buried deep beneath the wave
His courſer held; where without thirſt he quaff'd
Compell'd from ruſhing ſtreams the plenteous draught—
But ere the Pagan would his aid afford,
He took from Brandimart his helm and ſword,
Then drew the knight half lifeleſs to the ſhore,
And clos'd, with others, in the marble tower.
Soon as the dame beheld him priſoner led,
All comfort from her tender boſom fled;

Yet leſs ſhe mourn'd than at the dreadful ſight
When late the ſtream o'erwhelm'd her faithful knight.
Now ſelf-reproach oppreſs'd her gentle thought;
By her the luckleſs chief was thither brought;
By her he fell, by her was captive made;
And Flordelis her Brandimart betray'd!

Departing thence ſhe ponder'd in her mind
Some gallant knight of Pepin's court to find:
The Paladin Rinaldo far renown'd,
Guido, or Sanſonetto, fearleſs found
At all aſſays, ſome chief whoſe matchleſs hand
Might dare the Saracen by flood or land;
Who though not braver than her own true knight,
With fortune more to friend might wage the fight.
Full long ſhe journey'd ere ſhe chanc'd to greet
A champion for ſuch bold encounter meet;
Whoſe arm in battle might the taſk atchieve,
T' o'erthrow the Pagan and her lord relieve
From cruel thrall: full many a day ſhe ſought
Till chance before her ſight a warrior brought
Of gallant mien, whoſe arms & ſurcoat bore
With trunks of cypreſs fair embroider'd o'er:
But who the knight, ſome future time ſhall tell,
Firſt turn to what at Paris' walls befel,

Ver. 569. — *ſome future time ſhall tell,*] It returns to Flordelis, Book xxxv. ver. 245.

Where

Where deep deſtruction cruſh'd the Mooriſh bands
From Malagigi and Rinaldo's hands.

The countleſs numbers chac'd in ſpeedy flight,
Or driven to Stygian realms from upper light,
The mantling ſhade from Turpin's view conceal'd;
Elſe had his page the ſlain and fled reveal'd.
To Agramant a knight the news convey'd,
Who lock'd in ſleep in his pavilion laid
No danger heard; and only wak'd to know
Swift flight alone could ſave him from the foe.
He ſtarts from reſt, he caſts around his eyes,
And guideleſs, diſarray'd his ſoldiers 'ſpies:
Naked, unarm'd, now here now there they yield:
No time allows to graſp the fencing ſhield.
Confus'd in counſel, and in thought diſtreſt,
The monarch fits his cuiraſs to his breaſt;
When Falſirones (ſprung from boaſted race)
Grandonio, Balugantes, near the place
Approach'd, his danger to the king betray,
That death or ſlav'ry threats the leaſt delay;
And could he thence his perſon ſafely bear
He well might boaſt propitious fortune's care.
Marſilius thus, alike Sobrino ſage
[illegible]ll the peers (whom equal cares engage)

Would

Would urge his flight, while by Rinaldo led
Deſtruction pointed at the monarch's head.
He, with the remnants of his routed train
In Arli or Narbona might remain:
Both ſtrongly built and both provided well
With martial ſtores could long a ſiege repel:
Himſelf preſerv'd, his bands with new ſupplies
Recruited, on ſome future day might riſe
T' avenge his own diſgrace, the nation's ſhame
On Chriſtian Charles and all the hated name.
King Agramant at length compell'd to yield
Conſents for Arli's town to quit the field,
While deeper night deſcending round him throws
Her friendly veil to ſcreen him from his foes.
Thus twice ten thouſand of the Pagan train,
The banded powers of Afric and of Spain,
Fled from Rinaldo, 'ſcap'd the ſanguine plain.
Thoſe whom Rinaldo's, whom his brethren's ſword,
Whom the twin-offspring of * Vienna's lord
Stretch'd in their blood, and whom Albano's crew
(The brave ſeven hundred) in the battle ſlew;
With thoſe by gallant Sanſonetto kill'd;
And thoſe that flying Seine's deep current fill'd;

* GRYPHON and AQUILANT.

The

The tongue that counts, may count the vernal
flowers
When Flora or Favonius paints the bowers.
'Tis fam'd that Malagigi bore a ſhare
In that night's glory of ſucceſsful war:
Not that his arm the fields with blood imbru'd,
Or knights unhors'd, or helms aſunder hew'd:
But by his arts he made the fiends repair
From black Tartarean glooms to upper air,
With many a banner feign'd and briſtled lance,
That ſeem'd in number twice the hoſt of France.
Such trumpet's notes he caus'd to echo round,
Such drums to rattle, and ſuch ſhouts to ſound,
Such neigh of courſers prancing o'er the plain,
Such dreadful cries, like groans of warriors ſlain,
That ſeem'd with horror's mingled din to fill
The diſtant lands, each foreſt, vale, and hill,
And ſtruck ſuch fear in every Mooriſh breaſt,
That each to flight his trembling feet addreſs'd.
Nor yet the king of Afric's anxious thought
Rogero wounded in his tent forgot;
But on a gentle ſteed of eaſy pace
He bade his friends the feeble warrior place,
Till, 'ſcap'd the ſlaughter of the dreadful hour,
A bank he gain'd, and thence the warrior bore

To Arli ſafe, where at his high command
Muſt meet the relicks of each ſhatter'd band.
Thoſe who from Charles and from Rinaldo fled,
(Twice fifty thouſand) o'er the country ſpread;
For ſafety, mountain, wood, and cave explor'd,
To ſhun the furies of the Gallic ſword,
While oft they found the guarded paſs deny'd,
And with their blood the verdant herbage dy'd.
Not ſo the king of Sericane withdrew
(His tents at diſtance pitch'd) but when he knew
That he, who thus with unreſiſted might
Aſſail'd the camp, was Mount Albano's knight,
His ſwelling breaſt with martial fury glow'd,
His looks, his geſture ſudden tranſport ſhow'd;
With grateful thanks he prais'd the powers of Heaven
That on this night ſo rare a chance had given;
A chance that to his hand might bring the ſteed,
Far-fam'd Bayardo of unrivall'd breed.
Long had the monarch fought (as you full well
From other lips, I truſt, the tale can tell)

Ver. 645. *(Twice fifty thouſand),*—] Here ſeems an inconſiſtency, for ver. 609, he ſays, twice ten thouſand.

Ver. 660. *Long had the monarch fought*—] Boyardo gives the account, that Gradaſſo, a mighty king of the Eaſt, had gathered together an army of one hundred and fifty thouſand men, in order to invade France, and get poſſeſſion of Durindana and Bayardo. ORL. INNAM. B. i. c. i.

To

To brace good Durindana at his ſide;
And that fair courſer in the field beſtride:
For this to France he croſs'd the ſurgy main,
A hundred thouſand warriors in his train;
And in the generous ſteed t' aſſert his right,
Had call'd Rinaldo forth to ſingle fight:
Theſe on the margin of the briny flood,
In equal arms to end the conteſt ſtood:
But Malagigi by his magic art
Compell'd his noble kinſman to depart,

Borne

Ver. 670. *But Malagigi by his magic art*] This adventure is given at large by Boyardo, which we ſhall here relate; and to which, though it has no immediate connection with the preſent ſubject, we ſhall, for the entertainment of the reader, add another adventure of Rinaldo, as a maſterpiece in the terrible kind.

Angelica being returned to India (ſee General View of BOYARDO's ſtory) and lamenting the hopeleſs paſſion which ſhe had conceived for Rinaldo, commanded Malagigi, whom ſhe had kept in confinement, to be brought before her, and offered to reſtore him to liberty, provided he would find means to bring Rinaldo to her, but plight his word, if he failed in the attempt to return again to his priſon. Malagigi accepted the terms, and departed for France: where, on his arrival, he uſed every argument to perſuade Rinaldo to give a favourable return to Angelica's paſſion; but Rinaldo, who had drank of the waters of hatred, was deaf to his entreaties. Malagigi, exaſ-

Borne in a bark that ſpread th' inviting ſail:
But here 'twere long to tell the wondrous tale;
And ever, from that day, the Pagan knight
The gentle Paladin eſteem'd but light.

When

perated at his refuſal, reſolved to have recourſe to magic; and hearing that Gradaſſo and Rinaldo would ſoon meet to decide in ſingle combat their title to Bayardo, he made two demons take the form of heralds: of theſe he ſent one to Gradaſſo, to tell him, that Rinaldo would expect him in arms next day by the ſea-ſide; and the other he ſent to Rinaldo, to tell him, that Gradaſſo would wait for him at day-break. Next morning Rinaldo came to the place appointed, where at firſt he ſaw nothing but a ſmall bark anchored by the ſhore: at length a demon, in the ſhape and arms of Gradaſſo, appeared; but when Rinaldo prepared to begin the combat, the phantom retired. Rinaldo thinking his enemy fled, purſued him till the ſeeming warrior entered the veſſel, and Rinaldo following him with great eagerneſs, a ſudden wind ſprung up, and carried him out to ſea, when the demon diſappeared *. Soon after the departure of Rinaldo, Gradaſſo came to meet him, but having waited the whole day without ſeeing his enemy, he departed in great indignation.

In the mean time Rinaldo, who now perceived that ſome ſupernatural power had deluded him, was inconſolable for the diſgrace that he muſt ſuffer from the imputation of cowardice. He was often tempted to deſtroy himſelf; and in the meanwhile the veſſel purſued her way with extended ſails towards the eaſt, and at laſt ran aſhore at a delicious

* From Virgil, Æn. B. X. where Juno deceives Turnus with a phantom like Æneas.

garden,

When now Gradaſſo heard the chief who came
Againſt the Pagans, bore Rinaldo's name,
He ſheath'd his limbs in ſteel, his ſhield embrac'd,
Then through the ſhades on good Alfana * plac'd,

* GRADASSO's mare.

His garden, in the middle of which ſtood a ſtately palace, ſurrounded by the ſea.

Rinaldo, upon his landing, was accoſted by a damſel, who, taking him by the hand, led him into the palace, which was built of the moſt coſtly marbles, and richly ornamented with gold and exquiſite workmanſhip, ſupported on pillars of cryſtal. A company of beautiful damſels here received the knight, and refreſhed him with a magnificent collation, at the ſame time entertaining him with their melodious voices: at laſt, one of them addreſſed him in theſe words; "Sir knight, whatever you ſee is yours, and whatever you can wiſh more, ſhall be granted you; for know, that all this is the gift of our ſovereign lady and miſtreſs; a queen, who for your love has drawn you from Spain." Rinaldo heard her with ſurpriſe, but when ſhe mentioned the name of Angelica, a name he ſo deteſted, he ſtarted from his ſeat; on which the damſel cry'd out: "Stir not, thou art our priſoner." Rinaldo, however, regardleſs of what ſhe ſaid, flew to the ſea-ſhore, determined either to make his eſcape, or throw himſelf into the ſea: but it ſo fortuned, that he found the veſſel in which he came, and inſtantly going on board, ſet ſail from the iſland. He had not gone far, when he made land again, and going on ſhore, was addreſſed by an old man, who ſeemed in great affliction, and implored his aſſiſtance to recover his daughter, who had been taken from him by a cruel villain: Rinaldo, without heſitation, followed the old man;

His rival ſought, and all he met o'erthrew
With rout and terror of the Chriſtian crew:
With equal panic fled before his lance
The troops of Lybia and the troops of France.

Now

who having conducted him ſome way, blew a horn, when Rinaldo, lifting up his eyes, beheld a rock in the ſea, on the top of which ſtood a caſtle: at the ſound of the horn a draw-bridge was let down, on which appeared a giant of an enormous ſize; Rinaldo engaged the giant with undaunted courage, but falling into a ſnare, he was bound and carried priſoner to the caſtle, the walls of which were dyed red with human blood. He was now met by an old woman clothed in black garments, of a pale and ghaſtly countenance, who addreſſed him in theſe words:

"Perchance thou haſt not heard of the dreadful cuſtom obſerved at this caſtle; therefore, while thou haſt yet to live, hearken to the tale I am about to tell thee, for to-morrow thou ſhalt ſurely die. There formerly inhabited on that rock, which is called Alta-ripa (ſteep-rock) a noble knight, named Gryphon, who hoſpitably received all ſtrangers that travelled this way. This knight had for his wife a fair and virtuous dame, called Stella: it ſo fortuned, that my huſband Marchino paſſing through theſe parts was entertained by Gryphon, when he fell in love with Stella, and being reſolved to poſſeſs her, planted an ambuſh for Gryphon, ſlew him, and having maſſacred all his people, took poſſeſſion of the caſtle; but in vain endeavoured to gain his deſire of Stella, who repulſed him with horror, her mind being full of the idea of her murdered huſband, and continually pondering on the means of revenging his death. The rage I felt at the

falſehood

Now here, now there, amidſt the warring crowd
He ſeeks, and on Rinaldo calls aloud;
Still turning where he ſees the numerous ſlain
With deepeſt carnage load the dreadful plain.

At

falſehood and perfidy of Marchino, urged me to an act of cruelty, ſcarce to be credited by thoſe who know not the fury of a jealous woman. I had two young ſons by Marchino; theſe I killed, and having baked their limbs, ſet them before their father, who, unconſcious of the horrid meal, ſatisfied his hunger with his own offspring. I then ſecretly made my eſcape, and went to the king of Orgagna, who had long ſued for my love, who was a near kinſman to Stella, and incited him to revenge the death of Gryphon. I had left behind me at the caſtle the heads of my murdered children, which ſerved as an inſtrument of vengeance in the hands of Stella: theſe ſhe took, and carried them to Marchino, with dreadful exclamations, reproaching him with his bloody villainy in the death of Gryphon, and the maſſacre of his people. Marchino, in a frenzy of fury would have ſlain the dame; but his luſtful paſſion, which, even in the preſent moment, was kept alive by her beauty, inſtigated him to a revenge more dreadful than a thouſand deaths: he ordered the putrid dead corpſe of Gryphon, ſtill unburied, to be brought before him, and cauſed the lady to be bound to it, in which condition he accompliſhed his unheard of and helliſh purpoſe.

The king of Orgagna and I now arrived with a numerous force; which when the villain heard, he cauſed the lady to be murdered, and afterwards, to ſhew how far human wickedneſs could reach, continued, with horrid abomination, to

At length the knight he met, and ſoon oppos'd,
Sword claſh'd with ſword, when firſt their ſpears had clos'd
In equal jouſt, when ſhiver'd with their might
A thouſand ſplinters ſoar'd with wondrous flight
To touch the ſpangled chariot of the night.

Soon

defile her breathleſs body. The troops which we brought ſoon made themſelves maſters of the caſtle. Marchino was immediately torn in pieces by the fury of the people, and the remains of the wretched Gryphon and Stella were depoſited together in a magnificent tomb erected for that purpoſe. The king of Orgagna then departing, left me miſtreſs of the caſtle; when in the ninth month of my reſidence, we heard a moſt dreadful noiſe in the tomb, which terrified the three giants whom the king had left with me for my defence.

It happened that one of the giants, who was bolder than the reſt, ventured to remove a little the ſtone that covered the entrance; but he inſtantly repented his raſhneſs, for a monſter that was encloſed therein thruſt forth one of his claws, drew the giant forcibly through the opening, and ſwallowed him in a moment. No one thenceforth was hardy enough to approach the tomb, which I cauſed to be ſurrounded with a wall of vaſt ſtrength: by a device the tomb was then thrown open, from which iſſued a moſt tremendous monſter, whoſe form my tongue cannot deſcribe, but which you will behold with your own eyes, when you ſhall be caſt to him to be devoured. By a dreadful cuſtom here eſtabliſhed, from all the ſtrangers that arrive, one is every day given for food to this monſter, and as we have ſometimes more

than

Soon as Gradaſſo, leſs by arms or veſt,
Than by his ſtrokes the Paladin confeſs'd;
And knew Bayardo by his thundering force
That urg'd through yielding ranks his raging courſe,
Maſtering

than the daily ſacrifice requires, the reſt are put to death, and their bleeding limbs expoſed, as you ſee, at the entrance of the caſtle. This monſter will receive no nouriſhment but the fleſh of man, and ſhould he fail of his wonted prey, he would break through the wall that encloſes him. For me, wretch that I am! the continual remembrance of that villain, and the meditation on his unparalleled wickedneſs, have ſo deadened in me every ſenſe of humanity, that my ſoul ſeems now only delighted with ſcenes of miſery and ſlaughter!"

After the old woman had finiſhed her dreadful narrative, and Rinaldo perceived that his ſentence was inevitable, he begged, that at leaſt he might be allowed to meet the monſter with all his armour, and with his ſword: to which the hag replied, with a ghaſtly ſmile, that he might wear his armour, and take what weapons he choſe, but that nothing could ſave his life from that fury, againſt which ſtrength or courage was of no avail.

Next morning Rinaldo was let down within the wall, completely armed with his ſword drawn; when the monſter, dreadfully gnaſhing his teeth to the terror of all, ſtood ready to devour him, while the knight advanced with undaunted reſolution. It is no eaſy taſk to deſcribe the form of this horrible animal, that was doubtleſs the diabolical offspring of Marchino from the dead body of Stella. In ſize he was larger than an ox, his muzzle was like a ſerpent's,

Maſtering the field—his eager lips aſſail'd
The knight with loud reproach, as one who fail'd
To ſeek his foe th' appointed day of fight,
And keep the faith that knight demands from knight.

Thou

pent's, his mouth was of vaſt width, and his teeth long; his head had the fierceneſs of a wild boar when in his utmoſt fury, and from each temple iſſued a horn that cut the air with a roaring noiſe: his ſkin was of divers colours, impenetrable by any weapon; his eyes were like fire, and his hands, reſembling the hands of man, were armed with the claws of a lion, and he rent aſunder with theſe and with his teeth, armour of the ſtrongeſt proof. This monſter came with open mouth upon Rinaldo, and a moſt dreadful battle enſued between them, which laſted from the morning till the evening, and in which the knight vainly endeavoured to pierce the hide of his enemy, who on the other hand had torn away his armour in many places, and wounded him in a terrible manner: Rinaldo now began to grow weak with the loſs of blood, when aiming with all his remaining ſtrength a furious ſtroke, the monſter ſeized his ſword and drew it from him. While Rinaldo ſtood thus unarmed, expecting inſtant death, Angelica waited with the utmoſt impatience for the return of Malagigi: at laſt he came, but without Rinaldo, and related to her the dreadful adventure that had befallen him, urging her to go immediately to the aſſiſtance of the knight. Angelica, terrified at the danger of Rinaldo, began to load Malagigi with reproaches, but he told her there was not a moment to loſe, and immediately put into her hands a cord, a file, and a large cake of wax. Angelica then called up a demon, who tranſported her at

once

Thou thought'ſt perhaps (the haughty Pagan ſaid)
The danger late impending o'er thy head
So well eſcap'd, I ne'er again ſhould greet
Thy arm in fight, but lo! once more we meet!

And

once through the air, to the place where Rinaldo was reduced to the laſt extremity. Juſt before the arrival of Angelica, caſting round his eyes to diſcover any poſſible means of eſcaping the jaws of the monſter, he eſpied a beam ten feet from the ground that jutted out from the wall, and exerting all his force, he leapt, and ſeizing it took his place thereon beyond the reach of the monſter, that weighed down with his enormous bulk, in vain endeavoured repeatedly to ſeize him. It was now night, and Rinaldo, while he clung to the beam, ſaw ſomething by the light of the moon that ſeemed to hover near him, and ſoon diſcovered the form of a damſel: this was Angelica; but as ſoon as he beheld her face he was ready to quit the beam, and expoſe himſelf to the enraged monſter rather than be preſerved by her aſſiſtance. Angelica entreated him in the moſt ſoothing manner to ſeek ſhelter in her arms from ſo dreadful a peril; but Rinaldo obſtinately perſiſted in refuſing to liſten to her, and threatened, unleſs ſhe left him, to quit his preſent ſtation. On this, Angelica caſting the cord ſhe had brought with her at the monſter, at the ſame time laying the cake of wax before him, departed. The monſter immediately ſeized the wax, and cloſing his jaws was prevented again from opening them: enraged at this, and leaping here and there with inconceivable fury, he entangled himſelf in the cord, which Rinaldo ſeeing, quitted the beam, and recovering his ſword, attacked his enemy, unable now to make defence; but

when

And know, to thy confuſion, couldſt thou bend
Thy flight to Hell or to high Heaven aſcend,
Didſt thou that ſteed beſtride, my feet ſhould tread
The ſkies' pure plains, or ſhades that veil the dead,
To' enforce my right—and if thou wilt reſign
Thy boaſted claim, and let yon ſteed be mine,

when the knight found that all attempts to wound him were fruitleſs, he leapt upon his back and ſtrangled him. The monſter being dead, Rinaldo ſought ſome opening in the wall, the height of which it was impoſſible to ſcale; at laſt he eſpied an iron grate that opened next the caſtle, which he for ſome time in vain tried to force, till ſeeing the file which Angelica had left behind her, he opened the grate with this; and was preparing at day break to quit the place, when he was met by a monſtrous giant, who as ſoon as he ſaw him uttered a loud cry, and fled. The people of the caſtle, alarmed by the giant, attacked Rinaldo in great numbers, but the knight with his ſword Fuſberta ſo exerted himſelf, that he ſoon ſlew or put them to flight: he was afterwards attacked by the giant who had firſt made him priſoner, whom he overcame; and then advanced to the caſtle, where the old hag had fortified herſelf, and where the other giant had taken ſhelter: this giant now cauſing the gate to be opened, ruſhed out againſt Rinaldo, but was ſoon ſlain by him; all which being ſeen by this deteſted hag, ſhe, in rage and deſperation, threw herſelf from a balcony a hundred feet high, and was daſhed to pieces on the pavement. Rinaldo then forced the gates, put all within to the ſword, and departed thence in ſearch of other adventures."

ORL. INN. Book I. C. v, vi, vii, viii, ix,

Then

Then live ſecure—but never hope again,
Unhors'd to ſeize a generous courſer's rein,
If thus thy recreant deeds the name of knighthood ſtain.

He ſaid: when lo! th' inſulting ſpeech to hear,
Stood Guido bold and Richardetto near:
Both from the ſheath their ſhining weapons bar'd,
And to chaſtiſe the Saracen prepar'd:
But ſwift Rinaldo interpos'd, and ſaid:
Shall others take my quarrel on their head?
Think ye, without your aid, this arm too weak
From him that wrongs me juſt revenge to ſeek?
Then to the king he turn'd, and thus began:
Gradaſſo! hear—while meeting man to man,
If thou attend'ſt, ſincerely will I ſhow
I came to find thee like a generous foe:
My ſword might prove the truth and here defy
The tongue that dares to give my fame the lie;
But ere we cloſe in combat ſhalt thou hear
What undiſguis'd my wounded name ſhall clear.
Then let Bayardo ſtand, the noble ſpoil,
Deſign'd by both to crown the victor's toil.

He ſaid; the king of Sericane inclin'd
To courteous lore, like every gallant mind,

Conſents

Conſents to hear the generous warrior tell
What chance to draw him from the fight befel.
Now to a ſtream the knights retir'd apart,
Rinaldo there, with words devoid of art,
Remov'd the veil that o'er the truth was ſpread,
Invoking Heaven to witneſs what he ſaid;
Then call'd before 'em Buovo's * prudent ſon,
Conſcious alone of all his art had done,
Who queſtion'd, ſoon confirm'd whate'er the knight
Had told, and own'd the fraud of magic ſlight.
Rinaldo then purſu'd—What here is known
By living witneſs, ſhall alike be ſhown
By proof of arms, which ready (when or where
Thyſelf ſhall name) t' enforce the truth I bear.
Gradaſſo with a warrior's generous heat,
Reflected how he came in vain to meet
The Chriſtian leader; yet reſolv'd to gain
The generous courſer, ſought ſo long in vain,
Howe'er he doubted, or the tale believ'd,
Rinaldo's plea with ſeeming faith receiv'd.
No more to Barcelona's billowy ſtrand,
Where firſt they went to combat hand to hand,
But each agreed at early dawn of day
To a clear neighbouring fount to bend his way:

* MALAGIGI.

Rinaldo

Rinaldo thither muſt conduct the ſteed
Between them plac'd, the victor's future meed:
There ſhould the king or ſlay, or captive make
Albano's lord, 'tis his the ſteed to take;
But ſhould his boaſted claim Gradaſſo yield
To Clarmont's knight, Rinaldo from the field
Muſt for his prize fam'd Durindana wield.

With wonder great, with heart-corroding care,
Rinaldo heard by Flordelis the fair,
(As late I told) that from his kinſman's head,
Unbleſt Orlando, every ſenſe was fled;
What diſcord for his arms the camp engag'd,
How chief with chief in dire contention rag'd,
'Till ſtern Gradaſſo's arm the ſword obtain'd,
By which a thouſand wreaths Orlando gain'd.

The terms thus ſettled, to his ſocial train
Gradaſſo now return'd, though oft in vain
The Paladin beſought the Pagan knight
Beneath his tent t' await the morning light.
At dawn Rinaldo and the king, diſpos'd
For cruel fight, their limbs in armour clos'd;

Ver. 765. *With wonder great,*——] This ſtanza in the original appears inartificially introduced, as it makes a diſagreeable break in the narrative: it might poſſibly be tranſpoſed to advantage, but this was a liberty I did not think myſelf authorized to take.

And near a fountain ſide the battle ſought,
For Durindana and Bayardo fought.
With ſad preſage Rinaldo's friends beheld
His arm engag'd in ſuch a dreadful field:
Great was Gradaſſo's courage, great his might,
Great was his ſkill well-prov'd in many a fight,
And ſince he now the fatal ſword had won
That lately grac'd the ſide of Milo's * ſon,
Each for Rinaldo felt his hope to fail,
And at his danger many a cheek grew pale.
But Vivian's † brother, o'er the reſt diſmay'd,
The conteſt view'd, and gladly would have ſtay'd
Th' impending fight, but that he fear'd to raiſe
In good Rinaldo's breaſt a quenchleſs blaze;
Who ſtill in mind the time reſentful bore
When Malagigi's ſhip decoy'd him from the ſhore.
While doubts and fears in every boſom grew,
No doubt, no fear, the bold Rinaldo knew.
Secure he goes, reſolv'd one glorious day
Should wipe his late imputed ſtains away,
And ſilence thoſe who joy'd in his diſgrace,
Proud Altafoglia and Pontieri's race.
Boldly he goes in heart ſecure to crown
His conquering brow with laurels of renown.

* ORLANDO. † MALAGIGI.

Ver. 794. *When Malagigi's ſhip* —] See Note to ver. 670.

When

When now, from different parts, theſe ſons of fame
At once together to the fountain came,
They firſt, in faith unſtain'd, exchang'd embrace
With fair and open looks; as if the race
Of Clarmont and of Sericane had ſtood
Ally'd in friendſhip and ally'd in blood.

But, here deferr'd, ſome future time ſhall tell
What dreadful blows from either weapon fell.

END OF THE THIRTY-FIRST BOOK.

THE

THIRTY-SECOND BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE diſtreſſed ſituation of Agramant. Marphiſa comes to his aſſiſtance. Death of Brunello. Lamentation of Bradamant for the abſence of Rogero. She unexpectedly hears news of her lover that reduces her to deſpair, and departs from Mount Albano. In her way ſhe lights on Ulania, ambaſſadreſs from the queen of Iceland. Subject of her embaſſy. Bradamant arrives at Sir Triſtram's lodge. The ſtrange cuſtom obſerved there. She unhorſes three kings, and is hoſpitably received by the lord of the caſtle, who relates the adventure of Clodio, the ſon of Pharamond, and his wife, from which their law was firſt inſtituted. Defence of Ulania by Bradamant.

THE

THIRTY-SECOND BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

REMEMBRANCE, what I late prepar'd to tell,
What ſome new chance could from my mind expel;
Again recalls—a ſtory that could make
A fair-one wretched for Rogero's ſake;
And with a deadlier arrow pierce her breaſt,
Than that which Richardetto's words impreſs'd.
Of this I meant to ſpeak, but midſt the thought
Another ſubject good Rinaldo brought:
Then Guido drew no leſs my Muſe aſtray,
With new adventures to beguile her way.
Now this, now that by turns attention gain'd,
And ill my memory Bradamant retain'd.
To her again I turn, before I tell
What 'twixt Rinaldo and Gradaſſo fell:

Ver. 14. —*Rinaldo and Gradaſſo*—] He returns to theſe, Book xxxiii. ver. 561.

But firſt king Agramant the tale recalls
Of him to ſpeak, who drew to Arli's walls
The relicks of his hoſt that 'ſcap'd by flight
The ſword and horrors of that dreadful night.
Plac'd on a river near the ſurgy main,
Afric in front, and near the coaſts of Spain,
The city could relieve th' afflicted powers,
Could yield them ſuccour and ſupply with ſtores.
Through all the kingdom to recruit his force
Marſilius wrote to muſter foot and horſe
Whate'er their kind: at Barcelona arm'd
For zeal or hire, full many veſſels ſwarm'd
Well mann'd for fight: meantime in deep debate
King Agramant at daily council ſate.
No means he ſpar'd; and with exactions preſt
Fair Afric groan'd through all her towns diſtreſs'd.
To Rodomont he ſent, but ſent in vain,
With proffers, would the warrior riſe again
In Afric's cauſe, to give him for his bride
Almontes' daughter, to himſelf ally'd,
And with her hand unite to Sarza's power
The mighty kingdom of Oran in dower.

Ver. 15. —— *king Agramant*—] See Book xxxi. ver. 605 where Agramant, totally defeated, was obliged to retreat to Arli.

The

The haughty chief refus'd the bridge to leave,
Where, many a knight accuſtom'd to bereave
Of arms and veſt, he theſe with pomp diſplay'd
To deck the tomb that held the murder'd maid *.
But not like Rodomont Marphiſa left
Her king at need, of every aid bereft:
Soon as ſhe heard that all the martial train
Of Agramant were captives, fled, or ſlain;
That Charles had won, and with the remnant force
Her king at Arli lay, ſhe bent her courſe
To Arli ſtrait, with proffers large to ſpend
Her wealth and life his honour to defend.
With her Brunello (late her fetter'd ſlave)
She brought, and to the king uninjur'd gave.
Ten days and nights ſhe kept him fill'd with dread,
The fatal nooſe impending o'er his head.
But when ſhe thither found no friend repair
By force to free him, or to ſave by prayer,
In ſuch baſe blood ſhe ſcorn'd to ſoil her hands,
And freed his trembling limbs from galling bands.
Well may you deem from aid like hers receiv'd,
What heart-felt joy the drooping king reliev'd;
How much he priz'd it (to Brunello's woe)
He meant her wretched priſoner's fate ſhould ſhow:

* ISABELLA.

Ver. 37. *The haughty chief*—] See Book xxxv. ver. 296. where Rodomont appears again.

The ſentence ſhe enforc'd, himſelf reſum'd,
And freely to the tree Brunello doom'd;
Then in a lonely wood, of life bereft,
His corpſe a prey to crows and vultures left.
Rogero, who before at equal need
From deadly cords his caitiff neck had freed,
In his ſick tent now pale and wounded laid,
(So will'd high Heaven) no more could yield him aid;
And when the tidings came, they came too late;
Thus, without friend, Brunello met his fate.

Meanwhile impatient of the long delay,
Had Bradamant accus'd each tardy day,
That twice ten times muſt dawn, ere face to face
She ſees her knight the Chriſtian faith embrace.
Leſs ſlow each lagging hour to him returns
Who pines in priſon, or in exile mourns,
'Till freed he lives, or ſees in proſpect riſe
His dear-lov'd country to his longing eyes.
Sick with ſuſpenſe ſhe chides each heavenly ſteed,
Now Ethon, now Pyrois' lingering ſpeed;
Now

Ver. 71. *Meanwhile impatient* —] He returns to Agramant and Marphiſa, Book xxxv. ver. 486.

Ver. 80. *Now Ethon, now Pyrois' lingering ſpeed:*] Names of

Now thinks ſome chance the rolling wheels have ſtay'd
Of Phœbus' car, beyond its wont delay'd.
To her more lengthen'd ſeem'd each day and night,
Than that great day, when Heaven's meridian light
The * Hebrew ſtopt; or that fam'd night deſign'd
To give a young Alcides to mankind. 86
How oft with envy in their ſecret place
She view'd the dormouſe, bear, and badger race
Doze out the months: with theſe ſhe fain would take
A long unbroken ſleep, nor ever wake 90

* Joshua. To

of two of the four horſes that are feigned to draw the chariot of the ſun: Thus Ovid,

Interea volucres Pyrois, Eous et Ethon,
Solis equi, quartuſque Phlegon —— Met. B. ii.

Ver. 88. *She view'd the dormouſe, bear, and badger race*
Doze out the months:—] The common opinion is, that theſe animals ſleep a great part of the year without taking ſuſtenance.

"Towards the approach of the cold ſeaſon the dormice form little magazines of nuts or acorns, and having laid in their hoard, ſhut themſelves up for the winter. As ſoon as they feel the firſt advances of the cold, they prepare to leſſen its effect, by rolling themſelves up in a ball: in this manner they continue, uſually aſleep, but oftentimes waking, for above five months in the year; their neſts are lined with moſs, graſs, and dead leaves. The bear retires to ſome cavern

To light or ſenſe, till her returning knight
Should call her once again to ſenſe and light.
Now here, now there, ſhe ſhifts her reſtleſs head
On downy plumes whence Sleep was ever fled:
Oft was ſhe wont to watch the breaking ſkies,
And ſee, with eager gaze, the morn ariſe;
When Tithon's ſpouſe, o'er every fleecy cloud
The lilies white and bluſhing roſes ſtrow'd:
Nor leſs ſhe long'd, when full reveal'd the morn,
To ſee the ſtars again the ſkies adorn.
Now, fill'd with hope, ſhe waits each hour to hear
Some meſſenger proclaim Rogero near.
Oft to a tower ſhe climbs, that proſpect yields
Of tufted foreſts and extended fields.

vern or hollow of ſome enormous old tree, where it paſſes ſome months of the winter without proviſions, or without ever ſtirring abroad, but is not entirely deprived of ſenſation like the bat or dormouſe. The badger is a ſolitary animal, and digs itſelf a deep hole with great aſſiduity, where it ſleeps the greater part of its time, particularly in winter.

GOLDSMITH's Hiſtory of Earth and animated Nature, Vol. iv.

Ver. 97. *When Tithon's ſpouſe,—*] Aurora, who falling in love with Tithonus, ſon of Laomedon, brother to Priam, king of Troy, carried him off and took him for her huſband: of this marriage was born Memnon, who coming to the aid of Priam, was ſlain by Achilles.

If

If from afar ſhe marks the gleaming light
Of arms, or aught that ſpeaks a coming knight,
She thinks her plighted ſpouſe Rogero nigh,
And clears her brow and wipes her tearful eye:
If one unarm'd, or one on foot ſhe views,
She hopes ſome meſſenger with gentle news.

To meet her knight her armour now ſhe takes,
And haſtening to the plain the hill forſakes:
No knight ſhe meets; then thinks a different way
To Mount Albano might his ſteps convey.
Again all-anxious to her home ſhe turns,
Again expects him, and again ſhe mourns.
Now twenty ſuns had riſen, nor yet appears
Her tardy lord, nor tidings yet ſhe hears:
While ſuch her plaints, that in the realms below
The ſnaky fiends had wept to hear her woe:
With piteous ſighs ſhe rends her golden hairs,
Nor her fair face or heaving boſom ſpares.

Then thus — Ah! wretched, wretched maid (ſhe cries)
To follow one, who, while thou follow'ſt, flies!
Him wilt thou prize who treats thee thus in ſcorn,
Or him implore who never makes return?
Shall he my heart poſſeſs who bears me hate?
Who holds his virtues at ſo high a rate,

Some

Some goddeſs muſt forſake her ſeats above
To kindle in his breaſt the flames of love?
He knows to him my heart, my vows I give,
Nor will he yet my heart or vows receive:
For him I bleed, for him, alas! I die,
Yet he obdurate can relief deny.
He flies me now—nor more attends my pain
Than the deaf adder heeds the charmer's ſtrain.
Ah! Love!—repreſs his ſpeed who leads the race
So ſwift, while I purſue with tardy pace;
Or to her happy ſtate a maid reſtore,
Ere her fond boſom own'd another's power.
But wherefore ſhould I hope in vain to move
With prayers or plaints the ruthleſs God of love?
That God, to whom my anguiſh tranſport gives,
Who drinks my tears, and in my ſuffering lives!
Ah! luckleſs maid! of what ſhall I complain,
But the vain proſpect of deſire as vain;
Deſire that lifts me to ſo bold a flight,
My pinions ſhrivel in the ſultry height:

Ver. 136. *Than the deaf adder*—] An expreſſion drawn from the verſe in the Pſalms:—"the adder refuſes to hear the voice of the charmer."

Ver. 148. *My pinions ſhrivel*—] Rather an obſcure alluſion to the fable of Icarus, whoſe wings were melted in his flight too near the ſun.

All

All unſupported now I fall from Heaven;
Nor here a period to my fate is given:
Again I ſoar, again I catch the flame:
My daring endleſs, and my fall the ſame!
Yet more than all muſt I condemn the breaſt
That ſuch deſire could harbour for her gueſt:
A gueſt that Reaſon from her ſeat compell'd,
And every ſenſe ſubdu'd in bondage held.
From bad to worſe my wretched ſoul is toſt,
Nor can I paſſion rule where rule is loſt!
Yet wherefore ſhould I now myſelf reprove?
What crimes, alas! are mine but crimes of love?
What wonder that the ſoft, the frailer ſenſe
Of womankind ſhould make but weak defence?
Was I requir'd t' oppoſe with wiſdom's arms,
His looks, his ſpeech, his more than manly charms?
Moſt wretched he, forbid with longing ſight
To view the beams of Sol's all-chearing light!
Not deſtiny alone impell'd my courſe,
Another's words, and words of mighty force,
From this beginning love foretold my doom,
My future biiſs and great events to come.
If Merlin's prophecy no credit claim'd,
If every counſel for deceit was fram'd,

Him

Him may I well reproach—but never more
Can free my ſoul from him my thoughts adore.
All, all my plaints (for ever fix'd to mourn)
To Merlin and Meliſſa muſt return,
Who brought, by help of many a helliſh ſpright,
Fallacious viſions to deceive my ſight
With unborn ſons; and with expectance vain
Involv'd me thus in love's perplexing chain:
Yet, ah! what cauſe could thus excite their hate,
But envy of my happy virgin ſtate?

Thus ſhe; while with deſpair and grief oppreſt,
She ſeem'd to baniſh comfort from her breaſt:
But ſoon the flatterer Hope intruding brought
Deluſive aid, recalling to her thought
Rogero's parting words, and bade her ſtill
(Whatever fears her gentle ſoul might fill)
Await his wiſh'd return; and thus with wiles
Beyond the twenty days fond Hope beguiles
Her eaſy heart, and ſoothes her to behold
Another month in expectation roll'd.

With mind more calm, as on a certain day
(Such was her wont) ſhe paſs'd the public way
To meet her lord, ſhe heard what muſt deſtroy
Each little glimpſe of every promis'd joy.

For near Albano's walls the noble dame
Beheld a knight of Gaſcony, who came
From Afric's camp, a priſoner there confin'd
What time near Paris walls the battle join'd.
With him ſhe commun'd, much of him enquir'd
To lead him to the point ſhe moſt deſir'd:
Rogero nam'd, her wiſh no further ſought,
On him alone hung every anxious thought.
The knight who knew the peers of Afric well,
Reveal'd whate'er the noble youth befel,
Whom late he ſaw with Mandricardo ſtand
Oppos'd in combat, when with conquering hand
The chief he ſlew, and from that glorious day
A tedious month with wounds enfeebled lay.
Here had he clos'd, his tale had well explain'd
The cauſe that good Rogero thus detain'd.
To this he adds, that to the camp there came
A gallant maid, Marphiſa was her name,
No leſs renown'd for beauty than for arms;
In valour firſt, and firſt in female charms:
That her Rogero, ſhe Rogero lov'd,
Scarce ever ſeen apart—that all approv'd
Their growing loves—and prince and peer believ'd
That each from each the pledge of faith receiv'd;

And

And hop'd the knight recover'd from his bed
Of pain and ſickneſs, would the virgin wed;
From which fair union warriors yet unborn
In future ages might the world adorn.

This wiſh'd alliance ſpread from man to man
In loud report that through the country ran,
By ſigns confirm'd—with good Rogero came
In aid of Agramant the martial dame;
And when Marphiſa from the camp in ſcorn
(As late I told) had falſe Brunello borne,
Uncall'd ſhe back reſum'd her former way,
When in his bed Rogero wounded lay.
On him alone ſeem'd bent her anxious mind;
To him alone her viſits ſeem'd deſign'd;
For oft beſide his couch from morning light
Till evening ſhade ſhe watch'd the wounded knight.
Each wonder'd much that ſhe whoſe ſoul deſpis'd
All human race, nor power, nor riches priz'd,
Should for Rogero vail her wonted pride,
Should ſmile on him, and frown on all beſide.

While thus the Gaſcon knight confirms his tale,
At every word heart-rending pangs aſſail
The wretched Bradamant: a chillneſs creeps
Through all her veins, and ſcarce her ſeat ſhe keeps.

Without a word ſhe turns her courſer's rein,
While wrath and jealouſy within maintain
A mingled war: each hope diſſolv'd in air,
Back to her home ſhe haſtes in wild deſpair.
Behold all arm'd the wretched virgin ſpread
With face declin'd upon her lonely bed!
From liſtening ears to hide her grief ſhe tries,
Her grief that ſeeks to break in plaintive cries;
Till oft revolving what the knight had told,
No longer can her breaſt its anguiſh hold.

Then thus—In whom hereafter ſhall I truſt?
All, all are falſe; ungrateful and unjuſt!
Since, dear Rogero, thou canſt faithleſs prove,
Rogero once ſo priz'd for truth and love.
Of all the ſorrows, all the tears that flow
From public ſufferings or domeſtic woe,
My wrongs are firſt—and ſince no living knight
Excels thy mien in peace, thy arm in fight;
Since none with thee for proweſs can compare,
For courtly grace, for all that wins the fair,
Why can we not amidſt thy palms entwine
Another wreath, and conſtancy be thine?
Yet know'ſt thou not (this nobleſt gift with-held)
No virtue, courage, ever yet excell'd!

As objects only by reflection bright,
Viewleſs themſelves, muſt ſhine by borrow'd light.
Alas! how eaſy was an artleſs maid
By him ſhe lov'd beyond herſelf betray'd!
By him whoſe words her fond belief had won
To think the day-ſpring dark, and cold the ſun!
Sure no remorſe can e'er thy boſom move,
If unrepenting thou behold'ſt her love
Who dies by thee—all crimes with thee are light,
If breach of faith is little in thy ſight.
Since ſhe who loves, ſuch pains to thee muſt owe,
Thou can'ſt not more t' afflict thy direſt foe.
Sure juſtice never will in Heaven awake,
Unleſs ſwift vengeance reach thee for my ſake.
Midſt all the ſins with which mankind are curſt,
If dire ingratitude is deem'd the worſt;
If for this cauſe the faireſt angel driven
To chains and woe, was hurl'd from higheſt Heaven;
If heavier ſins with heavier ſcourge muſt ſmart,
Unleſs repentance purify the heart;
Heed, leſt on thee ſome dreadful ſcourge be ſent,
Who, thus ingrate, refuſeſt to repent!
Of theft, no little crime amidſt the train
Of human crimes, with juſtice I complain:

Not

Not for my heart detain'd—that heart be thine—
At ſuch a theft I never ſhall repine:
But thou thyſelf art mine, and in deſpite
Of every claim, thou robb'ſt me of my right.
Reſtore thyſelf—for never ſhall he thrive
Who can another of his right deprive.
Thou leav'ſt me, cruel!—yet from thee to fly
Alas! my will and power alike deny!
But not from life—to end this hated breath,
And leave my griefs and thee in welcome death.
O! had I dy'd while treaſur'd in thy breaſt,
What fate ſo envy'd, and what death ſo bleſt!
She ſaid; and fix'd to die, with furious haſte
Leapt from the bed, while at her heart ſhe plac'd
The ſword's determin'd point, but ſoon ſhe found
Her arms prevent the meditated wound.
Meantime a better Genius ſeem'd to warn
Her deſperate thoughts—O! virgin, nobly born!
Think of thy high deſcent, thy ſpotleſs name,
Nor give this period to a life of fame!
Seek yonder camp—there nobler mayſt thou try
(If ſuch thy wiſh) the honour'd means to die.
Before Rogero ſhouldſt thou yield thy breath,
Some tears even he may ſhed to grace thy death:

But ſhould his ſword thy breaſt of life bereave,
What lover could a happier fate receive?
And juſt it ſeems that he thy life ſhould take,
That life his cruelty could wretched make.
Who knows, before thou dy'ſt, but vengeance due
To thy wrong'd vows Marphiſa may purſue?
Whoſe fraud (as ill beſeems a virtuous maid)
Has won Rogero and thy love betray'd.

Theſe better thoughts approv'd, the virgin fram'd
A ſurcoat new that o'er her arms proclaim'd
Her ſtate of mind, and ſuch as might imply
A ſoul deſpairing, and reſolv'd to die.
Well ſuited to her grief, her veſt receives
The faded hue of ſapleſs wither'd leaves,

Ver. 326. *A ſurcoat new,—*] The cuſtom of aſſuming arms and devices expreſſive of the good or ill fortune of the wearer, was one great characteriſtic of the heroes and heroines of chivalry: thus Orlando in the eighth book puts on black armour. Guido in the nineteenth book, is thus deſcribed:

Clad like his ſteed, in ſable weeds of woe,
The champion came, as if he meant to ſhow
An emblem of his own diſtreſsful ſtate,
How ſmall his comforts, and his griefs how great!

So Ariodantes, Book vi. wears a ſhield fringed with yellow-green, the colour of Bradamant's ſcarf.

Torn

Torn from the bough; or ſuch as autumn ſhows
When from the root the ſap no longer flows;
The veil with cypreſs trunks embroider'd o'er,
That ſever'd like her hopes could ſprout no more.
The horſe, which once Aſtolpho rode, ſhe took,
Then graſp'd the golden lance, whoſe lighteſt ſtroke
Each knight unhors'd; nor how the lance ſhe gain'd
Need here be told, or how the duke obtain'd
The weapon firſt, ſuffice that this ſhe bore
All unſuſpecting of its wondrous power.

Thus, unaccompany'd, the virgin went
Without a ſquire, and from the hill's deſcent
To Paris' walls purſu'd her eager way,
Where late encamp'd the Pagan army lay:
For yet ſhe heard not that Rinaldo's might
With aid of Charles and many a noble knight
From Mount Albano and the Chriſtian train
Had rais'd th' impending ſiege and thouſands ſlain.
She leaves Cadurci now, and now ſhe leaves
Chaorſe's town, nor more behind perceives

Ver. 338. —— *how the duke obtain'd*
The weapon firſt,——] Bradamant received this lance from Aſtolpho, Book xxiii. ver. 104. which lance came into the duke's poſſeſſion after it was left behind by Argalia. See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

43703

Dordona's mount, and ſoon the towers eſpies
Of Clarmont and of Montferrante riſe:
When, as ſhe journey'd, on her way was ſeen
A dame of comely form and courteous mien:
A buckler at her ſaddle-bow was ty'd,
And three bold knights attended at her ſide:
Before, behind, in long proceſſion came
Damſels and ſquires that waited on the dame.
Brave Amon's daughter who to learn deſir'd
Her name, of one amidſt her train enquir'd.
To the great leader of the Franks (he cries)
From where within the artic circle lies
A land remote, ſhe plough'd with heavy toil
A length of ocean from Perduta's iſle:
Perduta ſome, and ſome Iſlanda name
This diſtant iſle, where reigns a queen whoſe fame
For peerleſs form was ſure by Heaven deſign'd
The firſt of all her ſex's lovely kind.
The ſhield thou ſee'ſt to royal Charles ſhe ſends,
And this condition with the ſhield commends;

Ver. 354. *A dame of comely form*—] Nothing can be told with more eaſe of language, or vigour of deſcription, than this pleaſingly romantic incident: the 'demeanour' of Bradamant, her meeting the ſhepherd, arrival at the lodge, the jouſts by moon-light, her defence of Ulania, are all circumſtances that can never be too much admired.

That

That this high gift ſhall grace the braveſt knight
Whom ſuch he holds in dreadful fields of fight:
She by herſelf, by all the world eſteem'd
The faireſt dame, would ſeek a champion deem'd
The firſt in arms, for long her ſecret mind
A purpoſe, nothing ere ſhall ſhake, deſign'd;
That he alone who bears his victor-ſword
O'er every chief, ſhall be her ſpouſe and lord.
At Charlemain's imperial court ſhe thought
The firſt of gallant knights might beſt be fought.
Yon three, that as her guard attend the dame,
All three are kings; and from three kingdoms came:
One Sweden, Gothland one, one Norway ſways,
And few with theſe in arms have equal praiſe.
Theſe three, whoſe lands beneath another ſky,
Leſs diſtant than the iſle Perduta lie;
(So call'd, as few amidſt the ſailor-train
Were ever known to ſtem the northern main)
Theſe kings enamour'd have alike purſu'd
The fair queen's love, and for their conſort woo'd;
And for her ſake tranſcendent acts have done,
To laſt while planets circle round the ſun.
But ſhe to theſe, to none her hand will yield,
Who ſtands not firſt, the phœnix of the field.

I little prize (thus oft declar'd the dame)
Your deeds that here ſuch boaſted merit claim:
Amidſt the three, ſhould one outſhine as far
His rivals, as the ſun each little ſtar;
I give him praiſe—but thinks he hence from all
The knights on earth, to him the palm muſt fall?
To Charlemain, whom through the world I hold
The wiſeſt prince, I ſend a ſhield of gold,
On this condition, that amidſt his court,
Him, who in arms may bear the firſt report,
The monarch with this honour'd gift ſhall grace,
Whether a ſubject or of alien race.
His judgment be my guide; and when his voice
Shall on the braveſt champion fix the choice,
Let one of you, who dares in fight the beſt,
That fatal buckler from the victor wreſt,
And to my hand reſtore: ſuch knight ſhall prove
My vow'd affection, far all knights above,
And ſovereign of my heart poſſeſs my throne and love.
Thus from remoteſt ocean has ſhe ſent
Three potent kings, who come with ſworn intent
From him, who wins it, to redeem the ſhield,
Or by his ſword lie breathleſs on the field.

Thus

Thus ſpoke the ſquire, while Bradamant to hear
Th' unwonted ſtory gave attentive ear.
The tale complete, the ſpeaker ſpurr'd again
His ſteed, and ſoon regain'd the courtly train.
More ſlow the virgin kept her ſteed behind,
While many a thought came crowding on her mind:
Yon ſhield (ſhe thought) in France may raiſe debate,
And ſow the ſeeds of envy, ſtrife, and hate
In every Paladin and rival knight,
Should Charles attempt to fix the claimant's right.
This thought diſturb'd, but ah! her former thought
Far deeper anguiſh in her boſom wrought,
That falſe Rogero could from her depart,
And on Marphiſa fix his changeful heart.
So deep in this was buried every ſenſe
That, mindleſs of the way, ſhe heeds not whence,
Or what her courſe, or where ſhe next may meet,
To reſt at night, a hoſpitable ſeat.
As when ſome veſſel by the maſtering wind,
Or torrent ſurge, is from the land disjoin'd,
Her rudder loſt, no pilot for her guide,
She floats at random on th' uncertain tide:
So rov'd the virgin, while Rogero ſtill
Engroſs'd her ſoul—at Rabicano's will

She

She rov'd; while diſtant many a mile remain
Her thoughts that ſhould direct the guiding rein.
At length ſhe lifts her eyes and ſees the ſun
Near Bocchus' realm his evening journey run,
And like the ſea-gull now in ocean's breaſt,
Beyond Morocco dive to wonted reſt;
And ill ſhe judges, if ſhe means to ſtray
In open fields along the darkling way,
While the night air with chilly vapour blows,
Denouncing drizzling rain and freezing ſnows.
Her courſer urging Bradamant purſues
The track with greater ſpeed, and ſoon ſhe views
A ſhepherd-boy retiring from the plain,
Who ſlowly drives before his bleating train.
Of him the dame entreats ſome place to ſhow
That, fair or homely, ſhelter might beſtow;
However homely, better there to lie
Than paſs the night beneath th' inclement ſky.
For five long leagues, I know not where can reſt
(Reply'd the ſhepherd) a benighted gueſt,
Save at a place which Triſtram's lodge we call,
But there t' abide the chance to few may fall.

Ver. 445. *Near Bocchus' realm—*] Bocchus, a king who reigned in the fartheſt parts of Mauritania.

What

What knight ſhould there to find repoſe intend,
His ſpear muſt win it, and his ſpear defend;
If thither comes a warrior when the place
No knight has hous'd, the lord with courteous grace
Admits the entering gueſt, but makes him ſwear
That ſhould a new one to the rock repair,
His arm the ſtranger on the plain ſhall meet:
Should none arrive, he peaceful keeps his ſeat.
When two knights jouſt, the warrior, doom'd to yield,
Muſt quit the fort and ſleep in open field.
If four, or five, or more, in ſocial train
At once appear, they ready entrance gain:
But ill he fares, who comes an after-gueſt:
With whom the troop, already hous'd, ſhall reſt
By turns the lance: ſhould one, receiv'd within,
Poſſeſs the place which others come to win;
Theſe, one by one, ſhall call him to the plain,
And he with all in turn the ſtrife maintain.
So when the lodge admits a dame or maid,
Alone or with companion thither led,
If chance another comes, whoe'er can gain
Th' award for beauty, ſhall her ſeat maintain:
But ſhe, whoſe form her rival's charms outſhine,
For air unſhelter'd muſt the place reſign.

Inſtruct

Inſtruct me, ſwain (ſhe cry'd) yon lodge to find:
The ſimple ſwain with ready tongue rejoin'd,
And pointed with his hand the neareſt way
To where ſix miles remote the dwelling lay.
Though well his ſpeed good Rabicano ply'd,
Though Bradamant in either bleeding ſide
Drove deep the ſpur, yet through the miry road
Slippery with clay, with drenching waters flow'd,
The lodge ſhe reach'd not till the darkening night
Had quench'd in ſhade the world's all-cheering light.
She found the portal barr'd, then loud addreſs'd
The watchful guard, and claim'd her right of gueſt.
The place was fill'd (he anſwer'd to the dame)
With knights and damſels that but newly came,
And round the blazing hearth impatient ſtood
To ſate their hunger with refreſhing food.
If ſtill they faſt, I truſt (the virgin cries)
'Tis not for them the cook his fare ſupplies,
Go—bear my meſſage—I their force defy,
The law I know, and with the law comply.
The guard departing to the knights convey'd
The bold defiance of the martial maid,
That from warm ſhelter call'd them forth to dare
Th' inclement chillneſs of nocturnal air:

And

And now the clouds a plenteous ſhower began:
Yet each his weapons ſeiz'd, and man by man
Went where the virgin ſtood their force to wait;
The reſt remain'd within the caſtle-gate.
Three knights were theſe, in arms eſteem'd ſo well,
That few on earth their valour could excel:
Theſe were the warriors that the day were ſeen,
With that fair envoy from Iſlanda's queen,
To whom they boaſted oft with ſword or lance
To bring again the golden ſhield from France:
Theſe three had far outrode the martial dame,
And hence before her to the caſtle came:
Few knights there were ſo well at tilt could run,
But midſt thoſe few the martial fair was one,
Who meant not there unſheltet'd to remain,
Foodleſs, alone, and wet with drizzling rain.
Meanwhile from windows and the turrets height
Spectators ſtand to view th' approaching fight,
Seen by the moon, while through the ſhower that ſtreams
From broken clouds, ſhe darts her watry beams.
As ſome fond youth whom beauty fires to love,
When at his fair-one's porch he waits to prove
The lover's dear reward, with rapture hears
The bolt ſlow moving in his longing ears:

So

So Bradamant, whoſe generous boſom fir'd
With honour's praiſe, to noble deeds aſpir'd,
Rejoices when ſhe hears the gates unbar,
And ſees the draw-bridge lower'd, and deck'd for war
Beholds the champions iſſue to the plain:
Soon as ſhe view'd them near, ſhe turn'd her rein
The length of field to meaſure for the courſe,
Then back at ſpeed impell'd her foaming horſe.
That ſpear ſhe bore, which truſted to her hand
Her kinſman gave, which nothing could withſtand,
Which each opponent humbled in the duſt,
Though Mars himſelf, oppos'd, receiv'd the thruſt.
The king of Sweden who the firſt to meet
The virgin mov'd, was firſt to loſe his ſeat:
Againſt his helm the lance ſo ſtrongly came,
The lance that ne'er deceiv'd the guider's aim.
Next Gothland's monarch ran, who headlong far
Fell from his ſteed with heels high rais'd in air.
In filth and mire the third half ſtifled lay,
Roll'd o'er and o'er amidſt the watery way.
Thus with three ſtrokes three knights to earth ſhe drove,
With heads caſt downward and with feet aboye.
Then to the lodge ſhe went, but ere her right
Was there confirm'd to paſs at eaſe the night,

An oath ſhe took, whenever call'd to leave
The fort, and each new challenger receive.
Struck with her gallant deeds, the caſtle's lord
To her ſuch welcome as his walls afford,
With every honour gave: the noble dame
Who with the three from far Perduta came
To diſtant France, receiv'd with courteous air
The warrior-maid, for courteous was the fair.
Now each ſaluting each, with ſmiling look
Th' ambaſſadreſs ariſing gently took
The martial hand of Bradamant, and led
The new-come gueſt, where ſparkling deepeſt red;
A genial warmth the glowing embers ſhed.
Now to diſarm, the virgin caſt aſide
Her glittering ſhield, and next her helm unty'd;

Ver. 573. *Now to diſarm* —] The diſcovery of Britomartis in Spenſer is a cloſe copy of Arioſto.

—— when as vailed was her lofty creſt,
Her golden locks, that were in trammels gay
Upbounden, did themſelves adown diſplay,
And raught unto her heels; like ſunny beams,
That in a cloud their light did long time ſtay,
Their vapour vaded ſhew their golden gleams,
And thro' the perſent air ſhoot forth their azure ſtreams.
Book iii. c. ix. ſt. 20.

When

When with her helm ſhe rais'd a cawl of gold
Where hid beneath her braided locks were roll'd:
Her wavy treſſes now, no more confin'd,
Fell o'er her neck and hung in curls behind:
And now to all ſhe ſtood a dame reveal'd,
In beauty firſt, as in the martial field.
As when, the ſcene undrawn, with ſudden light
The ſtage gay ruſhes on the dazzled ſight;
Where many a ſumptuous pile and arch is plac'd,
With gold, with painting, and with ſculpture grac'd:
Or as the ſun is wont from clouds, that ſpread
Their envious miſt, to lift his radiant head:
So when her ſhining helm the virgin rears,
Her charms ſhine forth and Paradiſe appears!
  Full ſoon the lord of that fair dwelling knew
In her, who oft before had met his view,
The noble Bradamant, and graceful paid
His praiſe and homage to the glorious maid.
Plac'd round the blazing hearth their moments roll
In ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the ſoul;
While for the board the menial train prepare
Their limbs to ſtrengthen with corporeal fare.
Then of her hoſt enquir'd the martial dame
How firſt this cuſtom, new or ancient, came;

With

With ſtrangers us'd, by whom and when devis'd;
And in theſe words her hoſt his tale compriz'd.

When Pharamond the ſceptre ſway'd, his ſon
The youthful Clodio to his nuptials won
A beauteous dame, in pride of bloomy prime,
Of manners rare in that uncultur'd time,
Gentle beyond her ſex! her dear he lov'd,
So dear he ſcarcely from her ſight remov'd.
Not leſs from Io went the watchful ſwain,
For equal to his love was Clodio's jealous pain.
Here in this lone retreat, which to his care
His father gave, he kept the treaſur'd fair.
He ſeldom iſſu'd hence; and with him dwell'd
Ten knights, who firſt for arms in France excell'd.
It chanc'd, while here he ſtay'd, Sir Triſtram came
Before the gate, with him a lovely dame,
Who by a giant fierce in fetters bound,
Late from his valorous force deliverance found.

Ver. 607. —— *from Io went the watchful ſwain,*] Juno having found means to get into her power Io, the miſtreſs of Jupiter, after ſhe was turned into a cow by her lover to conceal her from his wife, gave her in charge to Argus, who had a hundred eyes, and watched her day and night.

Ver. 614. —— *a lovely dame,*] Iſotta—The loves of Triſtram and Iſotta are famous in romance.

See Note to Book iv. ver. 373.

Sir Triſtram hither came, what time the ſun
Oppos'd to Seville's ſhores, had nearly run
His evening ſtage, and here beſought to reſt,
(No other place t' admit a wandering gueſt
For ten long miles) but doting Clodio us'd
To jealous fears, his earneſt ſuit refus'd;
Reſolv'd, whate'er his rank, no ſtranger there
Should enter while his walls contain'd the fair:
Long urg'd the knight his juſt requeſt in vain,
Not prayer, nor reaſon could admittance gain.
Since mild entreaty fails (enrag'd he cries)
Force ſhall compel what thy baſe heart denies.
With bold defiance then the gallant knight
Call'd Clodio and his ten to mortal fight,
And offer'd with his pointed ſpear to ſhow
That deeds like this from recreant ſpirits flow:
Such terms propos'd—ſhould he his ſeat maintain,
And Clodio with his warriors preſs the plain,
Himſelf would there (though now refus'd a gueſt)
Abide, and from the gates exclude the reſt.

The ſon of Pharamond, impell'd by ſhame,
At riſk of life, eſſay'd the liſt of fame,
Where, in the jouſt, he loſt his luckleſs ſeat,
Where all his ten receiv'd a like defeat.

From

From conquering Triſtram, who the portal clos'd
Againſt its maſter, with the ten expos'd
To lie unſhelter'd: entering now he view'd
The beauty that had Clodio's heart ſubdu'd;
Whom Nature (what to numbers ſhe deny'd)
With every gift of female grace ſupply'd.
Her Triſtram fair beſpoke: meanwhile without
Her conſort rag'd with fear and jealous doubt;
Nor ceas'd to urge the knight with humble prayer,
Forth from the lodge to ſend his wedded fair.
But Triſtram, though he little ſeem'd to prize
His lovely captive, though with careleſs eyes
All charms but his Iſotta's he beheld,
So well the magic potion had repell'd
Each other love; yet now, with juſt return
Reſolv'd to wreak diſcourteous Clodio's ſcorn,
Reply'd—To knighthood muſt I deem it ſhame,
From ſheltering roof t' expel ſo fair a dame.
If Clodio murmurs thus abroad to lie
Alone, unpair'd, beneath the open ſky;
A dame I have, that like a roſe new blown
In beauty blooms, yet equals not his own,

Ver. 654. *So well the magic potion* —] See Note to Book iv. ver. 373.

Her will I bid (if ſuch his wiſh) to wait
Without the walls, and ſoothe his luckleſs fate.
But juſt it ſeems the fair of brighteſt charms
Should reſt with him who braveſt ſhines in arms.
The wretched Clodio thus compell'd to ſtay
Without his gate, for ſlow-returning day,
Leſs felt the chilling damp and freezing air
Than ſad reflection of his abſent fair:
Liſtening he ſtood, while jealous fancy brought
Full many an image to diſtract his thought,
Of thoſe that now with gentle ſleep oppreſt
Paſs'd all the quiet night in guiltleſs reſt.
The light was ris'n, when to his arms again
Sir Triſtram gave the dame, and eas'd his pain,
With faith exchang'd upon his knightly word,
Her, as ſhe was, uninjur'd he reſtor'd.
For though he deem'd his baſe diſcourteous mind
Deſerv'd from him the heavieſt ſcourge to find,
Yet this alone his vengeance ſhould ſuffice,
That all night long beneath unſhelter'd ſkies

The

Ver. 682. —— *beneath unſhelter'd ſkies*] Spenſer has an imitation of this paſſage, on which Mr. Upton obſerves thus:

" If the reader takes any pleaſure in ſeeing how one poet imitates or rivals another, he may have an agreeable taſk in comparing

The youth he kept; nor would he yet approve
That plea, which call'd his crime the crime of love.
Far other thoughts ſhould generous love impart;
He melts the ſtern, not ſteels the gentle heart.
Sir Triſtram gone, but little Clodio ſtay'd;
He to a truſty friend in charge convey'd
The caſtle's keep, by this condition bound,
Each dame and knight that there reception found,
Should hold their place by beauty or by arms,
But yield to ſtronger nerves or brighter charms.
Thus was the law begun, and thus maintain'd,
Has to this hour unbroken ſtill remain'd.

comparing the epiſode, where the fair company Satyrane, Paridel, Britomart, and the Squire of dames, are excluded, in a tempeſtuous night, from old Malbecco's caſtle, with a like diſaſter in Arioſto, where Bradamant (whom Britomart in many circumſtances reſembles) arriving at the caſtle of Sir Triſtram, battles it with three knights, and afterwards diſcovers her ſex. Let the reader compare old Lidgate's Canterbury tale, where Polemite and Tydeus arrive at the palace of king Adraſtus in a ſtormy night. Is it worth while to mention here that ſilly romance, named, The Hiſtory of Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, which has the ſame kind of adventure? See Part ii. Book i. c. 65. How Sir Triſtram and Sir Dinadon came to a lodging, where they muſt jouſt with two knights."

UPTON's Notes on Spenſer, Book iii. c. ix. ſt. 11.

So ſpoke the hoſt, and as the tale he ceas'd,
He bade the menial train prepare the feaſt;
Where in the hall a table fair was plac'd,
The ſpacious hall with regal ſplendor grac'd:
Hither by torches' light the gueſts convey'd,
But chief the northern fair and martial maid,
Gaz'd on the ſtately walls; where every part
With ſtory'd forms confeſs'd the painter's art.
In rapt attention each the figures view'd,
And while ſhe gaz'd forgot the want of food;
Though either's ſtrength not little claim'd repaſt,
With toil and travel ſpent, or ſpent with faſt.
The ſeneſhall and cook diſpleas'd behold
The meats neglected in the vaſes cold,
Till one at length with better counſel cries:
Your hunger ſatiate firſt, and then your eyes.
Now each was plac'd in order at the board
To taſte the viands, when the caſtle's lord
Reflects that much againſt the law he err'd
Who thus, at different times arriv'd, preferr'd
Two female gueſts; one only muſt remain,
And one depart: the faireſt might retain
Her ſeat ſecure; the vanquiſh'd maid muſt go
Where chill rains beat, and winds inclement blow.

Two

Two matrons then with other dames that dwell'd
Beneath his roof, whoſe judgment moſt excell'd,
He call'd, and bade them with impartial eyes
Behold the virgins, and award the prize.
With general ſuffrage all the prize declare
To Amon's daughter, who the northern fair
Had now no leſs eclips'd with female charms
Than late her knights with manly deeds of arms.
Then to the dame whoſe ſad preſaging mind
This luckleſs chance already had divin'd,
The hoſt began—Thou muſt not now complain
If, gentle damſel, we our law maintain:
Some other dwelling for thyſelf provide,
Since 'tis decreed, by preſent judgment try'd,
That yonder virgin's features, mien, and grace,
(All unadorn'd) thy every charm efface.
As when from humid vales thick vapours riſe,
And with a ſable cloud obſcure the ſkies,
Sudden the golden ſun, erewhile ſo bright,
Is loſt in ſhade of momentary night:
So when the damſel hears her heavy doom,
Expell'd to drenching rain and dreary gloom,
Her features change, no more ſhe looks the ſame,
The gay, the lovely, all-accompliſh'd dame.

But noble Bradamant, whoſe pitying heart
Had now reſolv'd to take the virgin's part,
Thus wiſely ſpoke—But ill I deem is try'd
That cauſe where haſty judgment ſhall decide
Ere each is heard—for her my ſuit I move;
Howe'er compar'd our perſon's gifts may prove,
Imports not now—I not as woman came,
Nor ſhall, while here, the rights of woman claim.
Yet who will dare affirm, while thus array'd,
Theſe arms conceal a man or bluſhing maid?
Ne'er let us utter what we ne'er can know,
And chiefly when it works another's woe,
Like me, may numbers length of treſſes wear,
Nor more from this the female ſex declare.
'Tis known to all how here at tilt I ran,
And if the lodge I won as maid or man;
Why will you then aſſign the woman's name
To one, whoſe deeds the manly ſex proclaim?
Your law requires that dames ſhould be excell'd
By fairer dames, but not by warriors quell'd:
Yet grant I might a woman prove (which I
Nor wholly grant, nor wholly ſhall deny)
What though I equall'd not her beauty's bloom,
Would you, for that, my valour's right reſume?

Or

Or make me loſe from want of female charms
What late my virtue gain'd by dint of arms?
But ſhould the ſtrictneſs of your law require
That one of us muſt from the lodge retire
Whoſe beauty fails—yet would I here remain
(Whate'er your ſentence) and my place maintain.
Hence I infer, between yon dame and me,
That all unequal muſt the conteſt be:
With me contending may ſhe greatly loſe,
And ſhould ſhe win, no gain o'er me enſues.
To both muſt juſtice weigh, in balance even,
The loſs or gain, ere ſentence can be given.
Honour and reaſon, every gentle ſenſe
Forbids to drive this lovely virgin hence.
If any in his ſtrength ſo far can truſt,
To call the judgment I have paſt unjuſt,
Lo! with this weapon I his force defy,
And prove the truth, while he defends the lie.
Great Amon's daughter by compaſſion ſway'd
To ſee unjuſtly a defenceleſs maid
Expell'd to where the chilling rain deſcends
And not a roof or cot its ſhelter lends,
With many a reaſon urg'd and gentle word
Perſuades to generous thoughts the generous lord:
But chief her dauntleſs courage wins the cauſe;
He yields, and pleads no more the caſtle's laws.

As

As parch'd beneath the ſun's meridian fires,
When the brown turf refreſhing ſtreams requires,
If ſome fair flower, that hung its languid head,
Feels on its ſtalk the kindly moiſture ſhed,
Again it ſprings, again each ſweet reſumes,
And freſh again in vernal beauty blooms!
So from this bold defence the maid derives
Recover'd life, and every charm revives.

Now on the ſavoury cates that long had ſpread
The board untouch'd, each gueſt impatient fed,
No other champion chancing there to light,
And damp the ſocial pleaſures of the night.
The feaſt each honour'd, ſave the martial fair:
In ſorrow fix'd, abandon'd to deſpair,
A thouſand jealous thoughts unjuſtly brood
In her torn breaſt, and pall the taſte of food.
The banquet o'er, which all perchance in haſte
Had urg'd, to give in turn their eyes repaſt;
Fair Bradamant aroſe; and near was ſeen
To riſe, the envoy of Iſlanda's queen.
The lord a ſignal gave; at his commands
A menial ran, and ſoon with ready hands
Through the wide hall was kindled many a light:
Th' enſuing book the ſequel ſhall recite.

END OF THE THIRTY-SECOND BOOK.

THE

THIRTY-THIRD BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT hears from her hoſt an explanation of the pictures in Sir Triſtram's lodge, repreſenting the future wars of France in Italy. The manner in which Bradamant paſſes the night: next morning ſhe departs, and unhorſes the three kings a ſecond time. Deſcription of the combat between Rinaldo and Gradaſſo for Rinaldo's horſe Bayardo. Their combat ſtrangely broken off. Gradaſſo gets poſſeſſion of Bayardo, and embarks for his own country. The flight of Aſtolpho through the air, till having travelled over many countries, he at laſt arrives at the capital of king Senapus, in Æthiopia, and undertakes to drive the Harpies from his table.

THE

THIRTY-THIRD BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

TIMAGORAS, Parrhaſius, far renown'd;
With wreaths as fair Apollodorus crown'd:
Protogenes, Timanthes, ever-fam'd:
Apelles, firſt of heavenly artiſts nam'd:
Zeuxis

Ver. 1. *Timagoras,— Parrhaſius,—*] Timagoras was a painter of Chalcedon, and in painting excelled all the artiſts of his age, who in vain endeavoured to contend with him.

Parrhaſius was born at Epheſus, the ſon and diſciple of Evenor, and contemporary with Zeuxis. He ſpoke contemptuouſly of all others, and ſtiled himſelf the prince of painting.

Ver. 2. —— *Apollodorus* —] This painter is mentioned by Pliny, who relates, that he was the great improver of the art of painting, which after him Zeuxis brought to ſuch perfection.

Ver. 3. *Protogenes, Timanthes* —] Protogenes was a native of Caunus, a city ſubject to the Rhodians, and was contemporary

Zeuxis and Polygnotus: all the train
That flouriſh'd once, in mem'ry ſhall remain;
Though Clotho long has mix'd them with the dead,
And time on every work oblivion ſpread:

temporary with Apelles. His famous work was the picture of Jaleſus, which ſaved the city of Rhodes when beſieged by Demetrius; for not being able to attack it but on that ſide where Protogenes worked, he choſe rather to abandon his deſign than deſtroy ſo fine a picture. It is ſaid that the king ſending for him, aſked him "with what aſſurance he could work in the ſuburbs of a city that was beſieged?"—his anſwer was, "That he underſtood the war he had undertaken was againſt the Rhodians, and not againſt the arts."

Timanthes lived in the reign of Philip of Macedon; the place of his birth is not known, but he was one of the moſt learned and judicious painters of his age. He drew the famous picture of the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, where, unable to expreſs the ſorrows of a father on ſuch an occaſion, he concealed the face of Agamemon with a veil.

Ver. 4. *Apelles*,—] Apelles, the firſt in fame of all the ancient painters, was born in the iſland of Coös, in the Archipelago. He was much beloved by Alexander the Great, who employed him to draw the portrait of a favourite miſtreſs named Campaſpe, when finding that the painter was deeply enamoured of her beauty, he generouſly reſigned her to him. His moſt celebrated picture was a Venus riſing from the waves, on which the following lines were written by Ovid.

Si Venerem Coös nunquam pinxiſſet Apelles,
Merſa ſub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

Apelles' pencil heavenly Venus drew,
Or ſtill the waves had veil'd her charms from view.

Yet ſhall they live and live to future days,
While writers tell and readers learn their praiſe.
Our age may boaſt with theſe an equal band
In painting's ſchool to lift the forming hand.

Ver. 5. *Zeuxis and Polygnotus:*—] Zeuxis was a native of Heraclea in Macedonia, and lived 400 years before the birth of Chriſt, being contemporary with Timanthes and Parrhaſius. He painted the famous picture of Helen, for which he is ſaid to have ſelected the fineſt parts from five of the moſt beautiful virgins ſent to him for that purpoſe. An incredible ſtory is related of his death, that having drawn the picture of an old woman with exquiſite humour, he fell into ſuch a fit of laughter at the contemplation of his own work that he expired.

Polygnotus was a painter of Athens after Zeuxis. He was the firſt who revived the dignity of painting in Greece, which had fallen into diſrepute.

Ver. 13.—*Leonardo! Gian' Bellino*—] Leonardo da Vinci was of a noble family in Tuſcany, and a man of univerſal knowledge. He painted at Florence, Rome, and Milan. He drew a picture of the laſt Supper, but did not finiſh the head of Chriſt, becauſe he could not find an image anſwerable to his idea before he was obliged to leave Milan. He did the ſame by Judas; but the prior of the convent being impatient to ſee the piece finiſhed, preſſed him ſo earneſtly, and probably indecently, that he drew the head of the importunate friar upon the ſhoulders of Judas. He was greatly eſteemed by Francis I. and died in the arms of that monarch, who came to viſit him in his laſt ſickneſs.

Giovanni Bellino laid the foundation of the Venetian ſchool by the uſe of oil: he died in the year 1512, aged ninety years.

Lo!

Lo! Leonardo! Gian' Bellino view;
Two Doſſi, and Mantegna reach'd by few:
With theſe, an Angel, Michael ſtyl'd Divine,
In whom the ſculptor and the painter join:
Baſtiano, Titian, Raphael, three that grace
Cadora, Venice, and Urbino's race:

Each

Ver. 14. *Two Doſſi,*—] The two Doſſi were of Ferrara, and were much employed by Alphonſo duke of Ferrara. The elder growing old had a penſion for his ſubſiſtence, and his younger brother, whoſe name was Baptiſta, ſurviving him, painted many excellent pieces after the death of his brother.

Mantegna was born in a village near Padua, and in his youth kept ſheep, but his genius diſcovering itſelf very early, he was put to a painter, who adopted him for his ſon. He painted for the duke of Mantua, and executed that fine piece of the triumphs of Julius Cæſar, in nine parts, in the royal palace of Hampton Court. He died at Mantua in the year 1517, aged 66.

Ver. 15. — *An Angel, Michael*—] Michael Angelo Buonarotti was born in the year 1474 at Arezzo in Tuſcany. This ſeems rather a play upon his name of Angelo (Angel.) He was not only a great painter but an excellent architect and ſtatuary, particularly the latter. He painted his great picture of the laſt Judgment, at the command of Pope Paul III. He was beloved by all the ſovereign princes of his time, and died at Rome in the year 1564, at 90 years old.

Ver. 17. *Baſtiano, Titian, Raphael*—] Baſtiano del Piombo took his name from an office given him by Pope Clement in the lead mines. He was born at Venice, and firſt ſtudied under Gian' Bellino, and after Raphael's death became the

chief

Each genius that can paſt events recall
In living figures on the ſtory'd wall:
But none have yet appear'd, whoſe wondrous art
Could future deeds by pencill'd forms impart:
Yet

chief painter in Rome, Julio Romano only diſputing the prize with him. It is rather ſingular that Julio Romano has not a place here in Arioſto's liſt. Baſtiano died in 1547, aged 62 years.

Titiano Vecelli was born at Cadora, a province in the ſtate of Venice, in the year 1477. He was of noble extraction, being deſcended from the ancient family of the Vecelli: He drew the portrait of the emperor Charles V. three times, and that monarch uſed to ſay on the occaſion, that he had been thrice made immortal by the hands of Titian. He was univerſally eſteemed, full of years, honours, and wealth, and died at laſt of the plague, aged ninety-nine years.

Raphael Sanzio, born at Urbino in the year 1483, was one of the handſomeſt and beſt tempered men living. He is acknowledged to have been the prince of modern painters, and is often ſtiled, the divine Raphael, for the inimitable graces of his pencil: he was beloved in the higheſt degree by Pope Julius II. and Leo X. he was admired and courted by all the princes and ſtates in Europe, and particularly by our Henry VIII. who would have brought him over to England: he lived in the greateſt ſplendor; but his paſſion for the fair ſex deſtroyed him in the flower of his age; for being taken with a burning fever, and having concealed from his phyſicians the true cauſe of his diſtemper, he was improperly dealt with, and died in the year 1520, on the ſame day that

Yet have we known ſome favour'd men adorn
A myſtic painting ere the men were born.
But ſuch effect exceeding human power,
Is only work'd by help of magic lore.
The hall I late deſcrib'd had Merlin wrought
In one ſhort night, by ſubtle demons brought
From ſhades infernal, by his book compell'd,
His book all potent! whether ſacred held

he was born, in the thirty-ſeventh year of his age. Cardinal Bembo wrote his epitaph, in which are theſe lines, which Mr. Pope has tranſlated, and with the moſt injudicious flattery applied to his friend Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Hic eſt ille Raphaël, timuit quo ſoſpite vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

Living great nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works, and dying fears herſelf may die.
POPE's Epitaph on Sir G. Kneller.

Arioſto was himſelf contemporary with all the modern artiſts here mentioned: he knew Titian well, who drew his picture. The author of the Eſſay on Pope, in an anecdote taken from Richardſon, mentions, that Raphael with great modeſty conſulted his friend Arioſto, who was an excellent ſcholar, on the characters, lives, and countries of the perſons whom he was to introduce in the picture of Theology. All that Raphael is ever known to have written, is four letters and a ſonnet addreſſed to Arioſto.

Eſſay on POPE, vol. ii. p. 462.

To black Avernus, or the ſhades that hide
Nurſinia's caves, or drear Cocytus' tide.
But turn we now to where the noble band
To view the pictur'd tales impatient ſtand,
While torches, rear'd in many a hand, diſplay
Their mingled rays and emulate the day.
Then thus the caſtle's lord—The wars that riſe
In yonder forms to meet your wondering eyes,
Are yet unfought—the ſage's two-fold art
Reveals the painter's and the prophet's part.
There, in Italian plains our troops are view'd,
By turns ſubduing and by turns ſubdu'd.
Whatever good or evil chance attend
The powers that France beyond the Alps ſhall ſend

Ver. 31 — *the ſhades that hide*
Nurſinia's caves, —] The poet here alludes to thoſe fabulous and imaginary caves or grottos ſaid to be in the mountains of Norcia, and to have been inhabited by the Sybils, of which many fictions are related. Petrarch tells us, that in theſe mountains is an opening, that leads to the grotto of the Cumæan Sybil, where ſhe reſided with many of her virgins, all whom every Friday aſſumed the form of ſerpents; that whoever entered the cave ſhould not return till a year, a month, and a day were expired, and that if he ſhould, through forgetfulneſs, not depart at the end of that time, he would remain there for ever.

In this apartment Merlin bids appear,
Before th' events by many a hundred year.
Diſpatch'd from Britain's king the prophet came
To Gallia's king, who held his regal claim
From Marcomir—then hear with what intent
This hall he fram'd, and why from Arthur ſent.
King Pharamond, who with his numerous hoſt
Has firſt from France maintain'd his daring poſt
Beſide the Rhine, now meditates to check
Beneath his yoke Italia's haughty neck:
Nor arduous ſeem'd the taſk, when day by day
Beheld the Roman empire's power decay.
With Britiſh Arthur hence he wills to make
A ſolemn league the war in hand to take.
Arthur who ne'er without the coûnſel ſage
Of prophet Merlin would in arms engage,
(That Merlin, from a demon ſprung, whoſe view
Could trace events, and all the future knew)

Ver. 49. — *Marcomir*—] The name of a king, ſaid to have reigned in France before Pharamond.

Ver. 51. — *Pharamond*—] Pharamond, king of France, reported to be the firſt who eſtabliſhed the Salic law: he lived about the year 418; he has been always held up as a great prince, but his hiſtory is much involved in fable.

From him had learnt, and Pharamond he ſhows
To what he raſhly muſt his troops expoſe,
Should he, ill-fated, on thoſe lands deſcend
Which Alps, and ſeas, and Appenines defend.
Him Merlin tells that ſcarce in future days,
A king that o'er the Franks his ſceptre ſways,
But ſees in Italy his martial train,
By raging peſtilence and famine ſlain:
Short is their time to joy, and long to mourn,
With little gain, with mighty loſs they turn
From fruitful fields, where not a venturous hand
Shall plant the lily in forbidden land.
See! Pharamond on him ſo far depend,
He ſeeks on other foes his arms to bend;
When Merlin at his will (ſo goes the fame)
Employ'd his fiends this magic hall to frame,
That every eye might pictur'd here behold
The future actions of the Franks foretold;
And each deſcendent of the nation know
That while their powers againſt a barbarous foe
With ſocial aid defend th' Italian ſtate,
Conqueſt and honour ſhall their arms await.
But ſhould they ever ſeek with hoſtile ſway
To make fair Italy their yoke obey,
Such raſh deſign muſt ſeal their certain doom,
And build beyond thoſe hills their fatal tomb.

So ſpoke the hoſt; directing as he ſtood
Each dame's attention: Sigiſbert he ſhow'd,
Who, tempted by Mauritius' wealthy ſtores,
From Jove's ſteep mount his numerous army pours.
Behold on Sambro and Ticino's plain,
He ſpreads his troops, whoſe inroad to ſuſtain
See Eutar comes, and with reſiſtleſs force
And dreadful ſlaughter ſtops their daring courſe.
See mighty Clovis from the heights deſcend,
A hundred thouſand on his march attend.

Ver. 90. — *Sigiſbert he ſhow'd,*] Mauritius emperor of Conſtantinople and ſucceſſor to Tiberius, being deſirous to drive the Lombards out of Italy, incited Sigiſbert, with large offers, to undertake the expedition. Sigiſbert, with a vaſt army, paſſed the mountains and entered Ciſalpine Gaul, but Eutar, king of the Lombards, feigning a retreat, attacked him unawares, and cut all his army to pieces. EUGENIO.

Ver. 92.—*Jove's ſteep mount*—] A mountain of the Alps, one of the paſſes into Italy.

Ver. 97. *See mighty Clovis*—] Clovis V. king of France marched with a great army into Italy againſt the Lombards, and thought, by taking advantage of the civil diſcords that had ſprung up amongſt them, to obtain an eaſy conqueſt. Grimaoldo, duke of Bonivento, having few forces to oppoſe him, feigned at firſt an intention of attacking him, and then, retreating, left his camp full of proviſions and wine. The Franks entering the camp, the ſoldiers gave themſelves to exceſs till they grew intoxicated, and Grimaoldo coming upon them in the night, when they were aſleep, killed every man. PORCACCHI.

See

See Bonivento's gallant duke oppoſe,
With ſtrength unequal, ſuch a hoſt of foes.
Behold he feigns a paſſage free to leave;
His well-laid ſnares the hoſtile train deceive;
Who, lur'd by wines of Lombardy, remain
Like inſects caught, with fearful havock ſlain.
See Childibert has ſent a numerous band
Of Franks and captains to Italia's land:
But he, alike with Clovis, ne'er ſhall view
His arms the power of Lombardy ſubdue;
Nor ſpoils nor palms are his—th' avenging ſword
Of Heaven deſcending has his battle gor'd.
The dead are heap'd: his men the climate burns;
The flux deſtroys—nor one of ten returns.
Of Pepin now, and now of Charles he ſpeaks,
And ſhows where each th' Italian border ſeeks,

And

Ver. 105. *See Childibert*—] Childibert, uncle of Clovis, deſirous of revenging the death of his nephew, ſent three generals, with three great armies, into Lombardy, againſt Grimaoldo: one general dying, his army joined the other two: but a dreadful diſtemper breaking out amongſt them, and they being diſappointed of the ſuccours which they expected from the emperor, the remainder returned home.

PORCACCHI.

Ver. 113. *Of Pepin now*,—] Stephano the ſecond, being raiſed to the papal chair, Aſtolpho king of Lombardy diſ-

And where on each a like ſucceſs attends,
Since this, nor that, the realm he ſeeks offends.
This, from oppreſſion Stephano reprieves,
That, Adrian firſt and Leo next relieves:
Aſtolpho one; and one ſubdues his * heir,
And to its rights reſtores the Papal chair.
A youthful Pepin there his legions pours
That from Fornaci reach to Judah's ſhores.

* DESIDERIUS.

turbed the tranquillity of the church; the pope, endeavouring vainly to conciliate him with gifts, had recourſe to Pepin king of France for aſſiſtance, who paſſed into Italy, and compelled Alphonſo to ſue for peace. Pepin, having left Italy, Alphonſo recommenced hoſtilities againſt the pope, and was once more compelled by Pepin to make peace. To pope Adrian ſucceeded Leo III. who being ill treated by Paſcal and Campolo, a prieſt and officer of the church, in the middle of divine ſervice, and being threatened with impriſonment fled to Charlemain, who ſent him with great honours to Rome, and afterwards coming there himſelf, was anointed by the pontiff emperor of the Romans.

EUGENICO.

Ver. 121. *A youthful Pepin*—] Pepin, ſon of Charles the Great, went againſt the Venetians, and having taken many iſlands, he cauſed a bridge to be built, that his ſoldiers, little uſed to naval fights, might find leſs riſk. But while the Venetians defended themſelves, there aroſe ſo fierce a ſtorm, that the bridge was demoliſhed, the ſoldiers were buried under the ruins, and the king was forced to abandon his enterprize. PORCACCHI.

See,

See, near Rialto ſtructur'd by his hands,
The towering bridge of Malamocoa ſtands:
Here burns the fight, and hence he ſeems to fly;
He leaves his men beneath the waves to die;
While broke by tides, and by ſtrong winds o'erthrown
The huge pile falls, a maſs of uſeleſs ſtone.
Behold Burgundian Lewis vanquiſh'd ſwear
No more in Italy the ſword to bear;
Behold him ſoon his plighted faith forego,
And once again a captive to the foe.
Behold where, mole-like, quench'd his viſual ray
Him o'er the Alps his mourning friends convey.
See Arli's Hugo chace with conquering bands
The Berengarii from Italian lands:
Theſe

Ver. 129. *Behold Burgundian Lewis* —] Lewis, king of Burgundia, making an expedition into Italy, was conquered by the emperor Berengarius I. and made priſoner, but ſet at liberty on his taking an oath never more to invade Italy. The Burgundian, afterwards forgetting his oath, renewed hoſtilities, and being again taken priſoner by Berengarius II. was, as a puniſhment for his breach of faith, deprived of his ſight, and in this condition he returned home.

PORCACCHI.

Ver. 135. *See Arli's Hugo* —] Hugo, count of Arli, called in by the Italians to their aſſiſtance againſt the Berengarii; he ſucceeded greatly at firſt, but being afterwards overpowered,

Theſe once or twice he routs; while theſe the Huns
By turns aſſiſt, by turns Bavaria's ſons;
Till forc'd by ſtronger power he ends the ſtrife,
On terms impos'd, and ſoon concludes his life:
Not long his ſucceſſor alive remains,
When Berengarius o'er the kingdom reigns.
See Italy another Charles invade
To give the holy paſtor needful aid:

overpowered, was conſtrained to aſk for peace, and retired to Arli, leaving his ſon Lothario behind him, who ſoon after died. EUGENICO.

Ver. 143. *See Italy another Charles invade*] Pope Clement IV. invited Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Lewis king of France, againſt Manfred, an enemy to the church, who had uſurped the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. Charles arriving, overthrew Manfred at Benovento, ſlew him, and took poſſeſſion of Sicily. Corradino, to whom the kingdom belonged in right of ſucceſſion, brought a force from Germany, engaged Charles, but was defeated, made priſoner, and at laſt beheaded. Charles reigning in Sicily, the Franks began to exerciſe great tyranny over the Sicilians; and, among other enormities, committed violence on their wives. Hence a plot was concerted all over the iſland, that as ſoon as the veſper bell rung, the Sicilians ready armed ſhould ſally forth from their houſes, and fall upon the Franks; this was put in execution, and eight thouſand Franks were ſlain to revenge the diſhonour offered to the Sicilians in the perſons of their wives. PORCACCHI.

Two

Two kings by him in two fierce battles ſlain,
Manfred and Corradino preſs the plain!
But ſoon his people ſwoln with great ſucceſs,
With wrong on wrong the conquer'd realm oppreſs.
See! through the crowded ſtreet while veſpers call
To hallow'd rites, in murder'd heaps they fall!
The hoſt then ſhow'd (when many a rolling year
Should whirl the planets in their changing ſphere)
A Gallic leader from the hill deſcend,
And on Viſconti's earls the combat bend.
See! Alexandria by the threaten'd force
Of France begirt with mingled foot and horſe:
Within the walls the duke has fix'd the guard,
Without, an ambuſh for the foe prepar'd,
See by his toils the heedleſs Franks enſnar'd.
Lo, Armoniaco their luckleſs head;
See, ſome to Alexandria captive led.

Ver. 151. *The hoſt then ſhow'd*—] The count of Armagnac, a Frank, came with twenty thouſand ſoldiers in aid of the Florentines and Bologneſe, againſt Galeazzo duke of Milan, who, having left a numerous garriſon in Alexandria, with the reſt of his forces attacked the enemy; at the ſame time that they were attacked by thoſe from the city, and cut all the Franks to pieces; the count dying ſoon after priſoner of his wounds. PORCACCHI.

While

While the warm deluge doubling either flood,
The Po and Tanacro run purple blood.
One call'd of Marca, then in turn he ſhow'd
Three Anjoinini nam'd—and thus purſu'd.
Behold how oft have theſe with numerous bands
Diſturb'd the Brucian and the Dacian lands;
The Marſians vex'd, and Salentinian train:
Yet vain the force of France, and all as vain
The Latian ſuccours, there to give a place
To one ſmall remnant of the Gallic race.
Oft as the Frank his force for battle ſhows,
Alphonſo and Ferrantes ſhall oppoſe,
And to their native lands expel the foes.

Ver. 164. *One call'd of Marca* —] Joan queen of Naples took for her huſband James count of Marca, who deſcended from the kings of France, on condition that he ſhould be contented with the title of prince of Taranto, duke of Calabria, and vicar of the kingdom; and that the adminiſtration of public affairs ſhould remain with her. But he, attempting to ſeize the whole government, and calling himſelf king, ſhe, with the aſſiſtance of Francis Sforza, deprived him of all. Ludovico, Rinieri, and John of Anjou, aſſerting their pretenſions to the crown, were ſeverally defeated by Alphonſo and Ferrando: theſe the poet calls the Anjoinini. PORCACCHI.

See

See Charles the eighth, who from the Alps deſcends,
While all the flower of France his march attends.
He paſſes Liri; not a ſword he draws,
Or reſts a ſpear, yet to his ſovereign laws
The realm ſubmiſſive yields, ſave where oppreſt
Beneath the rock Typhœus heaves his breaſt.
Here, not unqueſtion'd, conquering Charles arrives,
Againſt him Inico del Vaſto ſtrives,
In whom the race of Avolo ſurvives.
The caſtle's lord directing thus the view
Of Bradamant to forms which Merlin drew,
And pointing Iſchia to her ſight he ſaid:
Ere more from chief to chief your eyes are led,

Ver. 175. *See Charles the eighth* —] Charles VIII. king of France, aſſiſted by Ludovico Sforza duke of Milan, a mortal enemy to Alphonſo of Arragon king of Naples, came with all the French nobility, and a vaſt army into Italy. Alphonſo, giving way to the better fortune of Charles, left the kingdom to his ſon Ferrando, and retired with his treaſures to Sicily. Ferrando, unable to make head againſt the Franks, was ſoon diveſted of all his fortreſſes and places except the iſle of Iſchia, gallantly defended by Inico del Vaſto. At length all the princes of Italy alarmed at the rapid victories of Charles, entered into a league againſt him. The Neapolitans deteſting the haughty government of the Franks, recalled Ferrando, who, aſſiſted by the Venetians, recovered the kingdom. PORCACCHI.

Hear

Hear what to me reveal'd in times of old,
While yet a child my aged grandſire told,
Truths which to him his father oft made known,
Through ſons ſucceeding ſons deliver'd down
From Merlin's ſelf, whoſe wondrous art diſplay'd
Yon ſtory'd deeds in various tints pourtray'd;
Who when he ſhow'd yon caſtle on the rock
To Pharamond, he thus the king beſpoke.
" From him whoſe gallant arms yon height defend
A chief, his country's glory, ſhall deſcend:
Leſs graceful Nereus, leſs in battle nam'd
Achilles; leſs for art Ulyſſes fam'd:
Leſs ſwift was Ladas; leſs in council ſage
Neſtor who taught ſo long a wondering age.
Nor yet ſo merciful or liberal found
Was ancient Cæſar through the earth renown'd.
The gifts of theſe in nothing can compare
With him who draws in Iſchia vital air:

Ver. 197. *A chief, his country's glory,*—] Alphonſo del Vaſto, mentioned Book xv.

Ver. 198. ——*Nereus,* —] A Grecian commander, celebrated for the beauty of his perſon by Homer.

Ver. 200. ——*Ladas*; —] The name of a meſſenger of Alexander the Great, remarkable for his ſwiftneſs, mentioned by Catullus, Martial, and Solinus.

If

If Crete can vaunt (all other iſles above)
Her ſoil the birth-place of ſupernal Jove,
If Thebes may Hercules and Bacchus boaſt,
And the twin-offspring glad the Delian coaſt,
Lo! to this iſle yon marquis' birth is given,
With every grace endow'd from favouring Heaven:
This hero will be known (thus Merlin ſaid,
His words repeating oft) when moſt his aid
The Roman empire ſhall, oppreſt, demand,
And challenge freedom from his ſaving hand."
But wherefore ſhould I now the deeds foretel
On which far better here your ſight may dwell?
Thus ſpeaks the hoſt, and each attention calls
Where Charles' high actions grace the ſtory'd walls.
See Lewis now (he cries) whoſe calmer thought
Repents that Charles he to Italia brought;
He brought him there to gall a rival foe,
But not to work his total overthrow.
Behold him now a league with Venice make
Againſt the king, and now prepare to take
The monarch captive, who with dauntleſs mind
Impels his ſpear, and 'ſcapes the fate deſign'd.
Far other chance his hapleſs powers ſuſtain,
That to defend the conquer'd realm remain.

Ferrantes

Ferrantes now returns with mighty aids
From Mantua's lord, and there the foe invades;
But, lo! by fraud one hapleſs leader loſt,
With deep regret the victor's joy has croſt.
So ſpoke the hoſt; and ſpeaking thus, where ſtood
Alphonſo, marquis of Peſcara, ſhow'd:
This chief, whoſe acts in many a dreadful fight,
Shall ſhine reſplendent as Pyropus' light,
Behold o'ertaken in the double ſnares
The treacherous Ethiopian's guile prepares:
Behold where ſudden ſlain on earth he lies,
In whom the age's greateſt champion dies.
See! the twelfth Lewis from the hills deſcend,
And with Italian ſcouts his army bend
T' uproot

Ver. 235. *Alphonſo, marquis of Peſcara,* —] After the departure of Charles VIII. king Ferrando was received into Naples, and only one caſtle held out for the Franks, when a Mooriſh ſlave deviſed a ſcheme to introduce the Arragoneſe into the church of St. Cruz. The treacherous Moor calling the marquis one night to a parley on the walls, ſhot him with an arrow in the throat. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 242. *See! the twelfth Lewis* —] Lewis the XIIth king of France, ſucceſſor to Charles VIII. and a conſtant enemy to Ludovico Sforza, had reſolved to take from him the government, for which intent he made a league with pope Alexander VI. with the Venetians, and with Ferrando king of Spain. He drove Ludovico from his government,

who

T' uproot the mulberry, and the lily place
In fruitful fields where rul'd Viſconti's race.
Thence o'er Garagliano's ſtream intent
To frame a paſſage; he his people ſent,
(As Charles had done)—them ſoon the foe annoys,
The flood o'erwhelms them, and the ſword deſtroys:
Not leſs of ſlaughter Puglia's battle ſtains,
When Gallia's troops forſake the dreadful plains.
Ferrantes there, the chief of Spaniſh blood
(Conſalvo nam'd) has twice their force ſubdu'd:
While Fortune Lewis here with frowns purſues,
In that rich country him with ſmiles ſhe views,
Where fair between the Alps and Apennines
To Adriatic ſeas the Po declines.
Thus he; then points a traitor forth, who ſold
The caſtle given him by his lord to hold:
The fraudful Swiſs he ſhows who priſoner makes
The man that him for his defender takes.

Theſe

who fled to the emperor in Germany, having left the defence of his caſtle of Milan to Bernardin di Coſte, who betrayed it into the hands of the Turks. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 244. *T' uproot the mulberry,*—] Under the ſymbol of a mulberry-tree, the poet figures Ludovico Sforza, who was called il Moro (a mulberry-tree) from the darkneſs of his complexion. ZATTA.

Ver. 260. *The fraudful Swiſs*—] The Switzers, being

Theſe deeds, without a ſingle ſword or lance,
Have giv'n the conqueſt to the powers of France.
In Italy he Cæſar Borgia ſhows
Who greater, by his monarch's favour, grows;
Each lord of Rome, each baron of renown,
Rais'd by his ſmile, or exil'd by his frown.
He tells the king, who from Bologna fair
Removes the ſaw and plants the acorns there;
Who next the rebel Genoeſe purſues
And their ſtrong city to his rule ſubdues.

Behold

corrupted by the bribes of the Franks, betrayed him to them: Ludovico was carried into France, where he remained five years in priſon, and then died. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 264. *In Italy he Cæſar Borgia ſhows*] Cæſar Borgia, ſon of Pope Alexander VI. by the favour of Lewis XII. king of France, took to wife Charlotte d'Alabrette of the blood royal, he having renounced the cardinal's hat. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 269. *Removes the ſaw and plants the acorns there:*] By the ſaw, he means the Bentivogli, their arms being a ſaw; and by the acorns, Pope Julius II; for the pope, by the aid of the Franks, drove the Bentivogli from Bologna. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 270. — *the rebel Genoeſe*—] The Genoeſe having, in oppoſition to the nobles, created Paulo de Nove Doge, a man taken from the dregs of the people, and aſſerted at the

ſame

Behold (he cries) what ghaſtly piles of ſlain
Are ſtretch'd on Ghiradada's fatal plain!
Each city to the king her gate unfolds,
And Venice ſcarce againſt his proweſs holds.
Ill brooks the pontiff his increaſing power:
For paſſing now Romania's confines o'er,
Modena from Ferrara's duke he takes,
And every old poſſeſſion doubtful makes.
Behold the army of the Franks have won
And given to ſack and pillage Breſcia's town:
Lo! where their aid they to Felſina yield,
And rout the Church's forces in the field.
Here France and Spain oppos'd, at once unite
Their cloſing ranks and dreadful glows the fight;

ſame time that Genoa was not ſubject to any prince, thereby openly declaring themſelves rebels to the king of France, Lewis marched againſt them with a powerful army, and the city ſurrendered to him at diſcretion. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 273.—*Ghiradada's fatal plain*] The Venetians ſent a numerous army under the Count di Pigliano and Bartolomeo Alviano; they engaged the army of the French at Ghiradada, though contrary to the opinion of Pigliano the Venetian general. After an obſtinate battle the Venetians were defeated with great loſs; the gates of Bergamo, Breſcia, and Cremona, were thrown open to Lewis; many other places ſurrendered to him, and he prepared to attack Venice itſelf. PORCACCHI.

The crimſon dykes with human blood o'erflow,
Mars doubtful ſtands where conqueſt to beſtow.
At length Alphonſo's virtue wins the day,
France keeps the field and conquer'd Spain gives way:
Ravenna's ſack ſucceeds; the pope with grief
Such ruin views, and to the land's relief
He bids the Belgians from the neighbouring ſteep
Againſt the Franks like driving tempeſts ſweep;
'Till each, before the furious onſet fled,
Behind the Alps conceals his ſhameful head;
While once again Italian ſtandards riſe,
And once again the golden lily flies.
Behold the Franks return—behold once more
Faithleſs Helvetius breaks their ſcatter'd power:
With him (unlook'd for aid) yon youth behold,
Whoſe fire he captive made, whoſe fire he ſold.

Behold

Ver. 288. — *Alphonſo's virtue* —] Alphonſo duke of Ferrara.

Ver. 298. *Behold the Franks return*—] King Lewis, exaſperated at being driven out of Italy, made a peace and league with the Venetians, and ſent a freſh army againſt Maximilian Sforza. Maximilian, aſſiſted with the pope's money, called in the Switzers to his ſide, not without riſk (as the poet obſerves) conſidering the fate of his father; however, joined with theſe, he attacked and entirely defeated

the

Behold yon army (lately doom'd to feel
The ſad reverſe of fickle Fortune's wheel)
Another king ſucceeding, bend their care
T' avenge the ſhame inflicted by Navarre:
With better omens to the fight they turn:
King Francis ſee with generous ardor burn;
He breaks the Switzer's pride, whoſe barbarous hoſt
Had ſwell'd their titles with preſuming boaſt;
And ſtil'd themſelves by Heaven's high will prepar'd
The ſcourge of princes and the church's guard.
Spite of the league, he makes proud Milan bend,
And there in young Sforzeſco finds a friend.
See! Bourbon, when the Belgian troops advance,
Defends the city for the king of France.
Behold where now on other thoughts intent,
King Francis ponders many a great event,
His people's cruelty and pride unknown,
That loſt him ſoon fair Milan's conquer'd town.

the French army; for which victory the pope beſtowed on the Switzers the title of Defenders of the Holy Church.

PORCACCHI.

Ver. 314. *See! Bourbon,*—] Ferrando, king of Spain, being dead, the emperor Maximilian invaded Lombardy with fourteen thouſand Switzers and ſeven thouſand Belgians, with an intention of laying ſiege to Milan defended by Trivulzio and Charles of Bourbon. EUGENICO.

Another Francis ſee, alike in name
And virtue to his great forefather's fame.
The Franks expell'd, he wins his native ſoil,
And holy church rewards his pious toil.
France turns again, but on Ticino's ſhores
Brave Mantua's duke repels th' advancing powers;
And Frederic, ere his cheek unfledg'd diſplays
The bloom of manhood, merits laſting praiſe:
He with his ſword and lance, with every art
Of war, that makes the ſoldier's nobleſt part,
Can Pavia's walls defend from Gallic rage,
And Leo's fury on the ſeas engage.
Then two, that bear the rank of marquis, ſtand,
Our dread, and glory of th' Italian land.
Both from one blood, both own one natal earth:
The firſt from that Alphonſo drew his birth;
The marquis taken in the negro's toil
Whoſe blood thou ſee'ſt diſtain the mourning ſoil,

Ver. 320. *Another Francis ſee,*—] The emperor Charles V. made a league with pope Leo, in order to drive the French out of Milan and reſtore Franciſco Sforza, nephew of the firſt Francis, and ſon of Ludovico il Moro. The French were become odious to the Milaneſe from the pride of Lautrèc and his brother. Sforza at length engaging Lautrèc put him to flight, and entering the city by night was made duke. EUGENICO.

Behold

Behold how by his prudent counſels given,
From Italy th' invading Franks are driven.
The ſecond chief, whoſe noble mien declares
His noble ſoul, the rule o'er Vaſto bears,
Alphonſo nam'd — lo! this the gallant knight
Whoſe form ſo late I pointed to your ſight
In Iſchia's iſle, of whom the ſage of old
To royal Pharamond ſo much foretold;
Whoſe birth high Heaven to diſtant time delay'd
When harraſs'd Italy requires his aid;
What time the holy church and empire moſt
Such valour claim againſt a barbarous hoſt;
He with his kinſman of Peſcara ſtands;
And Proſpera Colonna near commands.
Through him th' Helvetian makes his ſwift return,
Through him the Franks their former triumphs mourn.
Behold again her armies France addreſs
With better hope to heal her ill ſucceſs.

Ver. 354. *Behold again her armies*—] King Francis reſolving to recover the Duchy of Milan paſſed into Lombardy with a great army, when all ſubmitted to him except Padua; but being attacked in the night by the Marquiſſes of Peſcara and Vaſto, he was vanquiſhed and made priſoner, though afterwards ſet at liberty upon giving up his ſons for hoſtages. EUGENICO.

One camp the king in Lombardy extends;
And one, prepar'd for Naples' ſiege, he ſends:
But ſhe * (by whom the hopes of human kind
Are toſt like chaff, that flits before the wind;
Like grains of ſand, that whirling round and round,
The tempeſt lifts, or ſcatters o'er the ground)
His every purpoſe foils—while at his call
He deems that thouſands wait near Pavia's wall,
The monarch little heeds the war's array,
Nor marks how ranks increaſe, or ranks decay,
By ſelfiſh counſellors himſelf deceiv'd
The ſimple dictates of his heart believ'd;
Hence, when at night the camp was rouz'd to arms,
The bands but thinly anſwer'd to th' alarms;
The wary Spaniards in their works they view,
In dread aſſault, who bring the generous two
Of Avolo's high blood, with them to dare
The fierceſt terrors of invaſive war.
Behold the nobleſt of the race of France
Stretch'd on the plain—behold how many a lance,
How many a ſword the dauntleſs king defies;
Behold beneath him ſlain his courſer lies!
On foot he combats, bath'd in hoſtile blood:
But virtue, that ſuperior force has ſtood,

* FORTUNE.

At

At length to numbers yields—behold him made
A priſoner now, and now to Spain convey'd.
Peſcara thus the honours ſhall divide
With him that ever battles at his ſide:
With Vaſto's lord ſuch wreaths Peſcara gains,
A hoſt defeated and a king in chains.
One camp at Pavia broken; one whoſe courſe
Is bent for Pavia, dwindles in its force;
Cut from ſupplies, it halts in middle way,
Like dying flames when oil and wax decay.
Lo! where the king in Spaniſh priſon leaves
His ſons, while him once more his land receives;
And while in Italy the war he bears,
On his own realm another war prepares.
What devaſtation and what ſlaughter ſpread
On every ſide, have Rome's diſtraction bred!
All laws are trampled, human and divine,
Virgins are forc'd, and burnt the ſacred ſhrine!
The camp beholds the league in ruin fall,
Each tumult hears, yet, deaf to honour's call,
Shrinks from the field, and leaves to hoſtile hands
Great Peter's ſucceſſor in ſhameful bands.

Ver. 394. *What devaſtation*—] In this paſſage the poet deſcribes the miſerable ſack of Rome, and the taking of the chief pontiff Clement VII. by the Belgian ſoldiers under the command of Bourbon. PORCACCHI.

The

The king has, by Lotrecco led, combin'd
His force, no more on Lombardy deſign'd;
But from profane and impious power to free
The head and members of the holy ſee.
He finds the pontiff freed, beſieg'd the town
Where lies the Syren, and the realm o'erthrown.
Behold th' imperial ſhips the harbour leave,
Their ſuccour for the town beſieg'd to give:
Behold where Dorea ſails their force to meet,
Who ſinks and burns and breaks their ſcatter'd fleet.
See Fortune ſhifts at length her changeful face,
Till now ſo friendly to the Gallic race;
For ſlain by fevers, not by ſword or lance,
Of thouſands ſcarce a man reviſits France.
Such were the ſtory'd deeds that brightly glow'd
In magic tints by Merlin's art beſtow'd:
Here long to tell—each gueſt with new delight
Return'd to gaze, unſated with the ſight,

Ver. 407. *Where lies the Syren*—] By this city he means Naples, anciently called Parthenope, from a name of one of the Syrens, ſaid to have been buried there. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 410. *Behold where Dorea*—] He alludes here to the great naval engagement at Cape d' Orſo between the Imperialiſts and the French while Naples was beſieged, when the French fleet was commanded by Count Philip Dorea, who held the place of Andrew Dorea, of whom ſo much is ſaid in the xvth Book. PORCACCHI.

And

And oft beneath they read each ſubject told
In characters of fair-recording gold.
The beauteous dames and all the ſocial crew
Beguil'd with talk the hours that ſwifter flew:
At length the caſtle's lord to welcome reſt,
With honour due, conducted every gueſt.

Now all the houſe to balmy ſleep reſign'd,
On her ſoft couch the martial fair reclin'd,
Oft chang'd from right to left her weary ſide,
But ſtill in vain to ſoothe her cares ſhe try'd:
Till near the dawn ſhe clos'd awhile her eyes,
When to her ſight Rogero ſeem'd to riſe,
And thus to ſpeak — Ah! wherefore now complain
Of lying tales and waſte thy youth in vain?
Firſt ſhalt thou ſee the rivers backward flow,
Ere for another I thy love forego.
When thee I ſcorn—no longer I delight
In vital air, or cheering rays of ſight!
Then thus he ſeem'd to ſay—Behold me here
T' embrace that faith which Chriſtian knights revere,
My promiſe kept—chide not my long delay,
Far other wounds than love have caus'd my ſtay.

At this her ſlumber fled, and with it flew
Her dear Rogero from her longing view:

The

The damſel then her heavy grief renew'd,
And thus in ſecret her complaint purſu'd.
What gives me joy, to lying dreams I owe,
What gives me pain, from waking truths I know.
As ſhadows vain my fleeting bliſs removes;
But, ah! my conſtant woe no ſhadow proves.
Why flies, alas! from waking eye or ear,
What late I ſeem'd to ſee, what late to hear?
What are ye, wretched eyes! that clos'd can ſhow
Each wiſh'd-for joy, and open but to woe?
Sleep ſoothes with hope of peace my future life,
But when I wake, I wake to pain and ſtrife.
Sweet ſleep, alas! ſuch fancy'd peace can make,
But ſoon to truth and wretchedneſs I wake.
If ſorrow ſprings from truth, from falſehood joy,
O ne'er may truth theſe eyes, theſe ears employ!
To pleaſure ſince I ſleep, and wake to pain,
O! let me ſleep, and never wake again,
Thrice happy you, among the beſtial kind,
For ſix long months to quiet reſt conſign'd:

Ver. 452. *What are ye, wretched eyes!*—] This ſpeech of Bradamant abounds with thoſe puerile conceits in which the writers of that age, and particularly the Italians, ſo much delighted. In this reſpect even Taſſo, in other parts ſo truly claſſical, is equally faulty with Arioſto: we ſee nothing of this kind in Homer or Virgil.

Does

Does ſuch a ſtate as mine death's image give?
I wake, alas! to die, but ſleep to live.
If death indeed reſembles ſuch repoſe,
Come, welcome Death, theſe eyes for ever cloſe!
Now in the eaſt the ſun his beams had ſhed,
And ting'd the vapoury clouds with bluſhing red,
Bright and more bright effus'd the golden ray,
And gave the promiſe of a fairer day;
When, ſtarting from her ſhort and troubled reſt,
Soon Bradamant her limbs in armour dreſs'd;
And grateful thanks return'd the courteous lord
For every honour at his bed and board.
Already now th' ambaſſadreſs ſhe found
Who with her ſquires and dames attending round,
Had left the lodge, and iſſu'd at the gate,
Where ſtood the three her coming thence to wait,
Where till the morn their irkſome hours they paſs'd,
Their looſe teeth chattering to the chilly blaſt;
Drench'd in the rain, and every need deny'd,
No food to knight, nor food to ſteed ſupply'd,
Battering the ſlimy ſoil—but o'er the reſt
This dire reflection pain'd each wretched breaſt,
That ſhe the witneſs of their luckleſs chance
Would bear the fatal tidings back from France;

And

And to their queen ador'd the ſtory tell,
How, the firſt ſpear they met at tilt, they fell.
They now reſolv'd to die or heal their ſhame,
That ſo Ulania (ſuch the virgin's name
Till now untold) might baniſh from her thought
What ill effect their late defeat had wrought.
When iſſuing from the caſtle they deſcry'd
Brave Amon's daughter, each again defy'd
The generous dame, nor deem'd a maid to find
Where every act proclaim'd a manly kind.
Of ſtay impatient, Bradamant refus'd
T' accept their jouſt, but every art they us'd
To fire her ardor, till the martial fair
No longer could unblam'd the courſe forbear.
Her ſpear ſhe levels, with three ſtrokes ſhe ſends
The three to earth; and thus the conteſt ends.
No more ſhe turn'd, but eager to purſue
Her purpos'd journey, vaniſh'd from their view.
The hapleſs three who came ſo far to gain
The golden ſhield, roſe ſlowly from the plain,
While loſt in ſhame, and ſpeechleſs with ſurpriſe,
Each from Ulania turn'd his downcaſt eyes.
How oft with her, as from Iſlanda's coaſt
They voyag'd, each had made his haughty boaſt,

That

That not a knight or Paladin ſhould ſtand
The leaſt of theſe in battle hand to hand.
And now the virgin further to depreſs
Their courage, baffled by their ill ſucceſs,
And quench their pride, declar'd that not the force
Of knight or Paladin had won the courſe;
But that a female arm (in fight renown'd)
Had hurl'd each mighty champion to the ground.
What think ye, ſince a virgin could ſuffice
T' unhorſe three knights like you (Ulania cries)
Muſt great Orlando or Rinaldo prove.
So juſtly held all martial names above?
Did one of theſe poſſeſs the golden ſhield,
Say, would ye better then maintain the field,
Than with a woman here—but well I gueſs
That each will now th' ungrateful truth confeſs.
Then ceaſe—nor further ſeek t' eſſay your might,
For he, who raſhly dares through France invite
A ſecond proof, may ruſh on greater harms
To blot with new diſgrace his boaſted arms:
Unleſs perchance he bleſt that fate may call,
Which gives him by ſuch valorous hands to fall.
When thus Ulania ſhow'd a woman's power
Had ſtain'd their glory, never ſtain'd before,

When many a ſquire, and many a damſel near,
Confirm'd a truth each warrior bluſh'd to hear;
Such ſhame, ſuch anguiſh, every knight impreſs'd,
As urg'd at firſt againſt its maſter's breaſt
To turn the ſteel—and now with frantic haſte
Each from his limbs the plate and mail unbrac'd;
Each from his ſide ungirt the falchion drew,
And in the caſtle's moat the weapon threw;
And vow'd one year deſpoil'd of arms, to lead
A life of penance for the ſhameful deed;
From place to place forlorn on foot to ſtray
Through rocky paths, rough hills, or thorny way;
Nor when the year ſhould run its circling race,
To mount the courſer or the cuiraſs lace,
Unleſs his valour firſt ſhould win by force
The ſhining armour and the warrior horſe.
And hence on foot, at fair Ulania's ſide
They wait, to puniſh their o'erweening pride:
The reſt in meet array and glittering ſplendor ride.
Now Bradamant to Paris urg'd her way,
And reach'd a caſtle at declining day,

Ver. 554. —— *and glittering ſplendor ride.*] Ulania appears again, Book xxxvii. ver. 185. and theſe three kings are mentioned in the ſame book.

Where firſt the news ſhe heard that Afric's bands
Were quell'd by Charles, and her brave brother's hands.
Here treatment fair ſhe met at bed and board,
But this to her can little eaſe afford;
Loſt is her appetite for food and reſt,
And gentle peace is baniſh'd from her breaſt.

Yet let me not ſo far her tale purſue
As not again thoſe noble knights to view,
Who each, by compact meeting, faſt beſide
A lonely fount his beaſt ſecurely ty'd.
Their battle, which the muſe prepares to tell,
Was not in wealth or empire to excel,
But to decide who victor from the plain
Should Durindana and Bayardo gain.
Without a trumpet's breath to give the ſign,
Or herald's voice to bid the champions join;
Without a maſter to direct, or raiſe
In either's breaſt the thirſt of noble praiſe;
At once, as by accord, their ſwords they drew,
And each on each with generous ardor flew.

Ver. 563. *Yet let me not ſo far* —] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxxv. ver. 231.

Ver. 564. —— *thoſe noble knights* —] The laſt we heard of theſe two knights was in Book xxxi. the end.

Now ſwift, now heavy fell the ſounding blows,
Deep and more deep the kindling combat glows.
No ſwords like theſe could through the world be found,
So fram'd at all aſſays with temper ſound,
But meeting thus, had ſhiver'd as they clos'd:
While theſe, ſo temper'd, edge to edge oppos'd,
A thouſand times in horrid craſh could meet,
And ſtill with blade unhurt each ſtroke repeat.
Now here, now there his ſteps Rinaldo ply'd,
And every art of long experience try'd
To ſhun the blows, as Durindana fell,
Whoſe all-deſtroying edge he knew ſo well:
Or where they reach'd, they reach'd with empty ſound,
Where fierce the ſtroke, but feeble was the wound.
With greater ſkill the gallant Chriſtian foe
Has ſtunn'd the Pagan's arm with many a blow;
Now at his flank, now where the cuiraſs ends
And helmet joins, the whirling ſword he ſends;
But finds the plates and rattling mail unbroke,
With adamantine proof reſiſt each ſtroke
His weapon aim'd; for more than mortal charms
Secur'd the Pagan knight's impaſſive arms.

Thus

Thus long, with like ſucceſs, on either ſide
Theſe eager knights the doubtful combat ply'd;
Nor ſwerv'd a ſingle look, while each intent,
His eye upon his rival's features bent:
When, lo! a different conflict chanc'd, that turn'd
The rage of ſtrife which either boſom burn'd:
Rouz'd at a dreadful noiſe, each turns his eyes,
And ſore beſet the ſteed Bayardo 'ſpies.
They ſee Bayardo with a monſter join'd
In dangerous fight; he ſeem'd of feather'd kind,
A bird of wondrous ſize and dreadful ſtrength,
And full three yards his bill's enormous length:
His other parts the form obſcene diſplay'd
Of lonely bats that haunt the gloomy ſhade.
His plumes were inky black, of vaſt extent;
His hooky claws on ſpoil and ravine bent.
His eyes were fire, and cruel was his look,
And like two ſails his ample wings he ſhook.
Ne'er have I ſeen, nor heard in times of old
Of ſuch a bird, ſave this by Turpin told;

Ver. 616. —— *like two ſails* —] Thus Spenſer, ſpeaking of a dragon's wings, ſays:

His flaggy wings when forth he did diſplay,
Were like two ſails ——

FAIRY QUEEN, Book i. c. xii. ſt. 10.

And hence I deem ſome fiend might cheat the ſight,
Some lying Demon drawn from deepeſt night
By Malagigi's art, to ſtay the fight.
So deem'd Rinaldo, and with anger mov'd,
When next they met his kinſman he reprov'd;
But Malagigi, who the charge deny'd,
The deed, imputed to himſelf, to hide,
Swore by that light from which the morning drew
Her beams, that hence nor blame nor guilt he knew.
Yet whether bird or demon—from the ſkies
The monſter falls, and on Bayardo flies
With ſharpen'd claws, but ſoon with fierce diſdain
The fiery courſer ſnaps the brittle rein:
He ſnorts, he foams, he plies his ſpurning heels;
Again in air the feather'd monſter wheels
Retiring ſwift; again th' aſſault renews
With pungent nails, and circling round purſues
The generous ſteed, who worſted in the fight,
Forſakes th' unequal fray and ſpeeds his flight:
Swift to the neighbouring wood Bayardo flew,
Where thickeſt trees with tangling branches grew,
While with quick ſight impelling from above,
The winged monſter good Bayardo drove

From

From ſhade to ſhade, till now a gloomy cave
To the tir'd ſteed a welcome ſhelter gave.
The track here loſt, and baffled of his aim,
The peſt aſcends to ſeek a different game.
When king Gradaſſo and Rinaldo view'd
Bayardo's loſs, no more their hands purſu'd
A fruitleſs ſtrife; but either knight agreed
With ſeparate courſe to ſeek th' affrighted ſteed;
When he, whom Fortune favour'd firſt, ſhould bring
The beaſt recover'd to the cryſtal ſpring;
And there, in ſingle trial man to man,
Conclude the combat they ſo late began.
The fountain left, the knights prepar'd to trace
Bayardo's flight, but ſoon his rapid pace
Had left each knight behind in hopeleſs chace.
As near Gradaſſo's ſide Alfana ſtood,
Her ſeat he gain'd, and ſpurring through the wood
Soon left the Paladin with doubt oppreſt
The chance revolving in his careful breaſt.
Bayardo's track full ſoon Rinaldo loſt,
Bayardo, that in devious windings croſt
The thorny maze, and ſought the thickeſt ſhade,
And hollow rocks, and through deep torrents made
His furious way, from that dire fiend to fly,
Whoſe griping talons urg'd him from the ſky.

Now here, now there, Rinaldo rov'd in vain,
Till to the fountain's ſide he turn'd again;
There paus'd awhile in hope (as each agreed)
To ſee Gradaſſo thither bring the ſteed:
But when all hope was vaniſh'd from his thought,
Alone, on foot, the Chriſtian camp he ſought
Penſive and ſad—But turn we now to tell
What better chance the rival knight befel;
Whom fortune led with favour'd courſe ſo near,
Bayardo's neighing reach'd his joyful ear,
Till in a cavern deep immers'd from ſight,
He found him trembling, fearful of the light:
He durſt not iſſue forth, but there remain'd
Till him the Pagan's eager hand detain'd;
Who while he knew his promiſe given, to lead
The courſer back, yet little ſeems to heed
His plighted faith, but to himſelf he cries:
Who covets ſtrife, with ſtrife may win the prize:
Why ſhould I riſk the chance of arms to gain
What fortune bids me now in peace retain?
From furtheſt eaſt I came with great deſign
To make this generous ſteed Bayardo mine;
And much he errs who thinks I ſhall forego
What chance vouchſafes ſo aptly to beſtow;

If

If e'er Rinaldo would his ſteed regain,
As I to France, let him with equal pain
To India bend his courſe, the toil no more,
For him to traverſe Sericana o'er,
Than twice for me to tread on Gallia's ſhore.
He ſaid; and ſpeaking, by the readieſt way
To Arli haſten'd, where his veſſels lay,
There ſwift embark'd, and with him thence convey'd
The far-fam'd ſteed and death-beſtowing blade *.
But ceaſe we here—ſome other time ſhall tell
What fortune to the Pagan prince befel;
We bid Rinaldo now and France farewel.

Aſtolpho's voyage let us next purſue,
Whoſe ſteed with rapid eagle-pinions flew.
When now the knight had Gallia's land ſurvey'd
'Twixt ſea and ſea, from where far winding ſtray'd
The ſilver Rhine, to where the ſubject plain
Joins high Pyrene's foot, he turns his rein
To where the weſtern mountains ſever France
from Spain.

* DURINDANA.

Ver. 700. —*ſome other time ſhall tell*] He returns to Gradaſſo, Book xl. ver. 360.

Ver. 702. *We bid Rinaldo*—] He returns to Rinaldo, Book xxxviii. ver. 55. ver. 505.

Ver. 703. *Aſtolpho's voyage*—] The laſt we heard of Aſtolpho was Book xxiii. ver. 116. where he left his horſe and arms with Bradamant.

Thence proud Navarre, and Aragon he views,
While every eye amaz'd his flight purſues,
Far Teracona to the left remains,
Biſcaglia to the right; and now he gains
Caſtilia's realm, then Liſbon's towers deſcries,
And next o'er Seville and Cordova flies;
Nor leaves a Spaniſh city to explore
That ſtood remote from ſea, or grac'd the ſhore.
Gades he ſaw, and now the bounds he trac'd,
Which once for mariners Alcides plac'd.
Now from th' Atlantic wave his courſe he bore
By Afric's coaſt to reach th' Egyptian ſhore.
The Baleares far beneath him lay;
Eviſa roſe conſpicuous in his way;
Then tow'rds Arzilla, o'er the ſea he rides,
The ſea that from Arzilla Spain divides.
Morocco, Fez, Ippona, cities nam'd
Among the firſt; Algiers and Bugia fam'd
For wealth and honours, next his eyes behold,
Not crown'd with empty wreaths, but crown'd with gold:
Next Tunis and Biſerta's ſun-burnt ſoil
He ſees, and Capys, and Alzerbe's iſle;
To Tripoly and Tolomita ſpeeds,
Berniſca views, and where old Nilus leads
His fattening ſtreams to water diſtant meads.

Each

Each land he marks from Afric's billowy ſhore
To rugged Atlas crown'd with foreſts hoar.
Then turning from Carena's ridge of hills,
Above the Cyrenean ſpires he wheels;
And near the confines of her burning ſands
He Abbajada ſees in Nubian lands:
He leaves the tomb of Battus far behind,
And Amon's fane, which we no more can find.
Another Tremizen he views, whoſe race
Th' unhallow'd faith of Mahomet embrace;
Then tow'rds a ſecond Ethiopia turns,
Beyond where Nilus pours his fruitful urns:
His wings he then to Nubia's city plies,
That twixt Dabada and Coalles lies:
Here Saracens, and Chriſtians there prepar'd,
With ready arms their country's frontier guard.
In Ethiopia king Senapus reigns,
Who, for a ſceptre, in his hand ſuſtains

The

Ver. 738. — *Cyrenean ſpires*—] He means the cities of the Mediterranean in the province of Cyrene.

Ver. 741. —*the tomb of Battus*—] The city of Cyrene in Aſia was built by Battus: Catullus ſays,

Et Batti veteris ſacrum ſepulchrum.

Ver. 751. — *king Senapus reigns*,] The relation which the poet makes of the wealth and power of this prince, called

The holy croſs; who boaſts of wealth and power,
Of towns and ſubjects to the red-ſea ſhore.
Our faith he keeps, that faith whoſe heavenly light
Can lead him from the realms of death and night:
Here, as the tenets of their law require,
(If fame deceive not) they baptize with fire:
Aſtolpho now to Nubia's palace flew,
And there alighting near Senapus drew.

The ſeat where Ethiopia's ſovereign dwell'd,
In wealth and beauty more than ſtrength excell'd;

called by us (as he afterwards ſays) Preſter John, though blended with fable, is partly hiſtorical. Under the name of Abyſſinia, or the kingdom of Preſter John, were formerly comprehended all the countries between the lake Niger and the ſtraits of Babel-mandel on one ſide, and all between the mountains of the moon and the cataracts of the Nile: the laſt was the length from north to ſouth, and the other from eaſt to weſt: Abyſſinia had to the ſouth Monomotapa; to the eaſt Zanquebar and the Red Sea: to the ſouth Egypt and Nubia, and to the weſt the country of Negroes called Congo. Arioſto calls the country of Senapus all Nubia; but it has been before ſhewn that our author is by no means correct in his geography.

Ver. 758. — *baptize with fire:*] The Nubians relate that their anceſtors received the faith from St. Matthew, and that they were baptized with fire, being marked with a burning iron in the face or ſome part of the body, with the ſign of the croſs; in alluſion to that text of Scripture: "I baptize you with the Holy Ghoſt and with fire."

The

The bars and bolts that every gate defend,
The maſſy chains that from the bridge depend,
Whate'er in other cities we behold
Of iron wrought, here flam'd of beaten gold;
Though mines they boaſted fruitful to produce
Strong metals to apply for every uſe.
On columns huge, of ſhining cryſtal rais'd,
With matchleſs pomp the regal palace blaz'd:
Each ſpacious room thick ſet with precious ſtone,
Where red and purple, gold and azure ſhone:
Gems of all hues! where in fair order beam'd
The fiery ruby, where the emerald gleam'd
With ſofter light, and where the ſaphire ſhow'd
Its azure tint, or yellow topaz glow'd.
The walls, the roofs, the pavement ſtruck the ſight,
Thick ſown with pearls, with dazzling jewels bright.
This climate balſam breeds, and midſt her ſtore
Jeruſalem's rich land can boaſt no more.
Hence muſk is brought, hence every rich perfume,
Hence amber, hence all Ocean's treaſures come.
Whate'er through earth of coſtly name we prize,
This happy region for mankind ſupplies.
The Soldan who th' Egyptian ſceptre ſways,
As fame declares, his vaſſal tribute pays

To this great king, whoſe hand can turn aſide,
And bid the Nile in other channels glide;
Whence Famine muſt her ſcourge on Cairo ſpread,
And deſolation round the country ſhed:
His name Senapus, by his ſubjects known,
By us 'tis Preſter call'd, or Preſter-John.
Of all that Ethiopia's kingdom held,
This king in honours, wealth, and might excell'd:
But what avail'd his honours, wealth, or might,
When wretched blindneſs veil'd his viſual light?
Yet this his leaſt of ills—a deeper woe
This hapleſs prince was doom'd to undergo,
Who, while his wealth all other wealth outſhin'd,
In plenty's lap with endleſs famine pin'd.
When hunger urg'd him to the genial board,
With nectar'd draughts and various viands ſtor'd,
Scarce was he ſeated, when th' avenging crew
Of hell-bred harpies, horrible to view,
With ravenous talons ſeiz'd the ſavoury treat,
O'erturn'd the vaſes and devour'd the meat:
Their glutton maws ſurcharg'd, the birds unclean
Defil'd the remnant cates with filth obſcene.
The cauſe was this—In early life ſo rais'd
Above the world, o'er every monarch prais'd,

Like

Like Lucifer with pride his boſom burn'd,
Againſt his Maker impious arms he turn'd,
And to the mountain led his numerous force,
Whence Egypt's mighty ſtream derives its ſource.
'Twas fam'd, that where the hoary mountain rear'd
Its head to Heaven, and o'er the clouds appear'd,
Was Paradiſe of old, thoſe happy bowers
Where Adam paſs'd with Eve the bliſsful hours.
With elephants and camels, with a train
Of countleſs foot that 'cumber'd all the plain,
He march'd, reſolv'd whatever race unknown
Might there reſide, to bend them to his throne.
But Heaven's high will oppos'd his raſh intent,
And midſt his hoſt a vengeful angel ſent,
Whoſe dreadful power a hundred thouſand ſlew,
And o'er his eyes eternal darkneſs drew;
Then to his feſtive board diſpatch'd the band
Of horrid monſters from th' infernal ſtrand.
The wretched king of all relief deſpair'd,
From what a ſeer, of foreſight deep, declar'd,
That rapine ſhould no more his table waſte,
Nor ordure mingle with each day's repaſt,
When on a winged ſteed a ſtranger-knight
Was ſeen through air to guide his rapid flight.

This, paſſing all belief, had long ſuppreſt
Each little hope that linger'd in his breaſt.
Soon as the crowds beheld, with wondering eye,
Above the walls, above the turrets high,
Th' approaching knight, one flew with eager zeal
To Nubia's king the tidings to reveal:
The prophecy recalling to his mind,
For joy he leaves his faithful ſtaff behind,
And with extended arms and guideleſs feet,
Impatient comes the flying gueſt to meet.
Aſtolpho, wheeling many a round in air,
At length alights within the caſtle ſquare:
The ſightleſs monarch, to his preſence led,
With lifted hands before him kneel'd, and ſaid.
Angel from God! thou new Meſſiah, hear
A wretch, alas! unworthy to prefer
His guilty ſuit—yet think 'tis man's to fall
In error ſtill, but thine to pardon all!

Ver. 845. *Aſtolpho, wheeling many a round in air,*] See the whole paſſage—Con ſpazioſe rote.——So in the ivth book—larghe rote.——

Milton adopts a ſimilar expreſſion in the flight of Satan, Book iii. ver. 741.

Throws his ſteep flight in many an airy wheel——

My

My crime I know, nor dare I ſinful pray
To view, with ſight reſtor'd, the beams of day:
Though ſure to thee ſuch ſovereign power is given,
God's favour'd nunciate from the bleſt in Heaven!
Suffice, I live in never-ending gloom:
But let not famine ſtill my age conſume:
Ah! ſtretch thy hand—thy ſaving help afford,
And chace the Harpies from my wretched board.
Then midſt my palace walls I vow to raiſe
A marble temple ſacred to thy praiſe,
On every part reſplendent to behold
With dazzling gems, the roof and gates of gold!
Thy name ſhall to the fane a title give,
And there thy miracle in ſculpture live.
So ſpeaks the king, who rolls his ſightleſs eyes,
While oft to kiſs the warrior's feet he tries.
Aſtolpho then—From God no angel I,
Nor new Meſſiah lighted from the ſky;
But mortal man, like thee to error prone,
Unworthy of the grace that Heaven has ſhown:
Yet all I can—this arm its force ſhall prove,
By death or flight the monſters to remove:
If I ſucceed—to God thy thanks repay,
Who for thy ſuccour hither wing'd my way.

For

For him alone be all thy vows fulfill'd,
To him thy altars raiſe, thy temples build.
As thus they commun'd, with th' attendant ſtate
Of circling peers they reach'd the palace gate;
The monarch bade his train the tables ſpread
With wine and cates, and life-ſuſtaining bread;
He hop'd at length, long ſhrunk with pining faſt,
To ſatiate now with undiſturb'd repaſt.
Within a ſumptuous hall, beſide him plac'd,
Alone Aſtolpho with Senapus grac'd
The regal feaſt; and now the feaſt appear'd
When ſoon in air a dreadful noiſe was heard
Of ruſhing wings; and, lo! the Harpy-crew
Lur'd by the viands round the table flew.
Sev'n in a band they came, of dreadful mien,
With woman's face, with features pale and lean
Through ſeeming faſt; from every withering look
Fear, worſe than death, the boldeſt boſom ſhook:

Ver. 892. *With woman's face,*—] Imitated cloſely from Virgil.

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdiſſima ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida ſemper
Ora fame —— ÆNEID iii. ver. 218.

With virgin faces, but with wombs obſcene,
Foul paunches, and with ordures ſtill unclean,
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
DRYDEN, ver. 282.

Large

Large were their wings deform'd, their brutal paws,
Of ravenous force, were arm'd with hooky claws:
Vaſt was each fetid paunch, with many a fold
Of ſerpent-tail behind in volumes roll'd.
They ſeize the meats, o'erturn the golden vaſe,
And leave their loathſome ordure in the place,
While their foul wombs a horrid ſtench exhale,
That choaks the ſenſe and loads the tainted gale.

Aſtolpho now his ſhining falchion bares,
And ſwift t' aſſault the dreadful crew prepares;
Now on the neck, or tail, his weapon tries;
Now on the breaſt, or wing, his force applies:
As from ſoft wool returns the bloodleſs ſword;
The fated plumes and ſkin no paſs afford.
Meanwhile of every diſh and vaſe they make
Their greedy havock, nor the hall forſake,
Till each, with rapine has the viands ſhar'd,
Or filth polluted what their hunger ſpar'd.

Senapus in the duke his hope had plac'd
To ſee the harpies from his table chac'd,
And, now his hope deceiv'd, again he mourn'd,
Again he ſigh'd, again deſpair return'd.

At length, his magic horn recall'd to mind,
From which ſuch aid he oft was wont to find

At all aſſays, the duke reſolv'd to prove
Its virtue now the monſters to remove:
But firſt he bade the king and nobles near
With ductile wax to bar the liſtening ear
From all acceſs—elſe each, with fear aghaſt,
Would fly the palace at the dreadful blaſt.
He mounts the griffin-ſteed, one hand ſuſtains
The poliſh'd horn, one holds the ſtraiten'd reins:
He bids, by ſigns, the ſeneſhal replace
The ſavoury viands, and the plenteous vaſe.
Then, in a new ſaloon, the train prepare
The feſtive table ſpread with coſtly fare,
When ſwift the harpies to their prey return,
As ſwift Aſtolpho to the rattling horn
His lips applies; when with unguarded ear
The fiends receive the ſound, and ſtruck with fear
Each backward ſhrinks, and ſtretching to the wind
Her pinions, leaves the feaſt untouch'd behind.
To chace their flight, the champion ſpurs his ſteed,
That ſpreads his ſtrong-plum'd wing with ready ſpeed.
He quits the hall, from court and city flies,
And ſoaring drives the monſters through the ſkies.
Aſtolpho ſwells each note with double force,
While tow'rds the burning zone with headlong courſe

The harpies ſpeed, till now the hill they gain,
Whoſe towering head o'erlooks the ſubject plain,
Whence (fame relates) the Nile's firſt fountain glides,
And gladdens Egypt with his fattening tides.
Beneath the mountain, opening deep and wide,
A cave deſcended in its rugged ſide,
Through which ('twas ſaid) a dreadful paſſage led
To reach th' infernal manſions of the dead.
The band of ſpoilers hither flew to meet
From every human ſearch a ſafe retreat;
And ſinking pierc'd to black Cocytus' ſhore,
Where that dread-dealing blaſt could ſound no more.
At this dire mouth that op'd the ſecret way
To thoſe who loſt the cheering beams of day,
The glorious duke his horn's deep clangor ceas'd,
And clos'd the pinions of his winged beaſt.

But ere I further ſhall his ſteps purſue,
To keep the cuſtom of my tale in view,
Since every leaf is fill'd, the book I cloſe,
And here concluding ſeek awhile repoſe.

END OF THE THIRTY-THIRD BOOK.

THE

THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ASTOLPHO purſues the harpies to the mouth of the infernal region, at the foot of a high mountain. He enters, and meets with the ghoſt of Lydia, daughter of the king of Lydia, who relates to him her ſtory and the cauſe of her puniſhment. He hears the names of ſeveral condemned to ſuffer there for crimes committed on earth. Aſtolpho attempts to penetrate further into that place of torment, but is obliged to return. He then flies to the top of the mountain, where he finds the terreſtrial Paradiſe. Deſcription of the place. He is welcomed by Saint John the Evangeliſt, the prophets Enoch and Elias. Saint John inſtructs Aſtolpho concerning the manner of reſtoring Orlando to his ſenſes. He conveys the knight, in a chariot, to the region of the moon; the many wonders Aſtolpho ſaw there, and among the reſt Orlando's wit, which the Evangeliſt permits him to take with him. Saint John ſhows the knight the three fatal ſiſters ſpinning the thread of life.

THE

THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

INSATIATE harpies! foul, deteſted band!
The ſcourge of juſtice on a ſinful land,
The righteous puniſhment by Heaven aſſign'd
For Italy, with tenfold error blind!
Where harmleſs infants, tender mothers die
With meager want; for while a vain ſupply
Each day prepares, they ſee their deſtin'd food
At once devour'd by this infernal brood.

Ver. 1. *Inſatiate harpies!* —] In general the Italian commentators make the harpies to ſignify Avarice. Others may imagine, and with ſome reaſon, that the poet rather means to ſatyrize the vice of gluttony, which perhaps might be prevalent in his age. Fornari ſays, of which opinion is likewiſe Sir John Harrington, that Arioſto meant by harpies, the ſoldiers of the enemy, whoſe avarice and rapacity had plundered Italy.

Ill chance betide who firſt unclos'd the cave,
(Which years had ſhut) and thus a paſſage gave
Whence gluttony and all uncleanneſs ſpread
O'er Italy, their venom'd bane have ſhed.
Fair Virtue then was baniſh'd from mankind,
And peace and temp'rance from the world disjoin'd;
Whence pain, and poverty, and impious ſtrife
Have vex'd, and long ſhall vex the ſweets of life,
Till time ſhall come, when thus with 'wakening cries
Our country bids her ſons from Lethe riſe.
" Is there not one that dares the worth unfold
" Which Calaïs and Zetes ſhow'd of old;
" To many a houſe his ſaving hand afford,
" And free from filth and ſpoil the genial board;
" As thoſe could help to aged Phineas bring,
" And ſince Aſtolpho to the Nubian king?"

With dreadful ſound the Paladin had chac'd
The brutal harpies through th' aërial waſte,
Till at a mountain's foot his flight he ſtay'd,
Where in a gaping cavern's fearful ſhade

The

Ver. 20. — *Calaïs and Zetes*—] Feigned by the poets to have been ſons of the wind Boreas and Orithya, daughter of king Eritheus; they were born with wings, and drove the harpies

The monſters enter'd—Hence with wondering ears
Laments and groans the liſtening warrior hears,
That reach'd through winding vaults the upper air;
Sure ſign of Hell and endleſs torments there.
Aſtolpho now reſolves t' explore the way,
And viſit beings loſt to cheerful day,
To earth's deep center undiſmay'd to go,
And ſearch the ſecrets of the world below.
Why ſhould I doubt to enter here (he cries)
When ſuch defence my truſty horn ſupplies,
Whoſe ſound can Pluto's ſelf and Satan quell,
And from his poſt the three-mouth'd dog repel?

harpies from the table of blind Phineas, king of Thrace, in the ſame manner as is here told of Aſtolpho.

See OVID's METAM.

Ver. 39. *Pluto, Satan, and Cerberus,* —] In like manner Taſſo blends the Heathen fables with the Chriſtian doctrines. See Jeruſalem Delivered, Book iv. Spenſer, in a deſcription of Hell according to the Heathen mythology, after the mention of Tantalus, introduces the ſoul of Pilate waſhing his hands in the infernal river.

He look'd a little further and eſpy'd
Another wretch, whoſe carcaſs deep was drent
Within the river ——
The knight him calling, aſked who he was,
Who lifting up his head him anſwer'd thus:
I Pilate am, the falſeſt judge, alas! &c.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. II. C. 7. ſt. 61.

He ſaid; and lighting from his ſeat with ſpeed,
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree his feather'd ſteed,
Then graſp'd his horn, his every hope and aid,
And fearleſs plung'd amid the murky ſhade.
Ere far he reach'd, thick wreaths of noiſome ſmoke
And ſteams of ſulphur on his ſenſes broke:
His ſight and ſmell the ſtifling fumes confeſs'd,
Yet onward ſtill th' embolden'd hero preſs'd;
But as he preſs'd, the darkneſs deeper ſpread,
And groſſer vapours noxious poiſons ſhed.
When, lo! as if ſuſpended from above,
He ſees an object, ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd, move,
Move, as by winds ſome wretched corſe is blown,
Long time expos'd to rains and parching ſun;
So faint the ſtraggling beams of wandering light
In theſe dire realms of ſmoke and dreary night.
In vain the duke explores with heedful care
What mocks his eyes, and ſeems to flit in air:
Then from the ſheath his ſhining ſword he drew,
And thrice he ſtruck, when ſoon the warrior knew
The ſeeming image but an empty ſhade,
That like a cloud deceiv'd his mortal blade.
Then thus he heard a female voice complain:
Ah! come not here to work me further pain!
Suffice—this ſmoke torments my wretched ghoſt,
This ſmoke that riſes from the burning coaſt.

The

The duke, with terror ſeiz'd, his ſtep repreſs'd,
And in theſe words the hapleſs ſhade addreſs'd:
So may high Heaven theſe ſtifling fumes repel,
As thou ſhalt deign thy mournful ſtate to tell;
Thy tidings to our living world I bear,
If this can aught avail to ſoothe thy care.
The ghoſt reply'd—To viſit but in name
The cheerful realms of light from which I came,
So grateful ſeems, that gladly I diſcloſe,
For ſuch reward, the ſtory of my woes;
Elſe ſhould I now with lips unwilling tell
My name, and earthly ſtate from which I fell.

Once was I Lydia call'd, of royal ſtrain,
(Whoſe ſire o'er Lydia held his wide domain)
By God's eternal judgment here expos'd
To endleſs pains, with poiſonous ſmoke enclos'd;
Who, while alive, ſuch ſcorn and hatred ſhow'd
To one, whoſe heart with love's affection glow'd.
Unnumber'd others fill this dreary gloom,
Whom to like penance like offences doom.
Here cruel Anaxarete in woe,
Encompaſs'd round with denſer fumes below

Is

Ver. 87. —— *Anaxarete* —] Anaxarete was a beautiful damſel of Cyprus, beloved by Iphis, a native of the ſame place, who, in deſperation at not being able to move her to

retura

Is deeper plac'd; on earth her body turns
To harden'd ſtone, while here her ſpirit mourns:
Unfeeling maid! who view'd in ſhameful death
Her pendant lover yield his wretched breath.
Daphne is here, who now regrets the pace
That held Apollo once ſo long in chace.
'Twere hard to tell th' unbodied female train
That here for black ingratitude remain;
Or ſpeak the crimes of every dame or maid,
Where countleſs numbers fill the mournful ſhade;
But harder ſtill each man ingrate to name,
Whoſe deeds on earth here equal vengeance claim,
Where each in death ſeverer judgment mourns,
The vapour ſmokes him, and the furnace burns.
Since dames are form'd more eaſy to believe,
Man merits heavier pains who ſhall deceive
Their weaker ſex—this Jaſon has confeſt,
This Theſeus finds, and he *, the wandering gueſt,
Whoſe arms the Latian's ancient realm oppreſs'd.

* ÆNEAS.

return his paſſion, was determined never to depart from her threſhold: Venus, exaſperated at the cruelty of Anaxaret, changed her into ſtone. See OVID METAM.

Ver. 93. *Daphne is here,*—] Nothing can be wilder than this idea of Arioſto, who in a region of future puniſhment upon a Chriſtian ſyſtem, places Daphne for running away from Apollo.

This

This well he knows, who could for Tamar's love
His brother Abſalom to hatred move.
Here ſhades on ſhades lament their former lives,
Their huſbands ſome, and ſome betray'd their wives.
Now of myſelf above the reſt I tell,
And ſhow the crime that doom'd me here to dwell.

Great was my beauty when this deathleſs mind
Was cloath'd in fleſh, and though of womankind
None match'd my form, I know not which was moſt,
My perſon's charms, or pride thoſe charms to boaſt.
A knight there was in Thrace, whoſe noble name
For martial proweſs ſtood the firſt in fame,

Ver. 106. —— *he, the wandering gueſt,*] I know not what the defenders of Æneas will ſay to Arioſto, for placing their hero in ſuch company; but, upon the whole, I believe the ladies will not think themſelves the leſs obliged to him. Surely, let every one frankly confeſs his feelings on the impartial peruſal of the Æneid, and he will not declare his heart ſtrongly affected in favour of a character, which it is ſuppoſed was meant by Virgil for a model of perfection. Who does not revolt at the great incident of the ivth book, and at the other incidents in the latter part of the poem, where a foreign prince comes to ſeparate two lovers, apparently plighted to each other, and for whom I will venture to affirm, that every reader of ſenſibility feels an intereſt? May it not, with the utmoſt deference to great authority, be obſerved, that this conduct ſeems wonderful in a writer of ſuch conſummate judgment as Virgil?

Who

Who oft had heard from foreign tongues declare
My blooming grace, the faireſt of the fair:
Fir'd with my praiſe, to me th' enamour'd youth
Decreed the tender of his love and truth;
Nor thought, ſuch merit pleading on his ſide,
To find his heart refus'd, his ſuit deny'd.
To Lydia then he came, where when he view'd
My every grace, he found his ſoul ſubdu'd.
Awhile reſiding at my father's court
Amidſt the knights that thither made reſort,
His honours grew, and oft in fight ſo well
His ſword prevail'd; that now 'twere long to tell,
What deeds he wrought for one whoſe thankleſs mind
But ill deſerv'd ſuch matchleſs worth to find.
By him my ſire Cilicia's kingdom won,
And Caria and Pamphilia's land o'er-run.
Without his counſel never would he ſhow
The martial troops array'd againſt a foe,
The knight, who deem'd his ſervice well might claim
The royal favour, to the monarch came,
And begg'd, for all his hard-earn'd glorious ſpoils,
My hand in marriage to reward his toils.
His ſuit the king refus'd, who ſought to join
His daughter to ſome prince's nobler line,

Not

Not to a knight, to whom the fates afford
No wealth or power, ſave honour and his ſword.
So much, alas! could gold my ſire entice,
Deteſted avarice! nurſe of every vice!
To worth or virtue he inclines his ears,
As the dull aſs the heavenly minſtrel hears.
When now the knight (Alceſtes was his name)
Found that withheld, to which he urg'd his claim
Of juſt deſert, he left us with a threat
The king hereafter ſhould too late regret
My hand deny'd: Armenia then he gain'd,
Whoſe king with Lydia's king long ſtrife maintain'd,
And late with grief had ſeen more powerful grow
The hated empire of his deadly foe.
Him ſoon Alceſtes urges to prepare
His bands, and on my ſire renew the war:
Himſelf, ſo fam'd in battle, at their head,
Againſt the Lydian realm the forces led.
He vow'd to conquer in Armenia's right
Whate'er he won, ſave only to requite
His glorious ſervice, he reſerv'd my charms
Of all the ſpoils that crown'd the victor's arms.
How ſhall I tell when my ſtern lover fought,
What woes, what ruin on my ſire he brought!

Ver. 149. *As the dull aſs* —] An old proverb—*Aſinus ad lyram.* See ERASMUS.

His

His armies thrice he broke, and ere the ſun
One year had circled, all his towns he won;
All, ſave a caſtle, ſtrongly built, that roſe
On hanging cliffs; here from th' exulting foes
The king retir'd, and here with fearful haſte,
His neareſt friends and choiceſt treaſure plac'd.
But now ſo cloſe the ſiege Alceſtes preſs'd,
That ſoon my wretched father, ſore diſtreſt,
Had gladly made me with a kingdom's dower
His wife, the ſlave or vaſſal of his power,
T' avert the greater ill—for well he knows
This fort at length muſt yield before the foes,
And he his life in cruel bondage cloſe.
Now every means of ſafety to purſue
In ſuch extreme, he fix'd on me, who drew
Such ruin down, to quit this laſt retreat,
And in his camp incens'd Alceſtes meet.
To him (ſo bade my ſire) I took my way,
My captive perſon at his feet to lay,
And beg him at our prayer his wrath to ceaſe,
T' accept our proffer'd terms, and grant the peace.
Alceſtes, when my near approach he heard,
With eager haſte to meet my ſteps appear'd:
Pale in my ſight the trembling lover ſtood,
And leſs my victor than my priſoner ſhow'd.

I ſaw

I ſaw big paſſion ſtruggling in his breaſt,
And for new wiles my purpos'd ſpeech ſuppreſs'd;
Then took the fair occaſion to reprove
The dire effects of his diſaſtrous love;
I curs'd a love that thus oppreſs'd my ſire,
And ſought by force t' accompliſh its deſire;
That waited not till time with ſtealing pace
(Ere many days) had crown'd with better grace
His fondeſt wiſh, but ſully'd thus the fame
Which once with king and peers his deeds might claim.
Though Lydia's ſovereign might his ſuit deny,
As one, whom nature fram'd not to comply
With firſt demands, ill ſuited the pretence
(I cry'd) to break his faith for ſuch offence.
Should ſtill my father with determin'd mind
Refuſe my hand, my prayers a way might find
To bend his will, or if they fail'd to bend,
Who knew what next my boſom would intend?
But ſince he ſought far other means to prove,
My ſoul was fix'd to ſpurn his hated love;
And though I came, compell'd by cruel fate,
In dear compaſſion for a parent's ſtate,
Yet little tranſport could attend thoſe charms
Which force, not choice, had yielded to his arms.

Soon might this hand the purple current ſpill
Of loathſome life, thus offer'd to fulfil
The cruel wiſhes of ungovern'd will.

In words like theſe I ſpoke, for well I view'd
His haughty ſpirit by my looks ſubdu'd.
I ſaw his face with ſudden grief o'ercaſt;
So mourn ſequeſter'd ſaints offences paſt.
Low at my knees he bent, and humbly pray'd,
While from his ſide he drew the ſhining blade,
The murderous weapon at his hand to take,
And for his fault his life an offering make.

He thus diſpos'd, I deem'd the conqueſt won,
And to complete the work ſo well begun,
I gave him fraudful hopes he yet might prove
By future deeds deſerving of my love;
If, former guilt aton'd, his arm once more
Would to his ancient ſeat my ſire reſtore,
And ſeek henceforth to win a miſtreſs' charms
By gentle ſervice, not by force of arms.
His faith now pledg'd, he to the fort again
Reſtor'd me free and guiltleſs of a ſtain;
Nor aſk'd one kiſs his ſufferings to requite—
Judge if he felt affection's burthen light!
Judge if for me Love fill'd not all his heart;
If Love for me employ'd not every dart.

Armenia's

Armenia's king he ſought; to whoſe domain
His lips had vow'd whate'er his ſword might gain;
And urg'd him cloſe, with every bland addreſs,
To let my ſire again his realms poſſeſs,
To him reſign each conquer'd Lydian town,
And bound his empire with Armenia's crown.
The king, whoſe cheek with wrath indignant burn'd,
To young Alceſtes anſwer proud return'd;
And vow'd no more his army to diſband,
While yet my father held a foot of land;
But ſince a worthleſs woman's words could turn
Alceſtes' purpoſe, let Alceſtes mourn
Such fickle change, 'twas not for him to loſe,
At his requeſt, a victor's glorious dues.
Again Alceſtes urg'd, again he pray'd;
Not prayer, nor reaſons could the king perſuade.
At length, incens'd, he ſwore in threatening ſtrain
That force ſhould win what mildneſs fail'd to gain.
Rage kindling rage with many a wrathful word,
Againſt the king Alceſtes bar'd his ſword,
And ſlew him, ſpite of each ſurrounding friend,
Who with drawn weapon would his prince defend.
That day th' Armenians fled before his hand;
And his brave followers aided with a band
Of Thracians and Cilicians by his pay maintain'd.

Nor fail'd the knight his fortune to purſue,
Yet from my ſire no ſmalleſt ſtipend drew
T' aſſiſt the war; but in a month reſtor'd
The Lydian kingdom to its ancient lord.
For all the loſs that Lydia's crown ſuſtain'd,
Beſide the riches which in battle gain'd
He gave my ſire, he to his empire joins
The lands ſubdu'd, and levies heavy fines
Through all Armenia, Cappadocia's reign,
And rude Hircania to the diſtant main.
Inſtead of triumph his return to greet
We fain with death the victor chief would meet,
But fear withheld us, ſince we knew full well
He, ſtrong in friends, could every force repel:
Hence, feigning love, I gave him, day by day,
Such flattering hope as better might betray;
But, ere our nuptials, wiſh'd him for my ſake
On other foes his proof of arms to make.
Now ſingly, now attended by a few,
I ſent him ſtrange adventures to purſue;
To ſeeming death I ſent—but ſtill I found
With glorious conqueſt all his labours crown'd.
Whene'er he went—the fight he victor wag'd;
Full oft with monſters front to front engag'd,

Giants

Giants and Leſtrigons, whoſe ſavage band
With brutal force infeſted Lydia's land.
Not ſo Alcides, by his ſtep-dame's wiles
And fierce Euryſtheus, was expos'd to toils,
In Lerna's lake, in Thrace, Nemea's wood,
Etolia's vallies, near Iberus' flood;
In Erymanthus' groves, along the ſtrand
Of winding Tyber, or Numidia's ſand;
As this brave youth, on whom my art had wrought
With feign'd endearments, while each murderous thought
On every trial urg'd his dauntleſs might,
To drive a hated lover from my ſight.
My aim deceiv'd—another ſcheme I try'd,
From thoſe he lov'd his friendſhip to divide.
What ſhall I ſay? The empreſs of his ſoul,
My word, my nod could every deed control;
To me he ſacrific'd each deareſt name,
The ties of amity and calls of fame;
Till all my father's foes remov'd I view'd,
And raſh Alceſtes by himſelf ſubdu'd.
Loſt were his friends—and what till then conceal'd
I kept, now undiſguis'd my tongue reveal'd.
I own'd what hatred had my boſom fir'd,
And own'd I every way his death deſir'd.

Yet pondering what I wiſh'd, too well I knew
That public odium would the deed purſue
Which reach'd his life; his worth to all diſplay'd
Would move their rage for ſervice ſo repaid.
Hence (all I could) I doom'd the hapleſs knight
To live for ever baniſh'd from my ſight:
To every plaint I turn'd a deafen'd ear,
Nor letters would receive, nor meſſage hear.
Struck with my baſe ingratitude, he pin'd
With ſecret anguiſh, till his health declin'd
From bad to worſe, and while in vain he ſtrove
With many a prayer my ſtubborn heart to move,
On his ſick bed in agonizing throes
He found a period to his life and woes.
Lo! here the judgment that my ſin purſues
With ſtifling fumes, while tears my eyes ſuffuſe;
And here in ſorrow muſt I ever dwell,
Since no redemption can be found in Hell.

When wretched Lydia thus had ceas'd to ſpeak,
The fearleſs duke preſs'd on, reſolv'd to ſeek
What other ſhades might there in pains reſide;
But deeper darkneſs further paſs deny'd.
The ſmoke whoſe wreaths th' offending ghoſts encloſe
In vaporous torment, denſe and denſer grows.

And

And now the warrior turn'd his eager feet
With backward tread, in ſafety to retreat,
Leſt life, with vapours clogg'd, ſhould quit her weary ſeat;
Now with light ſtep the dreary path he preſs'd,
The rock quick ſounding as his ſpeed increas'd,
Aſcending ſtill, till ſhot from upper day
He ſees through mournful night a trembling ray;
At length the realms of woe and pain he leaves,
And iſſuing to our world new light and life receives.
Againſt thoſe ravenous fiends the paſs to cloſe,
And back to earth their fearful courſe oppoſe,
Huge ſtones he heaves, and with his trenchant blade
Hews many a tree of thick and odorous ſhade:
Then to the work his noble hands he bends,
And with ſtrong fence the dreary mouth defends.
Where long, high heap'd, the crags and trunks remain,
And Hell's dire harpies in their cave reſtrain.
But while Aſtolpho in th' infernal womb
Remain'd in ſmoke and ſubterraneous gloom,
His burniſh'd arms the pitchy fumes confeſs'd,
That, deep pervading, pierc'd the covering veſt:
And now he ſeeks to cleanſe each ſully'd limb;
When iſſuing from a rock he finds a ſtream

That forms an ample lake, where plung'd he laves
From head to foot in limpid cleanſing waves.
His courſer then he mounts, and upward ſprings
To reach the mountain's top with daring wings;
And view thoſe ſeats by fame reported near
The ſilver circle of the lunar ſphere.
Such ardent wiſhes in his boſom glow,
He pants for Heaven and ſpurns the world below,
Aſcending till with rapid ſteady flight
He gains the manſions of ſupernal light.
Not emerald here ſo bright a verdure yields
As the fair turf of thoſe celeſtial fields,
O'er whoſe glad face the balmy ſeaſon pours
The vernal beauties of a thouſand flowers.
He ſees the meads one intermingled blaze,
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling rays
With endleſs tints: he marks the ruby's hue,
The yellow topaz, and the ſapphire blue.
At once the trees with leaves unfading grow;
The fruits are ripen'd and the bloſſoms blow;

Ver. 365. *To reach the mountain's top*—] Arioſto here imitates Dante in deſcribing this mountain, where he places the terreſtrial paradiſe, and, after him, makes Aſtolpho purify himſelf with ablutions, from the ſmoke of the infernal regions, before he enters the ſeat of bliſs.

While

While frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing
Amid the boughs in notes melodious ſing.
Still lakes and murmuring ſtreams, with waters clear,
Charm the fix'd eye and lull the liſtening ear.
A ſoftening genial air, that ever ſeems
In even tenor, cools the ſolar beams
With fanning breeze, while from th' enamell'd field
Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the bloſſoms yield
Of grateful ſmell, the ſtealing gales diſpenſe
The blended ſweets to feed th' immortal ſenſe.
Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,
Like living flame, emits a ſtreamy light,
And wrapt in ſplendors of refulgent day,
Outſhines the ſtrength of every mortal ray.
Aſtolpho gently now directs his ſteed
To where the ſpacious pile enfolds the mead
In circuit wide, and views with raptur'd eyes
Each nameleſs charm that happy ſoil ſupplies.
With this compar'd, he deems our world below
A dreary deſert and a ſeat of woe,

Ver. 388.— *while from th' enamell'd field*] The following paſſage has much of the ſpirit of this deſcription of Arioſto.

——— now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. PARAD. LOST, B. iv. v. 156.

By

By Heaven and Nature from their wrath beſtow'd
In evil hour for man's unbleſt abode.
Near and more near the ſtately walls he drew
In ſteadfaſt gaze, tranſported at the view:
One gem intire they ſeem'd, of purer red
Than deepening gleams tranſparent rubies ſhed;
Such walls as no Dedalean art could raiſe,
Stupendous work tranſcending mortal praiſe.
No more let man the boaſted ſeven proclaim,
Thoſe wonders of the world ſo chronicled by Fame!
Before the palace, at the ſhining gate
A ſage appears the duke's approach to wait,
Whoſe aged limbs a veſt and mantle hide,
This milky hu'd, and that with crimſon dy'd:
Adown his breaſt a length of beard he wears
All ſilvery white, and ſilvery white his hairs:
His mien beſpeaks th' elect of heavenly grace,
And Paradiſe ſeems open'd in his face.

Ver. 411. *Thoſe wonders of the world*—] The wonders of the world to which the poet alludes, were ſeven in number, according to Pliny. I. The city of Babylon. II. The temple of Diana at Epheſus. III. The ſtatue of Jupiter Olympus. IV. The coloſſus of Rhodes. V. The palace of Cyrus, built by Memnon. VI. The pyramids of Egypt. VII. The ſepulchre of Mauſolus, built by his wife Artemiſia queen of Caria.

Then to the champion, who his ſeat forſook
With reverend awe, he with benignant look
Theſe words addreſs'd — O thou! by GOD's high will
Alone conducted to this holy hill;
While little yet thou ſeeſt the mighty cauſe
That to this place thy myſtic journey draws:
Without a miracle thou could'ſt not ſteer
So high above the Arctic hemiſphere,
Sent from afar, unconſcious, to debate
With me the welfare of the Chriſtian ſtate;
How Charles with needful ſuccour to retrieve,
And from its foes our hallow'd faith relieve.
Not to thy wiſdom or ſuperior might,
Hither, O ſon! aſcribe thy daring flight:
For know, if GOD's aſſiſting hand had fail'd,
Nor horn, nor winged ſteed had aught avail'd.
Hereafter more at leiſure ſhall we dwell
On themes ſo high; then ſhalt thou hear me tell
What Heaven deſigns; but firſt with due repaſt
Refreſh thy ſtrength, unnerv'd with length of faſt.
So ſpoke the holy ſire: the duke amaz'd,
With heart-felt awe and mute attention gaz'd:
When now the Saint diſclos'd his ſacred name,
He, from whoſe pen th' eternal goſpel came,

That

That holy John, who, while on earth, poſſeſs'd
So dear a place in his Redeemer's breaſt:
Of whom the fame among his brethren ſpread,
That time ſhould ne'er conſign him to the dead:
And thus we find in heavenly writ diſplay'd,
The Son of GOD to Peter anſwer made;
"Why art thou troubled? What if I decree
His tarriance here my laſt return to ſee?"
Yet told he not this ſaint ſhould never die,
Though what he told might well no leſs imply.
Lo! hither was he borne, and here to ſhare
With him in bliſs, he found a heavenly pair:
Here ancient Enoch, here Elias dwell'd,
Who neither had the hour of death beheld.

Ver. 444. *That holy John,*—] The following lines allude to a paſſage in the New Teſtament, from which ſome of the early Chriſtians have inferred that Saint John was exempted from death. The legend ſays, that having attained the age of one hundred years, he cauſed a tomb to be built, and ſhut himſelf therein alive; but that a wonderful light ſoon ſurrounded the tomb, which blinded the eyes of the ſpectators: the light vaniſhing and ſearch being made, the apoſtle was ſeen no more. Such a tradition joined to the text, was, for a poet like Arioſto, a ſufficient foundation for a fiction, by no means the wildeſt in his poem, when we conſider the innumerable legends of ſaints, the belief of which was in his time ſo prevalent throughout the Chriſtian world.

Above

Above our air, which noxious fumes annoy,
Theſe happy three unfading ſpring enjoy,
Till the laſt notes th' Angelic trump ſhall ſound,
And CHRIST in clouds appear with glory crown'd.
Each ſaint with welcome comes the knight to meet,
And courteous lead him to their bleſt retreat,
Where, near at hand, fair ample ſtalls retain
His flying courſer, fed with generous grain.
Before the knight delicious fruits are plac'd;
Fruits cull'd in Paradiſe, whoſe flavorous taſte
He ſurely thought might ſome forgiveneſs win
For our firſt parent's diſobedient ſin.
When now th' adventurous duke was well ſupply'd
With every need ſuch dwelling could provide;
When nature's calls refreſh'd; when genial food,
And balmy ſlumber had his ſtrength renew'd;
Aurora riſing, who with bluſhing charms,
All night repos'd in old Tithonus' arms;
He left his early couch, and near him ſtood
The ſage diſciple ſo belov'd of GOD,
Who graſp'd his hand, and in diſcourſe reveal'd
High truths in converſe long, though here conceal'd.
Then thus—Since leaving France thou mayſt not tell
What to thy dear Orlando there befel;

Learn

Learn that the chief whoſe valour once in fight
Maintain'd the truth, forſaking now the right,
Is ſcourg'd by God, who when his anger moves,
With heavier wrath afflicts whom moſt he loves. 485
Thy dear Orlando, at his favour'd birth
Endow'd by Heaven above the ſons of earth
With nerves and courage, gifted to ſuſtain
With limbs unhurt each weapon aim'd in vain:
To whom ſuch virtue Heaven's Supreme had lent 490
To guard his faith unſtain'd; as when he ſent
Great Sampſon forth, to ſave with mighty hand
His Hebrews from the fierce Philiſtine band:

Ver. 486. *Thy dear Orlando,*—] In the poem of Aſpramonte, after Orlando had ſlain Donchiero, a famous knight with whom he fought three days, we are told of the particular grace conferred on Orlando by the Holy Trinity; that no enemy ſhould ever withſtand his force in ſingle combat above three days.

Queſto tal caſo non potea mancare
Peroche Orlando quando alle baſtie
Affattato fu el corpo d'alto affare
Quando che a lui venneli ſanti trie
Diſſe neſſuno li' poſſa durare
A la bataglia più che il terzo die;
Hor laſſo di quei ſanti el lor deſio
Torno a Gerardo ——

ASPRAMONTE, c. xxxiii.

Behold

Behold that ſame Orlando now afford
An ill return to Heaven's Almighty lord!
So far a Pagan damſel's form could move
His hapleſs boſom to deteſted love;
That, more than once he for her beauty's ſake
Prepar'd his faithful kinſman's life to take.
Hence him, in juſtice, God's high doom aſſign'd
Naked to rove, an outcaſt of mankind;
Has quench'd each ſenſe, in wretched frenzy toſt,
Loſt to his friends, to all remembrance loſt.
So God, of old, in annals pure we read,
In penance for his heavy ſins, decreed
A monarch ſeven long years to graze the plain,
And like the brutal ox his wretched life ſuſtain.
But ſince the Paladin leſs guilt incurr'd,
Than he, condemn'd to mingle with the herd,
Three months alone, the ſage decrees of Heaven
Th' allotted time to atone his fault have given.
Not for leſs cauſe to this celeſtial height,
Our dear Redeemer now permits thy flight;

Ver. 499. —— *his faithful kinſman's life* —] Rinaldo, with whom Orlando fought for Angelica, as appears from Boyardo.

Ver. 506. *A monarch ſeven long years* —] Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon.

Than

Than from my lips ſuch counſel to receive,
That loſt Orlando may his wits retrieve.
But firſt this globe of earth and ſea forſake,
And led by me, a flight more daring take
To yonder moon, that in its orbit rolls
The neareſt planet to our earthly poles.
Lo! there is kept, what only can ſupply
Orlando's wiſdom, once eſteem'd ſo high;
And when this night above our heads in view
She wheels her courſe, our journey we'll purſue.
Thus all the live-long day th' apoſtle mild
With ſage diſcourſe the flying hours beguil'd;
But when the ſun was ſunk in ocean's ſtream,
And from her horns the moon her ſilver beam
Above them ſhed, a wondrous car appear'd
That oft through thoſe bright fields of ether ſteer'd:
The ſame that where Judean mountains riſe,
Receiv'd Elias, rapt from mortal eyes.
Four courſers, red as flame, the hallow'd ſage,
The bleſt hiſtorian of the ſacred page,
Join'd to the yoke; and now the reins he held;
And, by Aſtolpho plac'd, the ſteeds impell'd
To riſe aloft: ſoft roſe the wondrous car,
The wheels ſmooth turning through the yielding air;

The

The favour'd warrior and the guiding ſeer
Aſcending till they reach'd the torrid ſphere:
Here fire eternal burns, but while they paſs'd,
No noxious heat the raging vapours caſt.
Through all this elemental flame they ſoar'd,
And next the circle of the moon explor'd,
Whoſe ſpheric face in many a part outſhin'd
The poliſh'd ſteel from ſpots and ruſt refin'd:
Its orb, increaſing to their nearer eyes,
Swell'd like the earth, and ſeem'd an earth in ſize,
Like this huge globe, whoſe wide extended ſpace
Vaſt oceans with circumfluent waves embrace.
Aſtolpho wondering view'd what to our ſight
Appears a narrow round of ſilver light:
Nor could he thence but with a ſharpen'd eye
And bending brow our lands and ſeas deſcry,
The land and ſeas he left, which, clad in ſhade
So far remote, to viewleſs forms decay'd.
Far other lakes than ours this region yields,
Far other rivers, and far other fields;

Ver. 552. *Nor could he thence* —] Very like this is the paſſage in Taſſo, where the poet deſcribes the viſion of Godfrey, where the hero takes a view of the earth at an immenſe diſtance beneath him.

Far other vallies, plains, and hills ſupplies,
Where ſtately cities, towns, and caſtles riſe.
Here lonely woods large tracts of land embrace,
Where ſylvan nymphs purſue the ſavage chace. 561
Deep in a vale, conducted by his guide,
Where roſe a mountain ſteep on either ſide,

He

Ver. 562. *Deep in a vale, conducted* —] Milton has tranſlated a few lines of this paſſage:

His guide him brings
Into a goodly valley, where he ſees
Things that on earth were loſt or were abus'd, &c.

His account of the Limbo of Vanity is wonderfully in the ſpirit of Arioſto, and undoubtedly the idea was caught from the Italian poet. This line plainly alludes to Arioſto:

Not in the neighbouring moon, as ſome have dream'd.

Deſcribing Satan on the outer convex of this planetary ſyſtem, he thus proceeds:

——— the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living or lifeleſs to be found was none;
None yet, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aerial vapours flew,
Of all things tranſitory' and vain, when ſin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory' or laſting fame.

All

He came, and ſaw (a wonder to relate)
Whate'er was waſted in our earthly ſtate
Here ſafely treaſur'd: each neglected good;
Time ſquander'd, or occaſion ill-beſtow'd.
Not only here are wealth and ſceptres found,
That, ever changing, ſhift th' unſteady round:

All th' unaccompliſh'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monſtrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Diſſolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final diſſolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring moon, as ſome have dream'd:

Hither of ill-join'd ſons and daughters born,
Firſt from the ancient world thoſe giants came—

Others came ſingle; he who to be deem'd
A God, leapt fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedecles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's elyſium, leapt into the ſea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery:

——— all theſe upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backſide of the world far off
Into a Limbo, large and broad, ſince call'd
The Paradiſe of Fools —— PARAD. LOST, B. iii.

Mr. Addiſon has cenſured this paſſage as beneath the dignity of Milton's ſubject, but, what is very extraordinary, does not ſeem to know how cloſely he has followed Arioſto.

But thoſe poſſeſſions, while on earth we live,
Which Fortune's hand can neither take nor give.
Much fame is there, which here the creeping hours
Conſume till time at length the whole devours.
There vows and there unnumber'd prayers remain,
Which oft to God the ſinner makes in vain.
The frequent tears that lovers' eyes ſuffuſe;
The ſighs they breathe: the days that gameſters loſe.
The leiſure given which fools ſo oft neglect;
The weak deſigns that never take effect.
Whate'er deſires the mortal breaſt aſſail,
In countleſs numbers fill th' encumber'd vale.
For know whate'er is loſt by human kind,
Aſcending here you treaſur'd ſafe may find.
The wondering Paladin the heaps admir'd,
And now of theſe and now of thoſe enquir'd.
Of bladders huge a mountain he beheld,
That ſeem'd within by ſhouts and tumults ſwell'd,
And imag'd found by theſe the crowns of yore
Which Lydian and Aſſyrian monarchs wore,
Which Greeks and Perſians own'd, once great in fame,
And ſcarcely now remember'd but in name.
Of gold and ſilver form'd, a heapy load
Of hooks he ſaw, and theſe were gifts beſtow'd

By

By needy ſlaves, in hope of rich rewards,
On greedy princes, kings, and patron lords.
He ſaw in garlands many a ſnare conceal'd;
And flatteries baſe his guide in theſe reveal'd.
There forms of creaking graſshoppers he ſpy'd;
Smooth verſes theſe to fawning praiſe apply'd.
There ſparkling chains he found and knots of gold,
The ſpecious ties that ill-pair'd lovers hold.
There eagles' talons lay, which here below
Are power that lords on deputies beſtow.
On every cliff were numerous bellows caſt,
Great princes' favours theſe that never laſt;
Given to their minions firſt in early prime,
And ſoon again reſum'd with ſtealing time.
Cities he ſaw o'erturn'd, and towers deſtroy'd,
And endleſs treaſures ſcatter'd through the void:
Of theſe he aſk'd; and theſe (reply'd the ſire)
Were treaſons foul, and machinations dire.
He ſerpents then with female faces view'd,
Of coiners and of thieves the hateful brood.
Of broken vials many heaps there lay;
Theſe were the ſervices that courts repay.
He ſaw a ſteaming liquid ſcatter'd round
Of ſavoury food; and from his teacher found

That this was alms, which, while his laſt he breathes,
A wretched ſinner to the poor bequeaths.
Then to a hill of vary'd flowers they went,
That ſweet before, now yields a fetid ſcent;
This (let me dare to ſpeak) that preſent ſhow'd,
Which on Sylveſter Conſtantine beſtow'd.
Of bird-lime twigs he ſaw vaſt numbers there;
And theſe, O gentle dames! your beauties were.
Vain is th' attempt in ſtory to comprize
Whate'er Aſtolpho ſaw with wondering eyes:
A thouſand told, ten thouſand would remain;
Each toil, each loſs, each chance that men ſuſtain,

Save

Ver. 623. *Which on Sylveſter Conſtantine beſtow'd.*] "By this gift is underſtood the city of Rome, which Conſtantine the Great gave Pope Sylveſter, which he ſaith now ſtinketh, becauſe of their ſins." Sir JOHN HARRINGTON.

In the firſt edition of the poem the paſſage ſtood thus:

Ad un monte di roſe e gigli paſſo,
Ch'ebbe già buon odor, or putia forte;
Ch'era corrotto: e da Giovanni inteſe
Che fù un gran don' ch'un gran ſignor mal ſpeſe.

Where roſes and where lilies grew he went,
A hill once ſweet, but now of fetid ſcent,
Corrupt and foul! — and this his teacher ſhow'd,
A gift by mighty hands but ill beſtow'd.

"It

Save Folly, which alone pervades them all;
For Folly never quits this earthly ball.
There his paſt time miſpent, and deeds apply'd
To little good, Aſtolpho ſoon eſpy'd;
Yet theſe, though clear beheld, had ne'er been known
But that his guide explain'd them for his own.
At length they came to that whoſe want below
None e'er perceiv'd, or breath'd for this his vow;
That choiceſt gift of Heaven, by Wit expreſt,
Of which each mortal deems himſelf poſſeſt.
Of this Aſtolpho view'd a wondrous ſtore,
Surpaſſing all his eyes had view'd before.
It ſeem'd a fluid maſs of ſubtleſt kind,
Still apt to mount, if not with care confin'd:

"It is very remarkable that the poet had the boldneſs to place among theſe imaginary treaſures, the famous deed of gift of Conſtantine to Pope Silveſter. It may be obſerved in general, to the honour of the poets both ancient and modern, that they have ever been ſome of the firſt, who have detected and oppoſed the falſe claims and miſchievous uſurpations of ſuperſtition and ſlavery. Nor can this be wondered at, ſince theſe two are the greateſt enemies, not only to all true happineſs, but to all true genius."

ESSAY on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. i. p. 252. 4th Edit.

See Note to Book xvii. ver. 552, on the ſame ſubject.

But gather'd there he view'd it ſafely clos'd,
In many a vaſe of various ſize diſpos'd.
Above the reſt the veſſel's bulk excell'd,
Whoſe womb Orlando's godlike reaſon held:
This well he knew, for on its ſide were writ
Theſe words in letters fair, ORLANDO'S WIT.
Thus every vaſe in characters explain'd
The names of thoſe whoſe wits the vaſe contain'd:
Much of his own the noble duke amaz'd
Amongſt them view'd, but wondering more he gaz'd
To ſee the wits of thoſe, whom late he thought
Above their earthly peers with wiſdom fraught.
But who can ſuch a fleeting treaſure boaſt,
From ſome new cauſe each hour, each moment loſt?
One, while he loves; one, ſeeking fame to gain;
One, wealth purſuing through the ſtormy main;
One, truſting to the hopes which great men raiſe,
One, whom ſome ſcheme of magic guile betrays.
Some, from their wits for fond purſuits depart,
For jewels, paintings, and the works of art,

Ver. 649. ORLANDO'S WIT.] This fiction of Arioſto is moſt wittily alluded to by Mr. Pope in his Rape of the Lock, accompanied with a fine ſtroke of ſatire: ſpeaking of things loſt in the moon, he ſays:

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vaſes,
And beaux' in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer caſes.

Of poets' wits, in airy viſions loſt,
Great ſtore he read; of thoſe who to their coſt
The wandering maze of ſophiſtry purſu'd,
And thoſe who vain preſaging planets view'd.
The vaſe that held his own Aſtolpho took,
So will'd the writer of the myſtic book *,
Beneath his noſtril held, with quick aſcent
Back to its place the wit returning went.
The duke (in holy Turpin's page is read)
Long time a life of ſage diſcretion led,
Till one frail thought his brain again bereft
Of wit, and ſent it to the place it left.
The ampleſt veſſel fill'd above the reſt
With that fam'd ſenſe which once the earl poſſeſs'd,
Aſtolpho ſeiz'd, and found a heavier load
Than plac'd amidſt th' unnumber'd heap, it ſhow'd.
Ere yet for earth they quit that ſphere of light,
The ſage Apoſtle leads the Chriſtian knight
Within a ſtately dome, where, faſt beſide
A rapid river rolls its conſtant tide.
Here heap'd with many a fleece each room he views,
And ſilk and wool unwrought of various hues.

Some

* THE APOCALYPSE.

Ver. 684. *Here heap'd with many a fleece*—] Arioſto takes the general idea of the Parcæ, from the well-known heathen mythology, with a genius that never borrowed any cir-

Some fair, ſome foul: a beldame theſe with ſkill
Selects, and whirling round the rapid reel
Draws the fine thread: ſo from the reptile ſwarms
Whoſe induſtry the ſilken texture forms,
The village maid untwines the moiſten'd flue,
When ſummer bids the pleaſing taſk renew.
A ſecond beldame from the firſt receives
Each finiſh'd work, while in its ſtead ſhe leaves
A fleece unſpun: a third, with equal care
Divides, when ſpun, th' ill-favour'd from the fair.
What means this myſtic ſhow?—Aſtolpho cries
To holy John—and thus the Saint replies.
In yonder aged dames the Parcæ know,
Who weave the thread of human life below.
Long as the fleeces laſt, ſo long extend
The days of man, but with the fleece they end.
With watchful eyes ſee Death and Nature wait,
And mark the hour to cloſe each mortal date.

circumſtance from another without embelliſhing it with his own inventive fancy: he makes the fair fleeces the type of a good, and the foul of an ill life; in which he might probably have an eye to the following paſſages of Statius and Seneca.

Ergo dies aderat parcarum conditus albo
Vellere ——

And Seneca in the life of the tyrant Nero, proſtitutes his praiſe in this line:

Aurea formoſo deſcendant pollice fila.

The

The beauteous threads ſelected from the reſt,
Are types of happy ſouls amid the bleſt;
Theſe form'd for Paradiſe: the bad are thoſe
Condemn'd for ſin to never-ending woes.
Of all the fleeces by the beldame wrought,
Of all the fleeces to the ſpindle brought,
The living names were caſt in many a mold
Of iron, ſilver, and reſplendent gold;
Theſe, heap'd together, form'd a mighty pile,
And hence an aged ſire, with ceaſeleſs toil,
Names after names within his mantle bore,
And ſtill, from time to time, return'd for more:

Ver. 713. *And hence an aged ſire*—] The following paſſage is ſo beautifully imagined, and ſo diverſified with circumſtances, as to form perhaps one of the fineſt allegories in this or any poem.

Of all the fictions of Arioſto, the flight of Aſtolpho to the moon muſt, for ſurpriſe and novelty of ſubject, take the ſtrongeſt hold on the reader: we experience here the power of a great and eccentric genius, who without any reſtraint, gives a looſe to the reins of his imagination, and with his adventurous knight on his own Ippogrifo, ſoars

Beyond the viſible diurnal ſphere!

Amidſt the general wildneſs, and perhaps abſurdity of particular parts in this book, we are hurried along by the ſtrength and livelineſs of the poet's deſcriptive powers, and have no leiſure to attend to the cool phlegm of criticiſm!

So light he ſeem'd, ſo rapid in his pace,
As from his birth inur'd to lead the race.
Whither he went, and why he cours'd ſo well,
On what deſign, th' enſuing book ſhall tell;
If, as you ſtill were wont, with favouring ear
You ſeem intent the pleaſing tale to hear.

END OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK.

THE

THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Discourse of Saint John with Aſtolpho. Allegory of Time. Eulogium on writers. Bradamant meets with Flordelis, and undertakes to deliver Brandimart from the hands of Rodomont. Her jouſt with the Pagan on the bridge. Bradamant arrives with Flordelis at the walls of Arli, and ſends Flordelis with a challenge to Rogero. She unhorſes, at three ſeveral encounters, Serpentino, Grandonio, and Ferrau.

THE

THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

AH! who, my fair, will wing his flight ſo high
To fetch my wandering wits from yonder ſky;
My wits, ſtill waſting, ſince the fatal dart
Came from thoſe lovely eyes to pierce my heart?
Nor will I yet of baniſh'd ſenſe complain,
Let me the little I've preſerv'd retain:
But thus decreaſing ſtill, when all is flown
I in Orlando's fate may paint my own.
Yet, to retrieve my loſs, I need not ſoar
So far from earth, or Paradiſe explore;
Or to the circle of the moon repair;
My waining wits are never treaſur'd there.
No—in your eyes, your lovely face they ſtray,
Your ivory neck, your boſom's milky way;

Then

Then let theſe lips your favouring grace obtain
To ſearch thoſe charms till I grow wiſe again.

When now the knight had ſeen the fatal wheel
Its ſcanty thread to wretched mortals deal,
From room to room through all the dome he ſtray'd,
And every future life unſpun ſurvey'd.
Amidſt the reſt a beauteous fleece he view'd;
Not radiant gold ſuch beamy luſtre ſhew'd,
Nor gems, if drawn to threads by wondrous art,
Could reach in dazzling light its thouſandth part.
This fleece, that midſt a countleſs ſtore excell'd,
With raptur'd gaze the wondering duke beheld;
And much he long'd to know what age ſhould claim
This valu'd life, and whoſe the happy name.
To him the great Evangeliſt replies:
This glorious ſtar ſhall to your world ariſe,
Ere yet, by twenty years, is mark'd on earth
With M and D the WORD's Incarnate Birth.

Ver. 31. *Ere yet, by twenty years,*—] The poet means the year 1480, in which Hippolito was born, twenty years before the year 1500, marked by the Roman numerals M. D. This conceit will appear ſtrange in Engliſh verſification, but it was thought right to preſerve it. The idea of this expreſſion ſeems from Dante, Paradiſo, Cant. xix. ver. 129.

Vedraſſi al Ciotto di Geruſalemme
Segnata con un I. la ſua bontate;
Quando 'l contrario ſegnera un emme.

As

As through the myſtic ſtore, this fleece ſo fair
Amid ſo many ſhines beyond compare,
So ſhall the life, that iſſues thence, beſtow
Unequall'd bleſſings on mankind below.
Since every grace of genius and of art,
That nature gives, or learning can impart,
Shall there unite to crown with boundleſs fame
This happy mortal's unexampled claim.
'Twixt either horn, where rolls through marſhy lands
The king of floods, an humble village ſtands:
Before it flows the Po; behind, a lake
Turbid and deep collected waters make:
This, now obſcure, in future I foretel
Shall every town in Italy excel,
For walls, and ſtately domes, for every grace
Of poliſh'd life, exalting human race:
For thus has Heaven ordain'd the ſeat to raiſe
Worthy his birth whoſe name employs my praiſe.
So where the hind engrafts the tender fruit,
He tends the plant that feeds the leafy ſhoot:
The ſkilful artiſt ſo the gold refines,
In whoſe bright round a ſparking jewel ſhines.
No other ſoul in your terreſtrial reign
A mortal body ſhall like this obtain;

How

Ver. 55. *No other ſoul—*] Ruſcelli, the Italian commentator, here attempts to apologize for the liberty taken by

How rarely from innumerous ſpirits here
So fair a ſpirit quits this upper ſphere,
As that which Heaven's all-comprehenſive mind
Has for the great Hippolito deſign'd!
Hippolito of Eſte is he nam'd,
By God's decree for countleſs virtues fam'd,
Such virtues, as diffus'd, might well adorn
Full many a mortal in your region born.
Goodneſs by him, by him each ſtudious art
Shall find ſupport; but would I here impart
His high deſervings in as copious ſtrain,
Orlando might expect his wits in vain.

Where roll'd with mingled ſand the troubled flood
The hallow'd ſage and noble warrior ſtood,
To view that aged man who to the ſhore
The ſculptur'd names within his mantle bore.
I know not if you ſtill in memory hold
What late of this myſterious ſire I told,
Of mien decrepid, but whoſe rapid pace
Excell'd the fleeteſt of the ſtags in chace.

Arioſto of introducing Saint John to give ſo hyperbolical a praiſe of Hippolito. But ſurely it is altogether unneceſſary to obſerve, that not only with reſpect to the ſentiment here put in the mouth of the apoſtle, but in many other paſſages of this moſt extraordinary poem, to attempt a ſerious defence of them, muſt be eſteemed an extravagance little leſs than the fictions of the poet; nor can our wonder be raiſed at this ſpeech of Saint John, after the prophecy delivered in the xxixth Book at the death of Iſabella.

With

With ceaſeleſs labour from the heap he took
The various names, and from his veſture ſhook,
As oft as to the water's brink he came,
Th' oblivious waters known by Lethe's name.
What tablets ſinking there, to riſe no more,
The rapid eddies to the bottom bore!
Beſide and o'er the ſtream a feather'd crew
Of crows, of choughs, and ravenous vultures flew,
And many a different bird that hover'd nigh
With clattering pinions and diſcordant cry.
Theſe, as they ſaw the wayward fire diſplay
His treaſure, haſten'd to partake the prey:
One with his crooked talons, one with beak
A tablet ſeiz'd, but found his ſtrength too weak
To bear it far, and when in air he try'd
His daring flight, the weight his flight deny'd.
So Lethe to eternal night muſt give
Theſe honour'd names that well deſerv'd to live.
Amidſt the winged tribe two ſwans appear'd,
White as the banners by my patron rear'd,

Ver. 80. — *Lethe's name.*] Arioſto has feigned Lethe to be in the moon, and Dante places it in purgatory.

Ver. 96. *White as the banners* —] The ſtandard of the houſe of Eſte was a white ſwan.

That each recover'd from the ſtream at will
Some ſinking medal in his ſacred bill;
And ſpite of him who with ſuch fell intent
Innumerous titles from his mantle ſent,
The pious birds a choſen few repriev'd:
Oblivion's whelming gulph the reſt receiv'd.
Along the tide now ſwam the ſnow-white pair,
Now ſoar'd on fluttering wings through yielding air,
Till near the borders of the fatal flood
They reach'd a hill, on whoſe high ſummit ſtood
A temple built to never-dying Fame,
Whence, down the ſteep, a beauteous virgin came,
Of each fair cygnet on the banks to take
The names redeem'd from Lethe's ſilent lake.
Theſe round the ſtatue that ſublimely plac'd
Upon a column's height the center grac'd,
She hung aloft in honour of the fane,
And bade them there unchang'd for ages to remain.
What hoary ſire was this, and why he gave
The names engraven to the greedy wave;
Much of the ſwans to know, the duke deſir'd;
Of that fair virgin and her hill enquir'd;
And much he long'd to hear the ſenſe reveal'd,
Beneath thoſe viſionary forms conceal'd.

All

All this to learn, he aſk'd his gracious guide,
And thus the holy man of God reply'd.
Know firſt, that not a leaf on earth can move
But bears its correſpondent type above.
On earth and here the ſame effects we find,
In ſemblance differing, but alike in kind:
The fire, whoſe beard adown his boſom flows,
Whoſe wondrous ſpeed no mortal equal knows,
Here works the ſame effect in myſtic ſhow,
That time performs on changing things below.
When here the fatal thread of man is ſpun,
Of human life below the courſe is run.
While Fame is there, lo! here her ſemblant ſign,
And both alike were deathleſs, both divine;
But that yon fire here makes the names his prey,
And time below waſtes all with ſlow decay:
This, as thou ſee'ſt, conſigns to whelming tides,
And that for ever in oblivion hides.
Crows, vultures, choughs, and all the feather'd train,
Here ſtrive to bear the ſinking names in vain:
Theſe are on earth the ſervile band and baſe,
Flatterers and paraſites that courts diſgrace;
Buffoons and ſlaves, with every vice indu'd,
But priz'd too oft above the wiſe and good.

All theſe are courtiers call'd, of ſordid mind,
(Like the vile aſs or ſwine's deteſted kind)
Who bred in feaſts to waſte the glutton hour
With greedy taſte the ſavoury cates devour;
Who when the Parcæ end their maſter's days,
When Bacchus or intemperate Venus ſlays,
Bear in their mouths awhile each patron theme,
Then drop the burthen in oblivion's ſtream.
But as the ſwans, with ſoft melodious ſtrain
Convey the medals ſafe to yonder fane;
So virtue's deeds the poet's tuneful breath
Extends to lateſt times beyond the ſtroke of death.
O! happy princes! train'd in learning's lore,
Who tread the path by Cæſar * trod before,
And while you liſt each writer to your ſide
Fear not th' abſorbing waves of Lethe's tide.
Rare as theſe ſwans, ſo rare the poet's name,
Such poets as the Muſes' honours claim:
For Heaven beſtows but with a ſparing hand
Illuſtrious men to grace a favour'd land;
And oft the churliſh lord without regard
Leaves godlike genius pining for reward.
The bad meet ſmiles; the good oppreſſion find;
And noble arts are baniſh'd from mankind,

* AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Sure

Sure Heaven deprives the great of inward light,
To quench their ſouls in intellectual night,
And makes them ſcorn the bard's mellifluous lays,
That death may blot their name to future days.
Would theſe but make one tuneful muſe their friend,
(Whate'er their crimes) their memory might extend
In time's fair page, and favours ſweet diſpenſe
As coſtly myrrh or odorous frankincenſe.
Æneas' ſelf was not ſo pious found,
Nor Hector nor Achilles ſo renown'd
For deeds of arms, but numbers might we tell
Whoſe martial glories could thoſe chiefs excel.
The favour, by their rich deſcendents ſhow'd,
The princely gifts, the palaces beſtow'd,
Exalt their actions to the higheſt praiſe,
That fiction paints or hiſtory can raiſe.
Deem not Auguſtus' life ſo free from blame,
As Virgil's trump delivers him to fame;
His ſkill in verſe and love to bards diſplay'd,
The dire proſcription veils in friendly ſhade.

Not

Ver. 185. *Deem not Auguſtus' life*—] "The Triumvir and Proſcriber had deſcended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him (Virgil) and Horace. Arioſto has put

Not one might now on Nero's guilt exclaim;
Nor infamy perchance attend a name
By Gods and men abhorr'd, had he enſur'd
The pen of writers and the muſe ſecur'd.
On Agamemnon Homer wreaths beſtows,
And paints the Trojans vanquiſh'd by their foes;
Tells how Penelope amidſt the train
Of lawleſs ſuitors could her faith maintain:
But would you ſee the truth no more conceal'd,
Who knows but thus the tale might ſtand reveal'd,
That Greece was routed, Troy the conqueſt gain'd,
And that Penelope her nuptials ſtain'd?

theſe words into the mouth of an evangeliſt, but whether they will paſs for goſpel now I cannot tell.

Non fù ſi ſanto, ni benigno Auguſto
Come la tuba di Virgilio ſuona,
L'aver avuto in poeſia buon guſto,
La proſcrittione iniqna li perdona."

DRYDEN, Preface to Æneid.

Ver. 193. *On Agamemnon Homer wreaths beſtows,*] Mr. Warton in his hiſtory of poetry tells us, that Lydgate blames Homer, "notwithſtanding all his rhetoric and ſugred eloquence, as a prejudiced writer who favours the Greeks;" a cenſure which flowed from the favourite and prevailing notion held by the weſtern nations, of their deſcent from the Trojans. Dion of Praſa, an hiſtorian, took great pains to ſhew that Homer had falſified the truth, and that Achilles was ſlain by Hector, and the Greeks vanquiſhed.

Hear

Hear too what fate unhappy Dido found,
Dido with truth and every virtue crown'd:
But ſhe, ſince Maro was her foe, has left
A name of chaſtity and truth bereft.
Be not ſurpris'd if on this theme I dwell,
And warmly ſpeak of what I feel ſo well.
To writers every debt of love I owe,
Myſelf a writer in your world below.
Above my peers I gain'd ſuch honour'd grace
No death ſhall end it and no time deface,
And every grateful thought to him is ow'd,
To holy CHRIST whoſe hand ſuch gifts beſtow'd.

But

Ver. 201. *Hear too what fate unhappy Dido found,*] Trogus Auſonius, and Marcellus, as likewiſe Petrarch, affirm that Dido, whoſe proper name was Eliza, killed herſelf that ſhe might not become the wife of Iarbas, king of Mauritania, to which union ſhe was ſtrongly preſſed by her ſubjects. An old Greek epigram is extant, in which ſhe is made to complain of the Muſes for inciting Virgil to write againſt her chaſtity. It is a certain fact that ſhe lived long before Æneas is ſaid to have left Troy, which Petrarch ſets forth in his Triumph of Chaſtity. PORCACCHI:

E vegghio Dido
Ch'amor pio del ſuo ſpoſo a morte ſpinſo,
Non quel d'Enea, com' è publico grido.
Dido, who loyal to her conſort fell,
Not for Æneas' love, as lying legends tell.

Mr. Hayley, in his inſtructive and entertaining notes to his poem on epic poetry, ſpeaking of her ſtory given by the

Spaniſh

But wretched thoſe, in hours of grief expos'd,
On whom the gates of courteſy are clos'd;
Who with pale want and famine on their cheek,
By night or day in vain an entrance ſeek!
And hence (th' unpleaſing ſubject to purſue)
Few are the poets as the patrons few:
Since ſavage beaſts from that rude climate fly,
Whoſe barren ſands nor ſhade nor food ſupply.

So ſpoke, with kindling warmth, the bleſſed ſire,
While either eye-ball flaſh'd with heavenly fire,
Till, turning to the duke, his ſpeech he clos'd,
And in a ſmile benign his looks compos'd.

Thus they: but let us now Aſtolpho leave
With him from whom mankind redeem'd receive
The goſpel truth, while from the lunar ſteep
To lower worlds I meditate a leap,
A leap from Heaven to earth—nor can I more
Self-pois'd aloft on weary pinions ſoar.

Spaniſh poet Ercilla, ſays, "I muſt obſerve, that many bards of his country have conſidered it as a point of honour to defend the reputation of this injured lady, and to attack Virgil, with a kind of poetical Quixotiſm, for having ſlandered the chaſtity of ſo ſpotleſs a heroine." He afterwards gives us the words of Ercilla at the concluſion of his account of Dido. "This is the true and genuine ſtory of the famous defamed Dido, whoſe moſt honoured memory has been belied by the inconſiderate Virgil, to embelliſh his poetical fictions. Notes to the Third Epiſtle.

The

The ſtrain to her I turn, whoſe gentle heart
Was pierc'd by jealouſy's envenom'd dart;
Whom late I left, when in ſucceeding jouſt
Three kings, by turns, ſhe humbled in the duſt.
At night a caſtle, on the way, reliev'd
Her wandering courſe, where tidings ſhe receiv'd
That Agramant with all his numerous bands
In camp was routed by her brother's hands;
That Arli's walls he ſought, and well ſhe knew
That there Rogero with his king withdrew:
Soon as the firſt grey light in Heaven appear'd,
To rich Provence the dame her journey ſteer'd;
For thither (ſpread the fame) his conquering crew
King Charles had led the vanquiſh'd to purſue.

Now near the camp a lonely fair ſhe met;
Sighs heav'd her breaſt, her eyes with tears were wet:
Noble her mien—lo! this was ſhe who won
The manly heart of Monodantes' ſon;
Who from the bridge beheld her lover's fall,
And left him Rodomont's unhappy thrall:
A knight ſhe ſought whoſe dauntleſs ſoul could brave
The narrow paſs above, below the rapid wave.

Soon as Rogero's valiant maid diſtreſs'd
Beheld a dame no leſs by grief oppreſs'd,

Ver. 231. *The ſtrain to her I turn,—*] He reſumes the narrative of Aſtolpho, Book xxxviii. ver. 180.

With-

With courteous greeting ſhe beſought to know
What ſecret cauſe had wrought the ſtranger's woe.
Her Flordelis beheld, and at the ſight
Believ'd in her ſhe found the wiſh'd for knight;
And now deſcrib'd the dangerous bridge and flood
Where Algiers' king againſt all ſtrangers ſtood:
How from his ſeat her hapleſs lord he threw;
Not that th' inſulting Pagan better knew
The uſe of arms, but that with craft apply'd,
He to his 'vantage us'd the bridge and tide.
If thou, O warrior! (ſaid the weeping fair)
Art brave and courteous as thy looks declare,
For Heaven's dear ſake on him thy valour turn,
Through whom I thus my lord, my champion mourn.
Or teach me in what near or diſtant land
To meet with one yon Pagan to withſtand;
A knight whoſe courage can my foe aſſail,
That little ſhall his bridge and ſtream avail.
Not only ſhalt thou act as ſuits the right
Of chivalry and fits a wandering knight;
But more—thy valour ſhall the cauſe maintain
Of one, the trueſt of Love's faithful train.
How ſhall I all his other virtues tell,
Such numerous virtues that his ſex excel?
Who own not theſe, muſt breaſts unfeeling prove
Which neither faith can touch, nor worth can move.

The

The generous maid, whoſe mind no little weighs,
Whate'er may lead to fame and martial praiſe,
Heart broken with her grief, in anguiſh dares
Danger and death, and for th' attempt prepares.
She thinks no fortune to her arms can give
Her dear Rogero back, and loaths to live.
Fair love-lorn ſtranger (Bradamant replies)
Such as I am, this arm thy foe defies.
Thou ſpeak'ſt thy lover loyal to his vows,
When truth to few ſo high a praiſe allows;
'Till now I deem'd who dar'd in man to truſt,
Would find in love all perjur'd and unjuſt.
Thus ſhe; and as the latter words ſhe ſpoke,
A ſigh ſpontaneous from her boſom broke.
Lead on—ſhe cry'd; and with th' enſuing day
They view'd the fatal ſtream and dangerous way;
There ſoon diſcover'd by the watch, who ſtood
To warn his lord what ſtrangers reach'd the flood.
The horn is blown; the Pagan, arm'd with ſpeed,
Stands on the ſhore oppos'd with ſpear and ſteed:
He guards the paſs, and when the dame he ſpies,
Denounces inſtant death with threatening cries,
Unleſs ſhe yields, t' avert her threaten'd doom,
Her horſe and armour offer'd at the tomb.
But Bradamant, before inſtructed well,
Who heard fair Flordelis th' adventure tell,

How

How by his fury Iſabella dy'd,
Thus to the haughty Saracen reply'd.
Why, wretch! ſhould thoſe who ne'er partook thy guilt,
Be puniſh'd for the blood thy rage has ſpilt?
By thee ſhe fell—thy life ſhould here atone
That impious deed through every region known.
Thy life were here a better victim paid
In juſt oblation to her virgin ſhade:
More grateful far than all the trophies won
From luckleſs knights that on this bridge have run:
Her ghoſt would prize the vengeance beſt, that came
From one, who bears like her, a woman's name:
A woman ſee—but ere in jouſt we meet,
On equal terms together let us treat:
Shouldſt thou in fight prevail, my fate with thoſe
Already taken at thy will diſpoſe.
But (as I deem) on me ſhould conqueſt light,
Thy horſe, thy armour, ſhall be mine of right:
My hand ſhall yonder arms and mail diſplace,
And, in their ſtead, ſhall thine the marble grace:
Thy priſoners ſhall be mine—'Tis juſt (reply'd
Stern Rodomont) nor is thy claim deny'd.

But ſhouldſt thou win, I ſhall not yet reſtore
The knights, my captives late in yonder tower,
Since theſe are ſent to Afric's diſtant ſhore.
But here I ſwear, ſhouldſt thou thy ſeat retain
By ſome ſtrange chance, and I unhors'd remain,
Each captive ſhall be freed, by our command
Diſpatch'd in meſſage ſwift to Afric's land.
But ſhouldſt thou fall when we in fight contend,
(As ſurely thus the conteſt ſoon muſt end)
Thou ſhalt not leave thy arms, nor ſhall thy name
Grav'd on the marble thy defeat proclaim:
To that fair face, bright locks, and ſparkling eyes
Already vanquiſh'd I reſign my prize.
Thine be the day—ſo may'ſt thou but remove
Each angry thought, and change thy hate to love:
Such is my ſtrength, my courage, known to all,
Thou need'ſt not deem it ſhame by me to fall.
The virgin ſmil'd, but ſternly ſmiling ſhow'd
A generous wrath that in her features glow'd,
Nor to the Pagan aught reply'd again,
But turning to the bridge her courſer's rein,
Urg'd all his ſpeed, while in her hand ſhe bore
The lance of gold to charge the furious Moor.
Fierce Rodomont prepar'd the jouſt to meet,
Rapid he came: beneath their courſers' feet

The

The tough bridge ſhook, while many an ear around
At diſtance trembled with the deafening ſound.
The golden lance its wonted virtue held,
And he, whoſe arm ſo oft his foes had quell'd,
Prone on the bridge was tumbled from his ſeat,
His head laid low, high rais'd his quivering feet.
Scarce could the virgin, as the warrior lay,
Speed o'er the narrow paſs her courſer's way:
Great was her riſk; a ſtep but ſwerv'd aſide
Had plung'd her headlong in the ſubject tide.
But Rabican ſo light, ſo ſteady came,
(That wondrous courſer bred of air and flame)
Along th' extremeſt verge he ſped ſo faſt,
That on a ſword's ſharp edge his feet had ſafely paſt.
Then to the Pagan king, ſupinely ſpread,
She turn'd, and thus in ſportive humour ſaid:
Behold who now has loſt—ſee whither tends
Thy empty boaſt, and how the conteſt ends!
Foil'd by a woman's hand, without reply.
Depriv'd of ſenſe the Pagan ſeem'd to lie,
Till ſlowly riſing, with dejected look,
A few ſhort ſteps with ſilent gaze he took,
Then ſudden from his limbs the armour drew,
And fill'd with rage againſt the marble threw:

Alone,

Alone, on foot, he haſten'd from the place
(The ſcene deteſted of his foul diſgrace)
But ere he went, he gave a ſquire in charge
(As late he vow'd) to ſet the knights at large
To Afric ſent: No more of him we tell,
Save that departing thence he turn'd to dwell
From living haunts in ſome ſequeſter'd cell.
Meantime againſt the monumental ſtone,
The Pagan's mail, by law of arms her own,
Aloft the virgin hung, but thence remov'd
Each Chriſtian's armour that the jouſt had prov'd,
(Known by their names inſcrib'd) that left the train
Of Charles's court; the reſt ſhe let remain
Her trophies plac'd to adorn the virgin-fane.
Beſide the arms of Monodantes' ſon,
With Sanſonetto's, Olivero's ſhone;
Who, while Aglante's noble prince they fought,
Their path purſuing, to the bridge were brought,
And, here made captive by the Pagan's hand,
In hapleſs exile ſent to Afric's land:
Their arms, which now the lofty ſtructure bore,
The dame remov'd and plac'd within the tower.

Ver. 384. *From living haunts*—] Rodomont appears no more till Book xlvi. ver. 794.

All other harneſs won, the conquer'd ſpoil
From Pagan knights, ſhe left to deck the pile.
There hung the monarch's arms who ſought in vain,
With length of peril, Frontalet to gain;
Thoſe arms, which late Circaſſia's monarch wore,
Who wandering many a plain and mountain o'er,
By evil chance to loſe his ſteed arriv'd,
And travell'd thence of horſe and arms depriv'd.
Thus every warrior of the Pagan crew
Diſmiſs'd, with freedom from the paſs withdrew:
But ſhame forbade Circaſſia's king's return,
To riſk amid the camp opprobrious ſcorn,
For honour ſully'd, arms and courſer loſt,
Diſgrace ill-ſuited to his frequent boaſt.
And now deſire rekindled in his breaſt
To ſeek the damſel, who his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Who (fame had told) her native country ſought:
Hence, as the power of fond affection wrought,

Ver. 404. *Thoſe arms, which late Circaſſia's monarch wore,*] The laſt time we heard of Sacripant was in Book xxvii. ver. 837. where he was ſaid to purſue Rodomont, in order to recover from him his horſe Frontaletto (or Frontino) and where the poet mentioned his being afterwards made priſoner by Rodomont.

While

While he purſues with ſpeed the flying fair,
To Amon's daughter let the Muſe repair.
Each Chriſtian name eras'd, the martial maid
In words new graven on the tomb diſplay'd
To every paſſing eye her glorious deed,
The knight diſmounted and the paſſage freed;
Then turn'd to Flordelis, whoſe heart was fill'd
With tender grief, whoſe eyes big tears diſtill'd,
And aſk'd her purpos'd way: The dame replies:
To Arli, where the Pagan army lies:
Companions there I ſeek, there hope to find
A bark for Afric with a favouring wind:
Ne'er will I reſt till to theſe arms reſtor'd,
Theſe eyes behold my huſband and my lord:
Nor ſhall he long in cruel priſon live,
Though treacherous Rodomont ſhould falſely give
His promiſe to deceive thyſelf and me:
All ſhall be try'd to ſet my conſort free.
Behold me ready (ſaid the martial fair)
With thee each peril of the way to ſhare
Till Arli we behold, where, for my ſake,
Within her walls thy entrance ſhalt thou make;

Ver. 419. *To Amon's daughter* —] We hear no more of Sacripant in the courſe of the poem.

There ſeek Rogero, fam'd through every land,
Lov'd of his king o'er all the martial band:
Thy gift on him this courſer muſt beſtow,
From which I late o'erthrew our haughty foe:
Then ſhalt thou ſay — "The knight from whom I came
"Dares to the world thy breach of faith proclaim;
"To thee this ſteed he ſends, and bids thee brace
"Thy arms, his force on yonder plain to face."
Here end thy ſpeech; but ſhould he further try
To learn my name, be this thy ſole reply:
"Unknown to me the knight whoſe words I bear."
Thus ſhe, and thus return'd the grateful fair:
What danger (generous warrior!) for thy ſake
Shall I decline, what toil refuſe to take?
My life is thine—Not leſs than life ſhe owes
To thee, who could for her thy own expoſe—
Good Bradamant returns in courteous ſtrain,
And to her hand commits Frontino's rein.
Along the margin of the winding flood
Theſe beauteous dames their eager way purſu'd,
Till Arli they beheld, and heard the roar
Of billows breaking on the neighbouring ſhore.
Here Bradamant her courſer check'd, to wait
Herſelf at diſtance from the city's gate,

Till

Till Flordelis to Arli ſhould repair,
And to the noble youth his courſer bear.
The barrier now attain'd, the gentle dame
The draw-bridge paſs'd and to the portal came:
The knight ſhe found, perform'd her taſk enjoin'd,
And good Frontino to his hand conſign'd.
Her meſſage done, no longer would ſhe ſtay,
But to the port purſu'd her eager way.
Perplex'd Rogero ſtood, his mind confus'd,
On this, on that, in vain alternate mus'd:
What knight could ſuch myſterious challenge ſend,
With gifts to court him, and with arms offend?
He knows not who the combat thus may claim,
Or dare for wrong ſuſtain'd attaint his name:
Yet no ſuſpicion ere could raiſe a thought
That Bradamant ſuch charge againſt him brought.
Sometimes he deem'd of all the warrior crew
The knight was Rodomont, nor yet he knew
What cauſe on him the Sarzan's anger drew.
Yet, him except, through all the world remain'd
No ſingle chief with whom he ſtrife maintain'd.
Meanwhile Dordona's dame, in generous ſcorn,
To claim the combat blows her ſounding horn.

Ver. 471. *But to the port purſu'd*] He returns to Flordelis, Book xxxix. ver. 299.

Now Agramant, and now Marſilius heard
That near the walls ſome champion ſtrange appear'd.
With theſe, as chance befel, a gallant knight,
Call'd Serpentino, ſtood, who for the fight
Requeſted leave to arm, and vow'd to bring
That bold unknown in bonds before the king.
Soon ſpreading rumour to the ramparts drew
Each ſex and every age the field to view:
Not feeble years, nor childhood ſtay'd, but all
Alike impatient throng'd to line the wall.
With radiant arms and rich embroider'd veſt,
King Serpentino of the ſtar addreſs'd
His dauntleſs courſe, and entering on the jouſt,
The firſt encounter ſtretch'd him in the duſt.
The courteous dame purſu'd, and by the reins
Secur'd his ſteed that ſtartled fled the plains;
Him to the Saracen her hand reſtor'd:
Reſume thy ſeat (ſhe cry'd) and bid thy lord
Select another warrior from his band
Who better may in arms my force withſtand.
The king of Afric ſaw with wide ſurvey,
Amidſt his train, the fortune of the day:
Behold (th' enraptur'd prince exclaim'd aloud,
In accents heard by all the Pagan crowd)

Yon gallant chief a victor's right forego,
And from the plain diſmiſs his vanquiſh'd foe!
He ſaid; when Serpentino preſent ſtands,
And, in her name, a braver knight demands.
Grandonio of Volterna next appears,
No lord of Spain his creſt ſo proudly rears;
With leave obtain'd the ſecond courſe to try,
He iſſues forth the ſtranger to defy.
Then he—thy courteſy avails thee nought,
When thou in bonds before our ſovereign brought
Shalt wait his nod, or by my weapon ſlain
Here ſtretch thy length on this conteſted plain.
Think not my ſoul (the noble maid reply'd)
Shall quit her purpoſe for the threats of pride:
I warn thee to retire, ere proſtrate here
Thy batter'd limbs confeſs my ſtronger ſpear.
Return, return—and to thy king declare,
'Tis not for ſuch as thee theſe arms I bear:
But hither am I come to meet in fight
Some warrior that deſerves a warrior's might.
  Theſe bitter words, in taunting vein addreſt,
With burning wrath inflam'd the Pagan's breaſt:
He nought reply'd, but reining round his ſteed
Againſt the virgin urg'd his fiery ſpeed;

Prepar'd to jouſt, her golden lance ſhe held,
And Rabican to meet his rage impell'd;
When ſcarce the fatal ſpear had touch'd his ſhield
With ſpurning heels aloft he preſs'd the field.
The noble championeſs his courſer ſtay'd:
Confeſs that juſtly I foretold (ſhe ſaid)
Thy tongue might better far my meſſage bear,
Than in the liſt thy arm my weapon dare.
Go then—and in my name thy king entreat
To chuſe a knight that may my challenge meet
On better terms; nor let me toil in vain
With thoſe that knightly fame ſo ill ſuſtain.
The gazers from the walls, who wiſh'd to tell
What brave unknown had kept the ſeat ſo well,
Recall'd to mind each chief, that oft in field
Midſt ſummer's heat their blood with fear congeal'd.
To Brandimart ſome gave the champion's claim,
But to Rinaldo more aſcrib'd his fame:
Orlando moſt had deem'd, but well they knew
His ſtate, that tears from every hearer drew.
The third in turn, Lanfuſa's ſon*, apply'd
To run the courſe; with little hope (he cry'd)
To win the palm, but, falling, that his ſhame
Might with his friends unhors'd partake the blame.

And furniſh'd now with all that warriors need
In liſted fight, he mounts a fiery ſteed,
Led from a thouſand which his ſtalls contain,
For ſwiftneſs priz'd and ſteady to the rein.
He iſſues forth, but ere in jouſt he meets,
The virgin him, and he the virgin greets:
Then ſhe—If this thou ſeekſt not to conceal,
To me in courteſy thy name reveal.
To her requeſt Ferrau in full reply'd,
Who ſeldom fought himſelf or deeds to hide.
Thy proffer'd jouſt I take (rejoin'd the dame)
Though here to prove another knight I came.
What knight? return'd Ferrau—to whom the maid
Rogero cry'd—and ſcarce the word ſhe ſaid,
When o'er her face the mantling colour flew
And dy'd her lovely cheeks to crimſon hue.
She thus purſu'd—That warrior's fame in arms
My beating breaſt with emulation warms:
Eager I burn with him in field to wage
The ſingle fight and face to face engage.
Simply ſhe ſpoke, what ſome malicious mind
May turn far other than the maid deſign'd.

Ver. 579. *Simply ſhe ſpoke,—*] An inſtance, amongſt many others, of thoſe ludicrous turns interſperſed through the poem, for which Lavezuola, the Italian critic, in his comment on this place, in general condemns the author.

To

To her Ferrau—Be firſt our conflict try'd,
The prize of ſtrength between us firſt decide:
Then, ſhould I fall, as fell my peers before;
To heal the chance of this diſaſtrous hour,
That gentle knight ſhall enter next the courſe,
With whom thou longſt at tilt to prove thy force.
As thus they parlying ſtood, her helm unclos'd
Her viſage to the wondering gaze expos'd;
And while Ferrau thoſe angel features view'd,
His heart confeſs'd him more than half ſubdu'd.
Then to himſelf—A form I ſure behold
From Paradiſe, not bred of mortal mould;
And ſhould I fail in jouſt the lance to meet,
Thoſe conquering eyes have wrought my ſure defeat.
Each meaſur'd now the ground; when, like the reſt,
Ferrau o'erthrown the earth indignant preſs'd.
For him his courſer Bradamant detain'd:
Return (ſhe cry'd) and be my wiſh explain'd
To yonder knight. Ferrau abaſh'd withdrew,
And ſought Rogero 'midſt the courtly crew;
Before king Agramant the meſſage told,
That him to jouſt defy'd the champion bold.
Rogero, while as yet he little thought
What unknown knight with him the combat ſought,

As

As ſure of conqueſt, with a fearleſs air
Bade all his armour for the field prepare:
Still glow'd his courage, though ſo late he view'd
Three warriors by a ſingle ſpear ſubdu'd.

But how he arm'd, how iſſu'd to the fight,
And what enſu'd, hereafter I recite.

END OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK.

THE

THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHILE Rogero is preparing to leave the walls of Arli to anſwer the challenge of Bradamant, Marphiſa meets her, and is unhorſed. Diſtreſs of Rogero. Skirmiſh between the Chriſtian and Pagan forces. Rogero entreats a parly with Bradamant, and both the lovers retire from the field of battle into a grove. Marphiſa, impatient to revenge her fall on Bradamant, purſues them. Battle between Bradamant and Marphiſa. Rogero attempts to part them, and is attacked by Marphiſa. Their combat is broken off by a ſupernatural event, followed by an unexpected diſcovery.

THE

THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

A NOBLE heart by noble deeds is known,
Sway'd by no change, no dictates but its own;
In every lore of courteſy refin'd,
Where habit ſtamps, what virtue had enjoin'd.

Ver. 1. *A noble heart by noble deeds is known,*] Spenſer, the great admirer and imitator of our author, borrows this ſentiment in his Fairy Queen:

True is, that whilom that good poet ſaid,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known:
For man by nothing is ſo well bewray'd
As by his manners; in which plain is ſhewn
Of what degree and what race he is grown.
Book vi. c. iii. ſt. 1.

Again,

Like as a gentle heart itſelf bewrays
In doing gentle deeds with frank delight.
Book vi. c. vii. ſt. 1.

Not

Not leſs the heart, which vice polluting ſtains,
At every turn its wretched bent maintains,
Where nature warp'd an evil habit takes,
And favour'd he ſuch habit who forſakes.
The times of old ſupply'd a martial race,
Not leſs indu'd with every gentle grace:
Few boaſts the modern page; ſince there we find
Each outrage that debaſes human kind.
As when, Hippolito, thy arm divine
With conquer'd enſigns deck'd each hallow'd ſhrine,
That arm, which from the port their gallies bore
With ſpoils encumber'd to thy native ſhore:
O! then what dreadful ſcenes of carnage ſpread,
As where to deeds of ſavage fury bred,
Moors, Turks, and Tartars round them heap the dead!
Yet think not Venice could partake the guilt
Of hireling bands, and blood unjuſtly ſpilt.
I ſpeak not here of flames, whoſe torrents pour'd
From ſtreet to ſtreet, whole ſumptuous piles devour'd:

Ver. 13. *As when, Hippolito, thy arm divine*] In the Notes on the iiid Book an account was given of this victory gained over the Venetians in the Po, in which Cardinal Hippolito took ſeventy enſigns from the enemy, which he afterwards cauſed to be fixed up in the great church of Ferrara. PORCACCHI.

Though

Though ſuch a ſavage vengeance muſt proclaim
The worſt of inſults to thy better fame:
For when proud Padua's turrets ſhook with fear,
And, join'd with Cæſar, flam'd thy dreadful ſpear,
Thy voice humane forbade the fires to riſe,
And ſtopp'd the blaze when burſting to the ſkies,
While towns and cities by thy pity ſpar'd,
Thy inborn worth to either hoſt declar'd.
Yet theſe, nor all their ſavage fury wrought,
Deeds never harbour'd in the courteous thought,
So touch my breaſt as one heart-rending woe,
Which rocks might weep, could rocks compaſſion know;

Ver. 26. *For when proud Padua's turrets*—] Andrea Gritti, after he was doge, recovered Padua from the hands of the emperor Maximilian; who, diſturbed at the loſs of ſo important a place, came from Germany with an army to retake it; and arriving in Italy, he was joined by the Franks, Spaniards, and the forces of the Pope, ſo that when he encamped at Padua, he found himſelf at the head of a vaſt army: among others who came to his aſſiſtance was Cardinal Hippolito de Eſte, who ſeeing the wanton cruelty of the Imperialiſts, with difficulty reſtrained them from committing many acts of violence, and particularly prevented the deſtruction of many neighbouring towns, and of the edifices at Padua. PORCACCHI.

When you, great prince, your noble offspring ſent
To where the foes, in guarded fortreſs pent,
Fled from their ſhips, and where in dread they lay
To wait th' event of that ill-omen'd day,
As dauntleſs Hector and Æneas ſtrode
To burn the Grecian ſhips that brav'd the flood:
Like Hercules and Alexander go
The friendly pair, their hearts too boldly glow,
They leap the trench, and rush amidſt the foe.
Too far advanc'd, the ſecond team regain'd
His ſocial band; the foe the firſt detain'd.
Feruffin 'ſcap'd, behind Cantelmo ſtay'd—
O Sora's duke! what pangs muſt then invade
Thy wretched breaſt, when from thy generous ſon
His helm unlac'd, a thouſand ſwords on one,
Thou to the veſſel ſawſt thy darling led,
And ſever'd from the trunk his beauteous head?

Ver. 36. *When you, great prince,*—] In this war, amongſt many gallant warriors with the Cardinal were Hercules Cantelmo, ſon of the duke of Sora, and Alexander Feruffino: theſe two raſhly attacking the enemy, Hercules was made priſoner, and condemned by the Venetians to loſe his head, as one who, being in their ſervice, had attached himſelf to the Ferrareſe: the ſentence paſſed on him was executed in the preſence of his father. Feruffino ſeeing Cantelmo taken, made his eſcape with difficulty to his own people. EUGENICO.

Why, when the cruel edge his blood could ſpill,
Did not ſuch fight the wretched father kill?
Say, curs'd Sclavonian, from what ſavage bands
Brought'ſt thou the trade of war? Did Scythia's hands
E'er ſhed a captive's blood, who freely gave
His yielded arms his forfeit life to ſave?
Was this thy plea to murder him who ſhone
His country's brave ſupport? O powerful ſun!
Withdraw thy beams from this remorſeleſs age,
Where all like Atreus, like Thyeſtes rage.
Thy ſavage ſoul, barbarian! could deſtroy
The ſoldier's early hope, the nation's joy!
Whoſe fame no chief from pole to pole outſhines,
From Indian ſhores to where the day declines.
Not thoſe who make the fleſh of man their food,
Not eyeleſs Polypheme's inhuman brood,
But touch'd with pity had that grace confeſs'd,
That grace and youth to melt an iron breaſt:
Thou, only thou, could'ſt harm that angel face,
Than Leſtrigons more fell, or Cyclops' hideous race.
Not ſuch example ancient times can ſhow,
Each vanquiſh'd chief then met a generous foe;
Each warrior then was train'd in courteous lore,
The battle ended, ſlaughter rag'd no more.

Unconquer'd Bradamant, who ſmote the ſhield
Of each brave knight, and ſtretch'd them on the field,
From her fall'n foe withheld her bloody ſword,
And every courſer to his lord reſtor'd.
This warlike virgin (as we ſung before)
To earth the gallant Serpentin bore,
Knight of the ſtar; next by her noble hand
Grandonio of Volterna preſs'd the land;
And laſt Ferrau: then riſing from his fall,
Each rein'd his ſteed, and turn'd to Arli's wall:
The third her challenge bore, and call'd the knight
Rogero once belov'd, to mortal fight;
As midſt the peers he ſtood, where all deceiv'd
By outward deeds, the maid a knight believ'd.
Rogero, who the bold defiance hears,
Demands his arms, while in his look appears
A noble warmth: in ſight of Afric's lord,
While thus he arms, the chiefs, with one accord,
Again enquir'd what warrior could ſo well
With reſted ſpear in ſingle fight excel;
And aſk'd Ferrau, who with him lately drew
To near diſcourſe, if he the ſtranger knew.
Securely reſt (Lanfuſa's ſon rejoin'd)
No tongue has yet this pride of Mars divin'd.

To

To me he ſeem'd, as firſt his face I view'd,
Amon's young hope; but when the jouſt enſu'd,
And ſhew'd his proweſs in the manly courſe,
Not ſuch I knew was Richardetto's force:
His ſiſter hence yon knight unknown I deem,
Whoſe ſemblant features Richardetto ſeem.
Brave as Rinaldo lives her fair report,
Brave as each Paladin of Gallia's court;
But ſure, by this day's proof, her arm in fight
Tranſcends her brethren's and her kinſmen's might.
When this Rogero heard: the deepening red
Of morning bluſh his conſcious cheeks o'erſpread;
A ſudden tremor ſeiz'd his beating heart,
Swift through his vitals flew the amorous dart:
He glows—he burns—and now as fear aſſails,
Through all his bones an icy cold prevails:
He dreads ſome new-born anger has ſuppreſs'd
The love that once her gentle ſoul poſſeſs'd;
Divided thoughts by turns his boſom ſway,
He doubts to go, nor yet reſolves to ſtay.
Meantime Marphiſa, breathing martial fires,
There preſent ſtands, and to the jouſt aſpires;
All clad in ſteel; for ſeldom day or night
She ſtood without her mail and corſlet bright.

She ſees Rogero arm, and fears to yield
To him the foremoſt honours of the field;
Should firſt the warrior iſſue to the plain,
And with preventive ſpeed the palm obtain.
Her ſteed ſhe takes, and vaulting in the ſeat,
Impatient ſpurs th' expecting fair to meet,
Who waits with beating heart Rogero's ſight,
In hopes to hold in bonds her faithleſs knight;
While oft ſhe ponders where the lance to bend,
That leaſt in combat might the youth offend.
Now from the portal fierce Marphiſa preſs'd,
The phœnix towering on her radiant creſt,
To prove that ſhe, above each martial name,
Shone the ſole phœnix in the field of fame;
Or boaſt her chaſte deſign to lead a life
Eſtrang'd from love and all the joys of wife.
On her brave Amon's daughter bent her view;
But when no ſemblance of her knight ſhe knew,
Her name ſhe ſought; her name diſclos'd the maid
With whom Rogero had his faith betray'd;
Or rather her, whom, by report deceiv'd,
She now the partner of his heart believ'd:

Ver. 136. *The phœnix towering*—] In Boyardo the creſt of Marphiſa is a dragon.

Her

Her whom ſhe loath'd, on whom ſhe burn'd to prove
The vengeance due to wrongs of ſlighted love.
Her ſteed ſhe turn'd, again with fury wheel'd,
Nor ſought to hurl Marphiſa on the field,
But through her breaſt to drive the thrilling ſpear,
And free her own from every jealous fear.
Compell'd Marphiſa from her ſeat was thrown,
To try if flinty rock or yielding down
Receiv'd her fall; at ſuch a chance unthought,
What rage her fiery ſoul to madneſs wrought!
Scarce riſing from the ground, her ſword ſhe drew,
And for revenge againſt her victor flew;
When Amon's daughter with indignant pride—
Thou art my priſoner! yield thy arms (ſhe cry'd)
Think not on thee, Marphiſa, I'll beſtow
The grace I lately ſhow'd each vanquiſh'd foe:
On thee, whoſe deeds thy vicious ſoul proclaim,
Reproach and ſcandal to the female name!
At this Marphiſa foam'd, as mid the waves
Around ſome rock the wind indignant raves:
She ſtrives to ſpeak; but rage her voice confounds,
And her lips mutter undiſtinguiſh'd ſounds.
She whirls her ſword; and while ſhe aims to ſtrike,
On ſteed and rider aims her ſtrokes alike.

But Bradamant her courſer by the rein
Swift wheeling round, with wrath and fell diſdain
Again her ſpear impell'd—her ſpear anew
Marphiſa backward on the ſand o'erthrew
Once more from earth aroſe the wrathful maid,
Once more for vengeance grap'd her brawny blade.
Again her weapon Bradamant extends,
Again Marphiſa to the ground deſcends.
Yet deem not, though her fame ſo high was held,
Her ſtrength ſo far Marphiſa's ſtrength excell'd,
That every ſtroke had thus the maid o'erthrown,
But that the lance retain'd a ſpell unknown.

Meantime ſome warriors from our army, near
Encamp'd to where with brandiſh'd ſword and ſpear
Theſe heroines rag'd, beheld with wondering ſight
Th' exalted proweſs of their country knight:
Nor other, by his mien and arms they knew,
But for ſome warrior of the Chriſtian crew.
When now Troyano's generous ſon ſurvey'd
The Chriſtians bending tow'rds th' extended ſhade
Of Arli's walls; ſtill cautious to provide
For every ill or chance that might betide;
Without the gates he bids a ſquadron go,
And arm'd attend the motions of the foe,

With

With theſe Rogero came, who late prepar'd
To meet the tilt which firſt Marphiſa dar'd.
Th' enamour'd youth beheld with earneſt look
The virgins meet, his heart with terror ſhook;
He ſhook with terror for his ſoul's delight,
Since well he knew Marphiſa's force in fight.
Such were his fears when firſt with lance oppos'd
Each dame on each with mutual fury clos'd;
But when the iſſue of the jouſt he view'd,
All motionleſs in wonder rapt he ſtood.
Their wrath, as if the ſtriſe was then begun,
Rag'd on each ſide; nor here ſuffic'd to run
A ſingle courſe, as when the virgin's hand
Firſt ſtretch'd the three bold Pagans on the ſand.
Rogero gaz'd, and gaz'd with anxious heart,
His doubts, his hopes engag'd on either part:
Both dear he held: this love's fierce paſſion fir'd;
And that mild friendſhip's gentler flame inſpir'd.
Fain would he ſee the hated conflict ceaſe,
But honour's laws forbade to enforce the peace:
Not ſo his comrades thought, who when they ſpy'd
The ſcale of conqueſt on the Chriſtian ſide,
Reſolv'd to part the fray; and ſudden wheel'd
Their eager ſquadron to diſpute the field:

The

The knights of Charles their nearer courſe oppoſe,
And ſoon in general fight the warriors cloſe.
" To arms, to arms!" is heard on every hand,
Such cries as daily rouz'd each martial band.
Theſe mount their courſers; thoſe their armour take;
The rattling trumpets to the battle ſake
The trampling horſe; while arms and timbrels join
To fire the foot, and form each deepening line.
Fierce and more fierce the ſkirmiſh'd troops engage
With mutual ſlaughter and with mutual rage.
Dordona's valiant dame *, who hop'd in vain
To ſee Marphiſa by her weapon ſlain,
With wrath beholds her eager vengeance croſt
And from her hand her hated victim loſt.
Now here, now there with quick exploring eyes
She ſeeks Rogero, for whoſe ſake ſhe ſighs;
And ſoon ſhe knows him by his targe reveal'd,
The ſilver eagle on an azure field;
And now with every tender thought impreſt,
She marks his well-turn'd limbs, his manly breaſt,
Each grace, each action of the youthful knight,
On which ſhe oft had gaz'd with fond delight.

* BRADAMANT.

But

But when her fears ſuggeſt theſe nameleſs charms
Decreed to bleſs a happy rival's arms,
Furious ſhe cries—Am I deny'd the bliſs,
When other lips thoſe balmy lips may kiſs?
Ah! never ſure another's ſhalt thou prove,
And, ſcorning mine, return a rival's love!
Rather than ſingly by thy hate expire,
This hand, inhuman, ſhall thy life require;
If here I loſe thee—death at leaſt ſhall join
Our hearts once more, and make thee ever mine.
If by thy ſword I fall, thou ſure muſt go
A willing victim to the ſhades below:
For human laws, and laws divine ordain,
Who ſlays another, ſhall himſelf be ſlain.
Nor canſt thou murmur here, nor ſeek to fly
That fate thou juſtly meet'ſt, unjuſtly I;
I kill but him who ſeeks my life to take,
Thou, cruel, her, who lives but for thy ſake.
Rouze, coward hand, and with a righteous blow
Lay bare the boſom of thy treacherous foe,
Whoſe looks, in love's diſſembled ſmiles array'd,
Have wounded oft to death a helpleſs maid!
Who now can bid my life's ſad period cloſe
Without one pang in pity to my woes!

Then

Then from his impious breaſt with generous ire
Exact that death, thy thouſand deaths require.
She ſaid; and to her ſteed the ſpurs apply'd;
Perjur'd Rogero! guard thy heart! (ſhe cry'd)
Think not unqueſtion'd victor hence to bear
The glorious trophies of a maid's deſpair!
Soon as theſe accents reach Rogero's ears,
In theſe his conſort's well-known voice he hears,
That voice ſo deeply on his mind impreſt,
That tongue amidſt a thouſand tongues confeſt.
He thinks her words conceal'd reproach imply
For ſome imputed crime of deeper dye
Than late his promiſe fail'd; and hence his hand
He wav'd a friendly audience to demand,
And plead his cauſe—but ſhe with beaver clos'd,
Her ſpear already in the reſt diſpos'd,
And threatening ruſh'd to hurl him from his ſeat
Where no ſoft turf perchance his limbs might greet.
When now he ſaw the furious virgin near,
Collected in his arms, his ponderous ſpear
He plac'd in reſt, but rais'd the point in air
Through doubt to wound the lov'd but cruel fair.
The dame who with unpitying rage inflam'd
Againſt the knight her fierceſt vengeance aim'd;

Now

Now feels ſome ſudden power her wrath diſarm,
Nor dares unhorſe him, nor the warrior harm.
Thus guiltleſs of a ſtroke the weapons prove,
Both turn'd aſide: not ſo the lance of love,
This in the jouſt he drove with matchleſs art,
And fix'd the amorous point in either's heart.
The dame on others from Rogero turn'd
The rage that in her jealous boſom burn'd,
And midſt the tumult of the mingled fight,
Such deeds perform'd as ne'er ſhall ſet in night.
Soon with her golden lance to earth ſhe threw
Three hundred warriors of the Mooriſh crew;
Her ſingle arm that day the ranks defac'd,
Her force that day the flying Pagans chac'd.
Now here, now there, Rogero cours'd the plain,
And oft he ſought to accoſt the fair in vain,
At length they met—And O! I die (he cry'd)
Yet hear—nor be my ſole requeſt deny'd:
Grant me to ſpeak—alas! what crime is mine?
Why doſt thou thus my ſpeech, my ſight decline?
As, when the balmy ſouthern wind prevails,
And o'er the ocean ſweeps with tepid gales,

Ver. 305. *At length they met*—] Taſſo has a ſimilar paſſage, when he deſcribes the caſual meeting of Tancred and Clorinda in the iiid book, when in like manner he makes Tancred ſolicit a parley with Clorinda.

Long.

Long-frozen ſtreams diſſolve, and mingling flow
With rocks of ice and hills of cryſtal ſnow:
So when Rinaldo's valiant ſiſter hears
Theſe few ſhort words, and ſees her lover's tears,
Her melting heart relents, and ſeems no more
That heart which wrath to marble changʼd before.

The virgin to Rogero noüght replyʼd,
But gorʼd with iron heel her courſer's ſide;
And ſwiftly turning from the warring band,
She made a ſignal with her beckʼning hand.
Far from the throng ſhe reachʼd a vale where ſtood
Amidſt a verdant plain a cypreſs wood;
Whoſe ſable boughs extended oʼer the glade
The ſolemn honours of coeval ſhade.
In this ſequeſterʼd place, this awful gloom,
Of pureſt marble roſe a ſtately tomb;
Where to thʼ enquiring eye was ſeen diſcloſʼd
In ſculpturʼd verſe what body there reposʼd:
But Bradamant, arrivʼd, with heedleſs gaze,
Alike the ſculpture and the ſtone ſurveys.
Rogero ſpurrʼd his ſteed and ſwiftly came
In this retreat to join his virgin-dame.

To brave Marphiſa let us turn the ſtrain,
Who now recovering preſsʼd her ſteed again,

And

And ſought the warlike maid, whoſe potent thruſt
Had thrice her length extended on the duſt;
Whom parting from the fight afar ſhe view'd,
And ſaw Rogero, who her courſe purſu'd;
Nor deem'd that love impell'd the youthful knight,
But eager warmth to end th' unfiniſh'd fight.
With ſharpen'd ſpur her fiery ſteed ſhe drove,
And join'd the lovers, as they reach'd the grove:
How grateful to the pair her ſight muſt prove,
Thoſe beſt may tell whom equal paſſions move.
But Bradamant was fir'd with rage to view
A rival, whence in thought her woes ſhe drew;
What from her ſoul this firm belief can ſhake,
She thither came for her Rogero's ſake?
O falſe Rogero (once again ſhe cries)
Perfidious man! and could it not ſuffice,
Fame ſpeaks thee baſe; but thou in fell deſpite
Muſt bring yon hated gorgon to my ſight!
I ſee thy wiſh, to drive me from thy ſoul,
Nor will I more thy cruel wiſh control:
Farwell to light!—but ere I yield my breath,
She firſt ſhall die, by whom I meet my death.
Furious ſhe ſpoke; and on Marphiſa preſs'd
With more than viper's venom in her breaſt;

Soon

Soon as her ſpear had touch'd the rival-ſhield,
Back fell Marphiſa helpleſs on the field;
Even while aware, t' oppoſe the ſtroke ſhe tries,
With heels retorted to the radiant ſkies,
And helm half ſunk in earth the haughty virgin lies.

But Amon's daughter who, in frantic mood,
Reſolv'd to die or ſhed Marphiſa's blood,
No more with ſpear the conflict would renew,
But from her hand th' enchanted weapon threw,
And leaping from her ſteed her falchion drew.
Furious ſhe ruſh'd to lop with trenchant blade
Her head, half-buried, from the ſtruggling maid:
But ere ſhe came, Marphiſa on the plain
Recover'd ſtood to wage the fight again,
Enrag'd to find once more in equal jouſt,
Her former glories humbled to the duſt:
With grief Rogero views the growing fight;
In vain with earneſt prayers the gentle knight
Would calm their ſouls; all peace the dames refuſe,
While each alike her mad revenge purſues.
Now, at half ſword, theſe female warriors cloſe,
Near and more near they preſs, each boſom glows
With tenfold pride; and now together join'd
Each round her foe a powerful arm has twin'd:

They let their falchions uſeleſs fall to ground,
And with their daggers aim a fatal wound.
To both by turns Rogero bends his prayer;
But all his words are loſt in empty air.
Entreaties vain, and every milder art;
The youth reſolves by force their ſtrife to part:
He wreſts the dagger from each ſtruggling maid,
And hurls the weapon in the cypreſs ſhade.
Their hands diſarm'd, he ſteps between their rage
With threats to move them, or with prayers aſſuage;
In vain—his prayers and threats alike prevail,
Still burns their wrath, and when their weapons fail,
They gripe, they ſqueeze, they ſtrike with ſpurning heel,
And with their gauntlets clench'd the tempeſt deal:
Oft by her hand or arm the gentle knight
Each virgin draws to interrupt the fight;

Ver. 395. — *they ſtrike with ſpurning heel,*] Perhaps it may be thought by ſome, that the poet in this paſſage, as in ſome others, has rather done violence to his female characters: it muſt perhaps be acknowledged that the idea is not pleaſing; but after all, human nature is the ſame in every rank of life, and there are ſituations when extreme paſſion levels all diſtinction; which truth the reader muſt often have learnt from that great maſter of human manners, Shakeſpear.

'Till ſtern Marphiſa could no more control
The fury kindling in her haughty ſoul,
That haughty ſoul which all the world deſpis'd,
As little now Rogero's friendſhip priz'd:
But, leaving Bradamant, her ſword ſhe ſhook,
Ruſh'd on Rogero and indignant ſpoke.
O! inſolent of mind, diſcourteous knight,
Uncall'd to mingle in another's fight!
But know this hand thy folly ſhall chaſtiſe,
This hand whoſe ſingle weapon both defies!
Thus ſhe: with balm of ſoothing words addreſt
Rogero ſtill would touch Marphiſa's breaſt:
But ſuch her rage, no ſoothing can control
The ſtubborn purpoſe of her fiery ſoul:
At length, his cheek with kindling anger dy'd,
The knight unſheaths the falchion from his ſide.
Not Rome or Athens, once with riches crown'd,
Nor wealthier city, through the world renown'd,
Could on the gazer ſuch delight beſtow
With dazzling ſplendors of ſome public ſhow,
As now, to jealous Bradamant, the ſight
Of deadly ſtrife between the dame and knight;
A ſight that to her grief ſure medicine prov'd,
And every pang of cruel doubt remov'd.

She

She ſnatch'd her ſword, that on the herbage lay,
And ſtood a glad ſpectatreſs of the fray:
Rogero in his force, his martial air,
And matchleſs ſkill ſhe deem'd the God of war:
But while like Mars he ſeem'd, with vengeance fell
Marphiſa look'd a fiend from deepeſt hell:
For ſtill the generous warrior would reſtrain
His wonted nerve, nor give his wrath the rein.
Too well the virtue of his blade he knew,
That oft, in battle prov'd, ſuch numbers ſlew;
That cut its bloody way through toughest arms,
Through temper'd ſteel, or ſteel ſecur'd with charms,
And hence his wary hand declin'd alike
With thrilling point to thruſt, with edge to ſtrike.
At length the virgin aim'd a dreadful blow,
That rouz'd the vengeance of her gentle foe:
To cleave his head the thundering ſteel ſhe drove,
Againſt the weapon, hiſſing from above.
Rogero rais'd his eagle-painted ſhield
And ſtay'd the fury on its azure field:
His eagle held ſecure by magic charm,
But the dire blow benumb'd the warrior's arm,
And had not Hector's mail the falchion ſtay'd,
Through ſhield and mail had driven the trenchant blade,

Thence on his head had fall'n with ſwift deſcent,
Nor miſs'd the mark the raging virgin meant.
Rogero ſcarce can lift his arm with pain,
And ſcarce his eagle's ponderous orb ſuſtain.
All pity fled, his boſom glow'd with ire,
And either eye-ball flaſh'd vindictive fire!
Then at full force he whirl'd the pointed ſteel,
Ill chance had met her, ſuch dire ſtroke to feel,
Some guardian power was near to ſave the maid,
And in a cypreſs trunk the erring blade
Stood deep infix'd, where thickly planted ſtood
Of mournful trees the venerable wood.
Sudden a fearful earthquake rock'd the ground;
The meadow ſhook, the mountain trembled round:
When from the tomb in central ſilence rear'd,
A ſound, exceeding mortal ſounds, was heard.
Then thus the voice of horror—O! forbear
This impious ſtrife, this moſt unnatural war,
Where brother's hands a ſiſter ſeek to kill,
Where ſiſter's hands a brother's blood would ſpill.

Ver. 461. *When from the tomb—*] So Virgil, Æneid III.

——— gemitus lachrymabilis imo
Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad auras.

——— from the tomb I hear
A hollow groan, that ſhock'd my trembling ear.
PITT. ver. 50.

O lov'd

O lov'd Rogero! lov'd Marphiſa, hear!
For both are mine—O lend a heedful ear!
One womb conceiv'd you both, one happy birth
Produc'd you both, the future boaſts of earth.
Your ſire, Rogero, ſecond of the name,
Lov'd Galacella, who return'd his flame:

Ver. 471. *Your ſire, Rogero,*—] For Boyardo's account of the birth of Rogero and Marphiſa, ſee Note to Book ii. ver. 217. Take this further account of Rogero of Riſa and Galacella, the father and mother of Arioſto's hero.

When Almontes left the dominions of his father Agolant to revenge the death of king Garnieri on the Chriſtians, he took with him his ſiſter Galacella, a female warrior of great courage, but his brother Troyano remained behind with his father. Almontes and Galacella alternately fought with Rogero of Riſa, without victory to any party. Galacella turned Chriſtian, and married Rogero; but Beltram, elder natural brother to Rogero, having conceived a paſſion for his ſiſter-in-law, but unable to corrupt her chaſtity, he in revenge betrayed the town of Riſa to Almontes, who entering by night, put all to the ſword. Rogero and his father Rampallo were killed: but Almontes afterwards repenting of the part which he had acted, cauſed Beltram to be put to death. Galacella, then big with child, was put on board a veſſel with eight attendants, whom ſhe afterwards killed, and landing at a caſtle, was delivered of two children and died. ASPRAMONTE, c. iv. vi. ix. & ſeq.

The latter part of this ſtory is differently told by Boyardo and Arioſto, who relate that ſhe was expoſed alone in an open boat by her brothers, and caſt on the coaſt of Africa.

But him, alas! her cruel brothers gave
An early victim to th' untimely grave;
And mindleſs of the dear, the precious load
Your mother bore, unheeding kindred blood,
Her in a ſlender bark theſe fiends conſign'd
To threatening death amid the ſeas and wind.
But Fortune that decreed you, yet unborn,
With glorious deeds your country to adorn,
Your veſſel to a realm unpeopled bore,
And ſafely landed on the Syrtes' ſhore.
Eas'd of her birth, to death your parent bends,
Her ſpotleſs ſoul to Paradiſe aſcends.
Such was your fate, ſo will'd ſome favouring power,
Myſelf was preſent at the needful hour:
Then (as the place allow'd) this friendly hand
Interr'd your mother on the lonely ſtrand:
Wrapt in my veſt your tender limbs I laid,
And to Carena's towering height convey'd.
I caus'd a gentle lioneſs to come,
Her whelps deſerting, from the woodland gloom;
Who twice ten months (her nature's rage ſubdu'd)
From ſavage teat ſupply'd your milky food.
But roving o'er the fields one fatal day,
As diſtant from my home I chanc'd to ſtray,

On

On you a band of Arab ſpoilers fell,
(Your memory may ſupply the tale I tell)
Marphiſa, thee they ſeiz'd; with feet more light
By better chance Rogero 'ſcap'd by flight.
Return'd, your cruel loſs I long deplore,
But guard my ſole remaining hope the more.
Thou know'ſt, Rogero, well my ceaſeleſs care,
While ſad Atlantes breath'd this vital air.
I ſaw, from boding ſtars, thy life decreed
In Chriſtian lands by treacherous guile to bleed;
For this I ſtrove to keep thee thence afar
T' evade the influence of each threatening ſtar:
But when thy ardour all my hopes oppos'd,
My wretched days with grief and ſickneſs clos'd.
Yet ere I dy'd, where my prophetic ſight
Here with Marphiſa long foretold thy fight,
I call'd the demons from tartarean gloom
With marbles heap'd to raiſe this ſtately tomb;
And with loud cries to Charon thus I pray'd:
"Awhile forbear to claim my mournful ſhade!
"Though freed from life, permit my ghoſt to ſtray
"In this drear grove till that predeſtin'd day,
"When my Rogero in this lone retreat,
"In ſingle combat ſhall a ſiſter meet."

Impatient here I chid the lingering hour
That ſtay'd thy coming to this cypreſs bower;
O Bradamant, by our Rogero lov'd,
Henceforth be every jealous thought remov'd!—
But now, farewel! farewel to chearful light,
I ſink for ever in eternal night!

Here ceas'd the voice; and ceaſing left impreſs'd
Fear, wonder, love, in every hearer's breaſt.
The knight Marphiſa for his ſiſter knew:
She, in Rogero, with enraptur'd view
Her brother own'd; and both with pious haſte
Advancing in each other's arms embrac'd:

Ver. 527. *Here ceas'd the voice;—*] There is ſcarce a paſſage in this, or perhaps it may be allowed in any poem, more noble, poetical, and affecting, than this diſcovery of Rogero and Marphiſa to each other: the ſeveral workings of rage, love, and jealouſy, are inimitably painted, and the attention of the reader wonderfully ſuſpended, till the whole myſtery is unravelled by the ſublime machine of the ghoſt of Atlantes, which may be truly called *dignus vindice nodus*. The ſudden tranſition of ſcene from the hurry and tumult of a field of battle to a ſequeſtered grove and ſepulchre, and the terrible voice that iſſues from the vault, are circumſtances of ſtrong imagination. Indeed the many natural, ſublime, and beautifully wild ſtrokes of this book would not have been unworthy of a Shakeſpear himſelf!

While

While ſhe, whoſe ſoul no more with doubts was moy'd,
Shar'd in their meeting and their joy approv'd:
Now recollection, waking many a thought,
The time long paſt to their remembrance brought,
The ſports in which their childiſh years they led,
Confirming all Atlantes' ſpirit ſaid.
Rogero to his ſiſter now reveal'd
What love his heart for Bradamant conceal'd;
And, with affection's warmeſt glow, diſplay'd
The ties that bound him to the generous maid:
Meantime fell diſcord, late a cruel gueſt,
Was baniſh'd far from either virgin's breaſt,
And both, to peace and amity diſpos'd,
Their friendly arms around each other clos'd.
Marphiſa now impatient burns t' enquire
The ſtate and birth of their illuſtrious ſire;
By whom he fell, and how the chief was ſlain
In ſingle fight, or on th' embattled plain:
What impious hands their hapleſs mother gave
A guiltleſs victim to the greedy wave:
If e'er the tale had reach'd her infant ears,
The trace was ſcarce retain'd in lapſe of years.
Rogero then began: From Ilium's coaſt,
Through Hector's mighty line our race we boaſt.

When

When young Aſtyanax had fled the bands
Of Grecian foes, and 'ſcap'd Ulyſſes' hands,
He left behind him in his native place
A youth of ſemblant ſtature, mien, and face:
Long wandering o'er the ſpacious ſeas he gain'd
Sicilia's iſle, and in Meſſina reign'd.
His progeny at length by Faro dwell'd,
And in Calabria's realms dominion held;
'Till ſons ſucceeding ſons, th' illuſtrious town
Of Mars * they reach'd, where chiefs of high renown
Sprung from their line, whom mighty Rome obey'd,
Who regal or imperial ſceptres ſway'd;
Whoſe blood to Conſtantine from Conſtans run,
And thence to Charles imperial Pepin's ſon.
Midſt theſe Rogero (firſt that bore the name)
Buovo, Gambaron, Rambaldo came:
Rogero laſt, the ſecond, he who led,
As old Atlantes from yon marble ſaid,
Our honour'd mother to the nuptial bed.
Your eye may clear in ſtory'd annals trace
The glorious actions of our generous race.
Rogero then declar'd, from Afric's ſhore
How Agolant his double offspring bore
Almontes and Troyano; how he brought
A daughter, who in arms ſo bravely fought,

* Rome.

That

That many a Paladin to earth ſhe threw;
Till of their fire the fair enamour'd grew:
That for his ſake her father ſhe forſook,
And how, baptiz'd, his hand in marriage took.
He told the traitor Beltram's impious flame,
Who burnt inceſtuous for the beauteous dame:
Whom to poſſeſs all nature's ties he broke,
And baſely yielded to a foreign yoke
Sire, brethren, country—Riſa's town betray'd
To foes whoſe fury ſcenes of death diſplay'd.
How Agolant and his dire ſons combin'd,
(When billows daſh'd, when howl'd the raging wind)
Unhappy Galacella's death to doom,
Six moons beholding then her growing womb:
And how her feeble ſkiff without a guide
They launch'd at mercy of the roaring tide.
While thus her brother his diſcourſe purſu'd,
In mute attention rapt Marphiſa ſtood,
With joy exulting from ſuch ſpring to trace
The ſhining ſtreams of her illuſtrious race:
Mongrana thence and Clarmont thence ſhe knew
(The double progeny) their lineage drew;
Names that through earth had paſs'd unrival'd long,
Fame's darling chiefs, and themes of future ſong.

But when at length ſhe heard the cruel brood
Of Agramant had ſhed Rogero's blood
By treacherous guile, and doom'd his blameleſs wife
On ſurgy tides to end her wretched life;
No more the ſiſter could her wrath diſguiſe,
But thus abrupt—O brother lov'd! (ſhe cries)
Forgive me, if I gently muſt complain
That you, a ſon, could filial warmth reſtrain,
And unreveng'd behold a father ſlain!
What though Almontes and Troyano fled
From mortal ſtate, are ſhelter'd with the dead,
Thy juſtice may the ſon of life deprive—
Thou liv'ſt—and yet ſhall Agramant ſurvive?
What foul diſhonour muſt thy courage blot,
Thy parents' wrongs neglected and forgot!
Not only from this king thy ſword abſtains,
But thee, his ſoldier, Afric's court retains:
By CHRIST, the God henceforth I will adore,
That GOD to whom my father bow'd before,
I ſwear this armour never to forſake
'Till for my parents' wrongs revenge I take.
Griev'd I behold, and ever ſhall behold
Rogero's force with Agramant enroll'd,
Or mix'd with Moors, unleſs with ſword in hand
To ſcatter ſlaughter through their hated band.

While

While from Marphiſa's lips theſe accents flow'd,
The heart of Bradamant with rapture glow'd,
And oft ſhe urg'd her lover to purſue
The path Marphiſa pointed out to view,
And ſeeking Charles, aſſert his lineal claim
To honours due; for long his father's fame
Had Charles confeſs'd, and deem'd no living knight
Eclips'd his valour in the field of fight.
To them Rogero courteous thus reply'd;
He long ere this had left the Pagan's ſide,
Had all been known, or known been duly weigh'd:
But ſince from Agramant the martial blade
Now grac'd his thigh, on him that ſword to raiſe
With treaſon's guilt would ſtain his former praiſe;
To ſhed his blood whom for his lord he choſe
And pledg'd the faith of knight to guard him from his foes.
Yet, as engag'd to Bradamant he ſtood,
So to his martial ſiſter now he vow'd
The firſt fair hour occaſion gave to take,
The Mooriſh camp with honour to forſake.
This had he fought before, but left in fight
To death near wounded by the Tartar knight
Long time he lay, which numbers could atteſt,
(As late the muſe has told) but o'er the reſt

Marphiſa

Marphiſa knew, who every day beſide
His languid couch her friendly cares ſupply'd.
He ſaid; the word each noble virgin took,
And all by turns their pleaded reaſons ſpoke;
At length they fix'd Rogero ſhould repair
To Agramant, whoſe ſtandards fann'd the air
At Arli's town, and with his lord remain
Till he ſome juſt occaſion might obtain
To ſeek imperial Charles and join the Chriſtian train.

Marphiſa then the enamour'd maid addreſs'd:
Permit his abſence, nor alarm thy breaſt;
Few days ſhall ſee him to your ſight reſtor'd,
Nor longer Agramant be call'd his lord.
Thus pleaſing ſhe; while yet her doubtful mind
Had ſcarce revolv'd the purpoſe ſhe deſign'd.
Rogero bids adieu, and turns the rein
To ſeek his king encamp'd on Arli's plain.
When ſudden from the neighbouring vales they hear
The ſounds of ſorrow breaking on their ear;
And female plaints they ſeem'd—but here we cloſe
The pleaſing book to ſeek a ſhort repoſe;
Yet nobler deeds th' enſuing page diſplays,
If ſtill you deign to mark your poet's lays.

END OF THE THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK.

THE

THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO, Bradamant, and Marphiſa, find three damſels cruelly treated, and undertake to revenge their cauſe. They arrive with them at a town where they are acquainted with the ſhameful law made by Marganor againſt women. Tale of Marganor and his ſons. Rogero, Bradamant, and Marphiſa, attack the caſtle of Marganor, and take him priſoner. Marphiſa inſtitutes a new law. Death of Marganor.

THE

THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

IF every dame, who day and night applies
T' acquire thoſe gifts which Nature oft denies,
The fruit of anxious toil!—If ſuch can raiſe
A name in future times deſerving praiſe,
Would but the ſex theſe paths of learning take,
Which mortal virtues can immortal make,
And thus themſelves to diſtant ages tell
The deeds in which the female race excel,
Without the poet or hiſtorian's aid,
Who oft by malice or by envy ſway'd,
Whate'er

Ver. 10. *Who oft by malice*—] Spenſer in like manner complains of the jealouſy and injuſtice of writers.

Here have I cauſe in men juſt blame to find
That in their proper praiſe ſo partial be,

Whate'er of good they knew have kept conceal'd,
And, blaz'd abroad, each little fault reveal'd;
Then might ſuch honours crown the lovely kind,
To leave the leſſening fame of men behind.
With equal ardor man to man repays
The mutual tribute of reflected praiſe;
Nor this alone, but labours to proclaim
Each blemiſh that may blot the woman's name;
As if he fear'd their merits fair diſplay'd
Would ſink his own, like ſuns that ſet in ſhade.
But not a tongue or hand, though bent in ſpite
With voice to utter, or with pen to write,
With every fraud of jealouſy indu'd,
The bad to heighten and obſcure the good,
Can ſo prevail the gentle ſex to ſtain
But ſtill their glory ſhall in part remain,
Though far beneath what their deſerts might claim,
If candid truth allow'd their genuine fame.

And not indifferent be to woman-kind,
To whom no ſhare in arms or chivalry
They do impart, ne maken memory
Of their brave geſts, and proweſs martial:
Scarce do they ſpare to one, or two, or three,
Room in their writs; yet the ſame writing ſmall
Does all their deeds deface, and ſhame their glories all.
FAIRY QUEEN, Book iii. c. ii. ſt. 1.

Not fam'd Harpalice, on Scythia's ſhore;
Nor Thomyris, who brav'd the Perſian power;
In Troy or Latium, not each warrior maid *,
Who gave to Turnus or to Hector aid;
Not ſhe † who fled with Tyre and Sidon's train,
Through length of ſeas to fix her Lybian reign:
Not great Zenobia; not the queen ‡ whoſe hand
Subdu'd Aſſyria, Ind, and Perſia's land:
Not theſe alone and ſome ſelected few,
Demand the fame to mighty actions due:
Not thoſe alone in Greece and Rome diſplay'd,
For virtues bred beneath their foſtering ſhade,
But dames as wiſe, as faithful, juſt and brave,
Have liv'd from Indus to th' Heſperian wave;

* PENTHESILEA and CAMILLA. † DIDO.
‡ SEMIRAMIS.

Ver. 35. *Not great Zenobia*—] Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, who, when her huſband Odenatus was taken priſoner by Sapores, king of Perſia, raiſed a great army, ſet her huſband at liberty, and afterwards conquered the eaſt. At the death of Odenatus ſhe had the courage to make war upon the emperor Aurelian; who, having taken her priſoner, cauſed her to be led in triumph, and when he was reproached by ſome, for triumphing over a woman, he replied, that her courage and power had been ſuperior to any man.

PORCACCHI.

Whoſe praiſe, whoſe honours are for ever flown,
And ſcarce, amidſt a thouſand, one is known;
Since partial writers, in an envious age,
With cruel falſehood have debas'd their page.
Yet, O ye noble dames! who pant to gain
The wreaths of virtue, virtue's track maintain,
Nor let deſpair of future time's regard
Your venturous ſteps from high attempts retard:
For learn this truth, by juſt experience found,
Nor good, nor ill has one eternal round.
If writers oft your praiſes have deny'd,
The preſent time has well that want ſupply'd.
Your wondrous worth Marullus late has ſhown;
Pontanus, and the Strozzi, ſire and ſon:
Capello,

Ver. 55. —*Marullus*——

Pontanus, and the Strozzi,—] Marullus Tarchoniata, a Greek, no leſs ſkilled in arms than letters: he ſerved in Italy, and married Florentina, daughter of Bartholomea Scala, a lady of erudition. He loſt his life by a fall into a deep pit, and died the ſame day that Ludovico Sforza fell into the power of the French. Pontanus was born at a caſtle belonging to the duke of Spoleto; his father being killed in an inſurrection of the people, he fled when a youth to Naples in great poverty, and was received by Antonio Panchernita, ſecretary to Alphonſo of Aragon; he ſucceeded Panchernita in his office, and married a rich Neapolitan lady: he wrote well in proſe and verſe, and died at ſeventy-ſeven years of age at Naples.

Tito

Capello, Bembo, plead your ſex's cauſe;
And he * whoſe pen preſcribes the courtier's laws,
And is himſelf th' accompliſh'd prince he draws.
There Alamanni: here th' immortal pair
Lov'd by the Muſes and the God of war,

* CASTIGLIONE.

Tito Veſpaſiano Strozzi and Hercules his ſon. Tito wrote many things, but was excelled by his ſon Hercules, who was alſo a great improver of the theatre: he was much addicted to women, which paſſion at laſt ended in his death. They both lived at Mantua. Hercules wrote in praiſe of Iſabella, wife to the duke of Mantua. FORNARI.

Ver. 57. *Capello, Bembo,*—] Capello, a Venetian gentleman and an excellent Tuſcan poet. Bembo, afterwards cardinal; he wrote in proſe and verſe, and excelled on amorous ſubjects, which was objected to him when Paul III. raiſed him to the cardinalſhip. FORNARI.

Ver. 59. *And he whoſe pen preſcribes the courtier's laws,*
And is himſelf th' accompliſh'd prince he draws.]

Count Bandaſſar Caſtiglione, who excelled in all the qualities of an accompliſhed courtier: he wrote a treatiſe entitled Il Cortegiano (The Courtier) in which he introduces many praiſes of women: it is ſaid, by Arioſto, that in deſcribing a perfect courtier he drew his own picture.

FORNARI.

Ver. 60. — *Alamanni:*——] Luigi Alamanni, an excellent poet: he lived ſome time in baniſhment in France, like another Ovid, where he wrote many things, particularly his Girone il Corteſe (Girone the Courteous) a poetical romance.

Sprung from the race that rul'd the fave
ground,
Which Mincius' ſtream divides and lakes ſurre
Of theſe, while one by nature ſtill inclin'd
To pay due homage to your beauteous kind,
Bids Cynthus and Parnaſſus ſound his lays,
And high to Heaven extend your ſwelling praiſe;
The love, with truth and conſtancy unmov'd,
So well by him in Iſabella prov'd,
Exalts your ſex ſo far, your fair renown
From Envy's ſhafts he guards above his own;
Nor lives, throughout the world, ſo brave a knight
Who leſs ſhall fear in virtue's cauſe to fight:
His deeds to other bards a theme can give,
His pen can bid another's glories live:

Ver. 60. —*th' immortal pair*] Two of the name of Luigi; Gonzaga of Caſtel Ginfredi, couſin to the duke of Mantua, and Gonzaga called of Gazalo, for his intrepidity ſurnamed Rodomont, who afterwards married Iſabella. FORNARI.

Ver. 69. — *in Iſabella prov'd*] This Iſabella was daughter of Veſpaſian Gonzaga, and being promiſed to ſignor Luigi of the ſame family, Pope Clement, exaſperated with Luigi for being in arms with the Imperialiſts at the ſack of Rome, endeavoured by every means to make her marry another, but ſhe, neither by threats or promiſes, would be ever induced to break the faith that ſhe had plighted. PORCACCHI.

Worthy

Worthy a dame ſo wealthy, who (endow'd
With every gift by bounteous Heaven allow'd
The female name) through every chance could prove
A ſteady column of connubial love.
He worthy her, ſhe worthy him to bleſs;
No worthier two each other to poſſeſs.
New trophies ſee he rears on Oglio's ſhore,
Amidſt the din of arms and cannon's roar;
So rich a work his poliſh'd genius gave
That envy ſeem'd to ſwell the neighbouring wave.
Hercules Bentivoglio pours along,
And paints your triumph in triumphant ſong.

Ver. 76. — *a dame ſo wealthy,*—] Rodomont received with her a dowry of twenty thouſand ducats. FORNARI.

Ver. 79. *A ſteady column of connubial love.*] Alluding to her name, *Colonna*, the ancient race of the Coloneſe.

Ver. 82. — *Oglio's ſhore,*] The caſtle of this lord of Gazalo was ſituated not far from the river Oglio; by the neighbouring wave he means Mincius, and thus ſeems in ſome ſort to equal him to Virgil. FORNARI.

Ver. 84. *So rich a work*—] Luigi Gonzaga Rodomont, not only excelled in military talents, but was an accompliſhed writer. As a proof of his eaſy vein in poetry, we may refer to the ſtanzas printed with his name at the end of the Furioſo, in moſt of the editions of the work.

Ver. 86. *Hercules Bentivoglio*—] Son of Annibale: he wrote eclogues and comedies, and likewiſe excelled in muſic: he lived at Ferrara. FORNARI.

Trivultio follows; then in equal lays
My own Guidetto your deſert diſplays;
And Molza, nam'd by Phœbus to record your praiſe.
See! Hercules, Carnuti's duke appears,
Son of my patron duke—his wings he rears
Like the ſweet ſwan, and ſinging as he flies,
Bears your lov'd name reſounding to the ſkies.
See Vaſto's lord (whoſe virtues might inſpire
Full many a Roman and Athenian lyre)
Exalts your deeds, while numbers more that live
In this our age your honour'd praiſes give.

Ver. 88. *Trivultio* —
Guidetto—] Rinato Trivultio of Milan; he compoſed in octave ſtanzas on amorous ſubjects. Franceſco Guidetto, a Florentine, a good writer in Tuſcan verſe. FORNARI.

Ver. 89. —— *Molza*—] Maria Molza da Madonna from her earlieſt life ſhewed a genius for poetry. She excelled in Latin and Tuſcan verſe, and was patronized by every Mecenas of the age. Her life was licentious, being like another Sappho, addicted to a multiplicity of lovers, and died at laſt of diſeaſe, a victim to her incontinence. FORNARI.

Ver. 91. *See! Hercules, Carnuti's duke*—] Hercules II. then only duke of Carnuti, afterwards duke of Ferrara.

Ver. 95. —— *Vaſto's lord*—] Alphonſo, marquis of Vaſto, who enriched poetry with many elegant amorous compoſitions. FORNARI.

Ver. 97. —— *numbers more* —] Ludovico Dominichi was among the moſt celebrated: he compoſed an entire volume to the honour of women. FORNARI.

Behold

Behold your ſex their female labours leave,
Forget to turn the reel, the web to weave,
And guide the pen on learning's ſacred theme;
Who quench their thirſt at Aganippe's ſtream,
And, thence return'd, ſuch honours you beſtow,
Man owes you much—to man you little owe.
Should here the muſe recount the ſplendid names
And mighty worth of theſe diſtinguiſh'd dames,
How would the ſubject ſhine from page to page,
What other ſtory could the verſe engage?
What courſe is left!—ſhall I the whole reject,
Or, midſt the train a ſingle name ſelect?
One I'll ſelect; in whom ſuch gifts combine
Not Envy's ſelf ſhall at the choice repine.
She not alone, with ſweet mellifluous lays
Preſerves her name to far ſucceeding days,
But calls the ſlumbering worthy from the tomb,
And bids his fame reviv'd eternal bloom.
As Phœbus on his ſiſter ſeems to throw
More vivid light, than on the ſtars that glow
Around his orb; ſo he her breaſt inſpires,
Whoſe praiſe I ſing, with more exalted fires;
Gives every word with energy to flow,
And bids her ſhine a ſecond ſun below.

Victoria

Victoria is ſhe call'd—and well the name,
Befits her, born to triumph and to fame;
With every trophy deck'd of laurell'd pride,
And victory attendant at her ſide.
Like Artemiſia ſhe, the queen who prais'd
For nuptial duty, to Mauſolus rais'd
The ſtately pile: but more to her is due,
Who from the ſepulchre her conſort drew,
And bade his buried honours riſe anew.
If Laodamia, Arria, Brutus' wife,
Evadne and Argia, fled from life;

And

Ver. 123. *Victoria is ſhe call'd*—] Victoria Colonna, a marchioneſs of Peſcara, daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, a commander of great courage and conduct: ſhe was wife to Franciſco Davolo, marquis of Peſcara: ſhe was a lady of conſummate genius and piety, and compoſed many elegant poems in praiſe of her huſband, and other works on religious ſubjects. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 127. *Like Artemiſia* —] Artemiſia, queen of Caria, who built a moſt magnificent tomb for her huſband Mauſolus, reckoned one of the ſeven wonders of the world; but not ſatisfied with this proof of her affection, and deeming no other monument ſo worthy as her own breaſt to contain the remains of her huſband, ſhe cauſed the body to be conſumed to aſhes, and having mixed theſe with a precious liquid, ſhe drank the potion ſo prepared.

Ver. 132. *Laodamia, Arria, Brutus' wife,*] Laodamia,

wife

And numbers more, in ſtory'd annals bloom,
Who ſought their breathleſs huſbands in the tomb:
Still fair Victoria yields a nobler theme,
Who could from Lethe and the turbid ſtream

That

wife to Proteſilaüs, who went to the ſiege of Troy: he was the firſt who landed, and fell by the hand of Hector: his dead body being ſent home to Laodamia, ſhe expired upon it.

Arria, wife to Pœtus, who was condemned to death for being privy to a conſpiracy againſt the emperor Claudius. Arria, with great intrepidity, drew a dagger, and plunging it into her boſom, preſented it to her huſband with this expreſſion, "that ſhe died without pain, but that the agony ſhe felt was for the death which he muſt ſuffer." On this incident Martial made the following celebrated epigram.

Caſta ſuo gladium cum traderet Arria Pœto,
Quam de viſceribus traxerat illa ſuis,
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci, non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pœte dolet.

When Arria chaſte to Pœtus gave the blade,
When from her breaſt ſhe drew the crimſon ſteel,
'Tis not (ſhe cry'd) the wound my hand has made,
But what, O Pœtus! thine muſt make, I feel.

Portia, the wife of Brutus, hearing of the defeat and death of Brutus, put an end to her life by ſwallowing burning coals.

Ver. 133. *Evadne and Argia,*—] Evadne, wife of Capaneus, who went to the ſiege of Thebes: her huſband being dead, ſhe threw herſelf on the funeral pile, and was conſumed with him.

Argia,

That nine times round the bloodleſs ſpectres flows,
Her huſband free, though death and fate oppoſe.
If ſtern Achilles once could envy raiſe
In Macedonia's king for Homer's lays;
What would the monarch, living, feel to hear
Thy name, Peſcara, found in every ear;
For whom thy chaſte thy much-lov'd conſort ſings
Eternal honours on the tuneful ſtrings?
If all her great deſerts the muſe would tell,
The muſe for ever on the theme might dwell;
And leave, what late I promis'd to unfold,
A pleaſing ſtory in the midſt untold,

Argia, daughter to Adraſtus king of Argos, and wife to Polynices. Polynices and his brother Eteocles being dead by the hands of each other, Creon forbade them to be buried, but Argia, accompanied by her ſiſter Antigone, went in the night to the field of battle, and finding the body of her huſband gave it burial; on which the tyrant commanded Argia and Antigone to be put to death.

Ver. 137. *Who could from Lethe* —] Arioſto poetically intimates that Victoria, by the excellence of her compoſitions, preſerving the memory of her deceaſed huſband, recalled him to life. See Note to ver. 123.

Ver. 140. *If ſtern Achilles* —] Alexander the Great paying a viſit to the tomb of Achilles, is ſaid to have expreſſed his regret that he had no ſuch poet as Homer to record his actions.

Of

Of fierce Marphiſa, and the gentle pair,
Which in this book I purpos'd to declare.
Since gracious now you ſtand prepar'd to hear
Theſe fair adventures with attentive ear,
For better leiſure I reſerve the lays
That mean to trace Victoria's boundleſs praiſe.
Not that my verſe can make thoſe virtues bright
Which ſhine unrivalled by their native light,
But fain my ſoul would thoſe deſires obey
Which prompt all honours at her feet to lay.
Thus then, ye fair, I deem in every age
Your ſex might claim a place in ſtory'd page,
But canker'd envy in the writer's breaſt,
Has after death each generous name ſuppreſs'd.
That time is paſt—ſince now yourſelves can give
Your virtues blaz'd through lateſt days to live.
Could thoſe two kindred dames like you excel
In arts of eloquence, as warring well,
What gallant deeds had now been brought to light,
Which envy long has kept obſcur'd in night!
Of theſe a tenth the muſe can ſcarce declare;
Of fierce Marphiſa, Bradamant the fair,
I ſpeak, and wiſh each glory to diſplay,
Since virtuous deeds ſhould ſhine in open day;

Your

Your ſlave am I, and burn with zeal to ſhow
To you what truth and loyalty I owe.

In act to part, I ſaid, Rogero ſtood,
His ſword recover'd from the yielding wood,
When from the neighbouring vale was heard the groan
Of female plaints and undiſtinguiſh'd moan.
He paus'd; but ſoon, with either warlike maid,
He bent his courſe to give the mourners aid:
All ſpur their ſteeds, and now approaching near,
With louder cries diſtincter words they hear.
At length they find in wretched plight diſtreſt,
Three dames with weeping eyes and ſobbing breaſt,
Whoſe veſture clipt above each lovely waiſt
By impious hands, to ſtrangers' gaze diſgrac'd
Thoſe ſecret charms, which each low ſeated tries
To hide from ſight, and fears again to riſe.
As Vulcan's offspring, born from duſt of earth,
Whom Pallas took, and gave the monſtrous birth
With

Ver. 190. *As Vulcan's offspring,*—] Ericthonius, the ſon of Vulcan, was born with the feet of a dragon, and was given by Pallas ſhut up in a cheſt to be kept by the three daughters of Cecrops king of Athens, Pandroſo, Erſe, and Aglauros, with ſtrict charge not to look therein; but Aglauros, through curioſity, opened the cheſt, and diſcovered the infant, on which they were all three puniſhed. Ericthonius,

With charge ſevere to raſh Aglauros' hand,
Who dar'd to diſobey her high command;
As he, of old his ſerpent feet enclos'd
Within the car, which firſt his art compos'd;
So crouch'd the virgins, fearful to reveal
Thoſe charms that modeſty would fain conceal.
This object fir'd in either noble dame
The kindling bluſhes of a maiden ſhame:
In each fair cheek the deepening crimſon glows,
As blooms in Pæſtan groves the fragrant roſe.
Indignant Bradamant, with wondering eyes,
Amidſt theſe weeping dames Ulania ſpies,
Her, whom at Triſtram's lodge ſhe met erewhile,
The lovely envoy from Perduta's iſle:
Nor leſs the damſels her attention drew,
Whom late companions of the fair ſhe knew.
But to Ulania, honour'd o'er the reſt,
The noble maid her courteous ſpeech addreſs'd;
And aſk'd what wretch of unrelenting mind,
Foe to the gentleſt ties of human kind,

thonius, when he was grown up, invented the uſe of the chariot, in order, when he rode therein, to conceal his deformity.

Ver. 201. *As blooms in Pæſtan groves*—] Pæſtum, an ancient city, the gardens of which abounded with roſes, which were reported to blow twice a year: Thus Virgil,

Biferi roſaria Pæſti. Could

Could to a ſtranger's eyes thoſe charms reveal
Which modeſt Nature labours to conceal.
At that known voice Ulania rais'd her eyes,
Suffus'd with flowing tears, and now deſcries
The veſt and arms of that victorious dame,
Who late the northern champions overcame.
Then thus—Not diſtant far a caſtle ſtands
Where wretches dwell, who with inhuman hands
Have clipt our garments thus above the waiſt,
With blows oppreſt us, and with taunts diſgrac'd.
Nought can I ſpeak of that reſplendent ſhield;
Of thoſe three kings, who long o'er hill and field
My ſteps purſu'd, no tidings can I tell,
Nor know if death or bondage theſe befel.
And, though it irks us ſuch a length of way
To trace on foot, we purpoſe to diſplay
Before the court of Charles our wrongs and ſhame,
And every juſtice from the monarch claim.
She ſaid: her words each noble dame inſpir'd
With generous wrath, nor leſs Rogero fir'd:
With grief they heard the maid her tale relate,
But more they griev'd to view her wretched ſtate.
All other thoughts forgot, each virtuous breaſt
Self prompted glow'd to aid the three diſtreſs'd,

While

While with one mind the martial three prepar'd
T' avenge the wrong, but firſt their armour bar'd
Of veſt and ſcarf, and cloth'd with tender care
The naked charms of every bluſhing fair.
But Bradamant, whom much it griev'd to view
Ulania thus on foot her way purſue,
The weeping virgin on her crupper plac'd;
Whoſe gentle friends, with equal ſhame diſgrac'd,
Marphiſa bold and good Rogero took;
Then all the ſix the lonely vale forſook.

To Bradamant Ulania pointing ſhow'd
The neareſt path to where the caſtle ſtood:
Her Bradamant conſol'd, and for her ſake
Vow'd on her foes a juſt revenge to take.
To right and left, by turns, their courſe they bent,
And ſlowly gain'd a rugged hill's aſcent;
Nor ſtay'd to reſt, till deep in ocean's bed
The ſetting ſun had veil'd his golden head.
An humble village on the hill's ſteep ſide
Their lodging fair, and good repaſt ſupply'd,
Such as the ruſtic hamlet could provide.
They gaz'd around, and wondering gaz'd to find
Each part, each dwelling fill'd with woman-kind,
Some young, ſome old; but not a ſingle face
Of man was mingled with the female race.

Not more ſurpriſe of old brave Jaſon knew,
Not more the reſt of Argo's valiant crew,
To ſee no males on Lemnos' fatal ſhore,
But ſavage females drench'd in kindred gore;
Than now Rogero and each martial dame,
When to this town at evening cloſe they came.
Here Bradamant and here Marphiſa's care
For ſad Ulania, and her damſels fair,
Three veſts procur'd, not wrought with female pride,
But ſuch as well their preſent need ſupply'd.
Meanwhile Rogero call'd a dame from thoſe
Reſiding there, and will'd her to diſcloſe
What place conceal'd the males, ſince yet his eyes
No male beheld—to which ſhe thus replies.

While you perchance with looks of wonder view
Without a man our numerous female crew,
Think what we feel in baniſhment to live
From all that once could life's fond ſolace give:

Ver. 261. *Not more ſurpriſe* —] The women of the iſland of Lemnos being jealous that their huſbands meant to forſake them for other wives, formed a conſpiracy againſt the men, and at their return maſſacred them all in one night: Hypermneſtra only ſaved the life of her old father king Thoas, and ſent him in ſafety from the iſland. Jaſon afterwards arriving thither, found with ſurpriſe the kingdom only held by women. See Ovid's Ep. Hypſipile to Jaſon.

To

To fill the meaſure of our doom ſevere,
Sires, ſons, and huſbands, names for ever dear,
From our lov'd ſight a long divorce conſtrains,
As our inhuman tyrant's will ordains.
Chac'd from the confines of the neighbouring earth,
Where we, unhappy! drew our wretched birth,
Our cruel lord has here our ſex confin'd
With wrongs ill-ſuited to our gentle kind;
Denouncing pains and death to us, to all
Our tender mates; ſhould theſe at love's ſoft call
Hither repair our ſorrows to relieve,
Or we with welcome our lov'd mates receive.
To woman's name he bears ſuch deadly hate,
He lets no female near his preſence wait,
But drives us thence, as if our harmleſs breath
Could taint the air with peſtilence and death.
Now twice the trees their verdant leaves have ſhed,
And twice renew'd their annual honours ſpread,
Since to ſuch height the tyrant's fury roſe,
And none have dar'd his impious deeds oppoſe;
Such fear prevails!—for to his brutal mind,
As if in fell deſpite, has nature join'd
A ſtrength beyond the ſtrength of human kind.
His body, towering to gigantic ſize,
A hundred warriors in the field defies.

Nor we alone his hapleſs ſubjects mourn,
But ſtrangers feel his rage more fiercely burn.
He from his ſight diſgrac'd each female drives,
That by ill fortune at his walls arrives.
O! if you prize your freedom, life, or fame,
Or dearly hold each fair and gentle dame,
This way forſake, which leads to yonder tower
Where dwells the tyrant, whoſe deteſted power
Maintains the law, invented to diſgrace
Damſels and knights that reach the fatal place.
His hand he chief in female blood imbrues;
Not ſo the wolf the tender lamb purſues.
Not Nero, fam'd for every cruel deed,
Nor wretch more cruel can the wretch exceed
Whoſe fury thus aſſails each hapleſs dame
With impious force, and Marganor his name.
Thus ſhe: Rogero with attentive ear,
And each brave virgin ſtood the tale to hear,
And fair beſought the matron to diſcloſe
How firſt his hatred of the ſex aroſe.
Yon caſtle's lord (the dame her ſpeech renew'd)
Was ever cruel and averſe to good,
But for a time his nature's vice ſuppreſt,
Lay deedleſs, buried in his impious breaſt.

Two ſons his offſpring were, of virtuous kind,
Ah! how unlike their ſire's degenerate mind!
All baſe and cruel deeds they ſtrove to ſhun,
And every ſtranger their affection won.
With theſe, awhile, mild love and fair report
And courteous manners grac'd their father's court;
For though deep avarice could himſelf reſtrain,
Parental fondneſs gave his ſons the rein.
Each knight and dame that rov'd the country round,
Alighting there ſuch friendly welcome found,
That parting thence each grateful tongue confeſs'd
The honours paid to every coming gueſt
By both the brethren:—each by ſolemn rite,
Inveſted with the ſacred name of knight.
Cilandro this, Tanacro that was nam'd,
Alike for princely mien and courage fam'd.
Their worth was prais'd of all, and ſtill had prov'd
Fair knighthood's boaſt, of every breaſt belov'd;
But ah! they fell to cruel love a prey,
That led them ſoon from virtue's path aſtray,
To tread the maze of error's winding way.
Their honour now, by fatal paſſion croſt,
In one unhappy deed was ſtain'd and loſt.
It chanc'd that from the Grecian court there came
A gentle warrior, with his wedded dame,

Of ſoft demeanour and of blooming charms,
Worthy to fill the nobleſt lover's arms.
Cilandro ſaw, and kindling at the view
Such draughts of love from her fair features drew,
He fear'd the hour that ſaw the dame depart
Would ſee life's lateſt pulſe forſake his heart:
Too well he ſaw that gentle ſuit were vain,
And hence reſolv'd by force the prize to gain.
He arm'd, and near the caſtle ambuſh'd lay,
When well he knew the pair would paſs the way.
His wonted courage and his love combin'd
To urge him headlong to the deed deſign'd:
Soon as he found th' approaching warrior near,
He ruſh'd againſt him with his lifted ſpear,
With certain hope of victory he came,
T' unhorſe the champion, and to win the dame.
Vain hope!—the knight in field was ſtronger found,
And pierc'd his corſlet with a mortal wound.
The fatal tidings reach'd his parent's ear,
Who wept his breathleſs offspring on the bier,
And bade his mourning friends the corſe convey,
Where long entomb'd his dead forefathers lay.
Yet ſtill were hoſpitable rites employ'd,
And friendly welcome every gueſt enjoy'd:

Not

Not leſs Tanacro than his brother ſtrove
In every act of courteſy and love.
On this ill-omen'd year a baron came
From diſtant regions with his gentle dame;
He, firſt of men for hardy feats of arms,
She, firſt of all her ſex for female charms;
She, bleſt with truth as with a blooming face,
He, ſprung from anceſtry of noble race:
And well it ſeem'd a knight of worth ſo rare
Should match with one ſo virtuous and ſo fair:
Olindro he, of Longavilla fam'd;
His blameleſs conſort fair Druſilla nam'd.
Alike his dame Tanacro's love inſpir'd,
As late the firſt his wretched brother fir'd:
Th' unjuſt deſire that on his vitals fed,
The youth devoted to deſtruction led:
He, like Cilandro, honour's voice forſook,
The ties of hoſpitality he broke;
And dar'd each evil, rather than endure
The rankling wound that death alone could cure.
His brother's end ſtill preſent to his eyes,
He bent his thoughts to win the lovely prize
By ſurer means, and ſuch as might afford
No hope of vengeance to her injur'd lord.

Ah! hapleſs youth! whoſe impious love ſuppreſs'd
The laſt faint tracks of honour in his breaſt,
And quench'd in guilt each ſpark of virtue's fire,
Plung'd in the gulph that whelm'd his cruel ſire.
One night, far diſtant from the caſtle gate,
He points a force well arm'd in caves to wait
The knight's approach: in ambuſh cloſe they ſtand,
And twice ten warriors ſwell the deathful band
To cloſe Olindro's way on every hand.
In vain his valour dar'd th' unequal ſtrife,
Subdu'd at length he loſt his ſpouſe, and life.
Olindro ſlain, Tanacro ſeiz'd the fair,
Frantic with grief, abandon'd to deſpair:
And oft ſhe begg'd his falchion would beſtow
The ſole relief in pity to her woe:
Now ruſhing to a river's winding ſide,
Furious ſhe plung'd amid the daſhing tide;
But cruel fate the wiſh'd-for death deny'd.
Wounded and bruis'd the near aſſiſtants bore
The ſenſeleſs victim groaning from the ſhore.

Ver. 412. *Olindro ſlain, Tanacro ſeiz'd the fair,*] This ſtory of Olindro and Druſilla is taken from Plutarch, from whom Caſtiglione has tranſlated it word for word in his Cortegiano. It is likewiſe told with many circumſtances by Apuleius in his Golden Aſs: but Arioſto has altered and improved the ſtory. LAVEZUOLA.

Her

Her on a bier Tanacro thence convey'd,
And anxious call'd on medicine's ſons in aid,
To ſave his lovely prey: while theſe employ
Their healing arts, he dreams of future joy.
The name of miſtreſs his fond heart diſdains;
So fair, ſo chaſte a dame in nuptial chains
He means to bind; theſe thoughts his boſom ſway,
By night purſue him, and poſſeſs by day.
He owns his guilt and large amends he vows;
The more he ſoothes, her hatred ſtronger grows;
The more the traitor pleads his ſuit abhorr'd,
The more ſhe thirſts t' avenge her murder'd lord.
But well ſhe knew deceit and art muſt join
The deep-plann'd ſcheme to further her deſign;
She veil'd her former love with pious wiles,
And heard his tale with well-diſſembled ſmiles.
Peace, gentle peace, her placid looks impart,
But deep revenge is brooding at her heart:
A thouſand ſchemes her buſy mind revolves,
By turns ſhe weighs, and doubts, by turns reſolves:
At length ſhe finds her life alone can buy
Her wiſh'd revenge, and now prepares to die;
For how ſo happy can ſhe cloſe her breath,
As in her own t' avenge her conſort's death?

All

All joy ſhe ſeems, and feigns a ſoft deſire
Once more to light the torch at Hymen's fire:
She decks her charms with every grace of art,
As her firſt lord were baniſh'd from her heart.
One only boon ſhe begs, to join their hands
With all the rites her country's law demands;
Not that ſuch nuptial rites, as now ſhe claim'd,
Her country us'd, but this device ſhe fram'd
In hopes her dear revenge on him to view,
Whoſe guileful force her lov'd Olindro ſlew;
And hence, with virtuous guile the dame deſcribes
The well-feign'd cuſtom of her native tribes.
Each dame (ſhe cries) who quits her widow'd ſtate
Muſt, ere ſhe yields to take a ſecond mate,
With maſſes ſung and all due rituals paid,
Appeaſe her angry lord's departed ſhade;
And in the temple, where his bones remain,
Abſolve his ſoul from paſt polluting ſtain.
Theſe rites perform'd, the bridegroom then may bring
And to his bride preſent the ſpouſal ring.
Meantime the holy prieſt with ready prayer
The conſecrated chalice muſt prepare;
Then from the chalice pour the hallow'd wine
And to the new-eſpous'd the cup conſign;

But firſt he to the bride the potion gives,
And firſt her lip the hallow'd draught receives.
  Tancred gladly yields, at her demand,
T'adopt each uſage of her native land,
He bids her crown with love his faithful vows,
And at her pleaſure all the rites diſpoſe.
Ah! wretch! he little deem'd Druſilla's mind
This ſnare t'avenge Olindro's death deſign'd;
So deep one object all his thoughts poſſeſs'd,
That only one found entrance in his breaſt.
  Druſilla near her perſon long retain'd
An ancient dame, that with her yet remain'd,
A ſiſter captive; her aſide ſhe took
And thus with low and ſecret voice beſpoke.
A ſpeedy poiſon in a vaſe prepare,
And to my hand the deadly mixture bear:
The day arrives my vengeance to fulfil,
And Marganor's deteſted ſon to kill.
Some other time ſhall tell—but truſt my art
That thou and I in ſafety will depart.
The beldame goes; the venom'd bowl prepares,
And this, returning, to the palace bears:
The potent drugs ſhe blends with Candian wine,
And gives the dame; the dame with dire deſign

Preſerves

Preſerves it for th' approaching nuptial-day,
To which th' impatient youth forbids delay.
The day appointed to the temple came
With gold and jewels deck'd the lovely dame;
Where late with pomp of funeral ſplendor grac'd,
On columns rais'd her huſband's tomb ſhe plac'd.
There hymns were ſung in ſolemn notes and loud,
And round of either ſex a mingled crowd
Attentive ſtood: ſtern Marganor was there,
With him his ſon, both with exulting air,
And many a friend to hail the wedded pair.
At length the nuptial ceremony o'er,
Behold th' inſtructed prieſt is ſeen to pour
The wine and poiſon bleſt; to her he gives
The golden cup, the bride the cup receives
With ſteady hand; ſhe to the brink applies
Her cheerful lip, and drinks what may ſuffice
For decency and death; then with a face
To ſmiles compos'd, reſigns the fatal vaſe
To her new lord,—with unſuſpecting ſoul
He takes the gift, and drains the deadly bowl.
The cup return'd, he flies with open arms
Eager to claſp his lov'd Druſilla's charms,
When lo! each ſoft, each female grace is fled,
And kindling furies o'er her features ſpread!

She thruſts him back, his loath'd embraces flies,
While lightening flaſhes from her fiery eyes,
Then with a dreadful voice and faltering tone,
Traitor! (ſhe cries) infernal fiend, be gone!
Shalt thou a life of love and ſolace know,
And give my days to paſs in tears and woe?
O no—this hand its juſt revenge obtains
And ſheds deſtructive poiſon in thy veins.
Thou dy'ſt—but ah! it grieves my ſoul to view
So mild a puniſhment thy crime purſue!
I only grieve that theſe unhappy eyes
See in thy death ſo poor a ſacrifice.
'Tis all I can—ſince more the fates deny,
Another world may every wiſh ſupply:
There ſhalt thou, wretch, in ever-during chains
Lament, while preſent I enjoy thy pains!
Then to the ſkies ſhe rais'd a dying look,
Half cheer'd to ſmiles, and thus with tears ſhe ſpoke.
Yet thou accept, O ever honour'd moſt,
This vengeance paid to thy offended ghoſt.
Olindro, take for thy lamented life
This victim offer'd by thy widow'd wife:
And, O! for me the king of Heaven entreat
This day with thee in Paradiſe a ſeat:

If

If none without deſert inhabit there,
To Heaven's high king my ſpotleſs truth declare:
Tell him, I dare approach his hallow'd reign
Rich with the triumph of yon monſter ſlain:
What greater virtue lives than hers whoſe hand
From ſuch fell plagues can free a groaning land!
She ceas'd; and ceaſing, life forſook her breaſt,
While her pale looks a ſeeming joy expreſs'd
To ſee the traitor thus reſign his breath,
Whoſe guile had wrought her lov'd Olindro's death.
'Tis doubtful whether firſt her ſpirit fled,
Or firſt Tanacro mingled with the dead:
Yet ſure on him th' effect more ſpeedy wrought
Whoſe throat ſo largely drain'd th' envenom'd draught.
When wretched Marganor his falling ſon
Caught in his arms and ſaw that life was gone,
Such rage of grief o'er all his ſenſes ſpread,
His ſoul ſeem'd fleeting with his offſpring dead:
Two ſons were his, and childleſs now he ſtood,
And each his wretched end to woman ow'd:
Grief, pity, love, deſpair, and wild deſire
Of fell revenge, inflam'd the wretched ſire;
Conflicting paſſions now by turns prevail'd;
So foam the ſeas by boiſterous winds aſſail'd.

He

He ſeeks Druſilla, but the hand of death
Ere yet he came had ſtopt her balmy breath:
As with his teeth the ſnake attempts to wound
The pointed ſpear that nails him to the ground;
As the gaunt maſtiff ruſhes on the ſtone,
By paſſing travellers in fury thrown;
So he, more fell than ſnake or maſtiff, flies
T' attack the corſe, that pale and ſpeechleſs lies.
When long in vain his ſavage wrath has fed
With impious outrage on the ſacred dead:
Againſt the dames that fill'd the hallow'd fane
He turns his arm; when we (a helpleſs train)
The havock of his murdering weapon feel,
As falls the graſs before the mower's ſteel.

Ver. 570. *As the gaunt maſtiff*—] Taſſo has the like ſimile.

Quaſi maſtin, ch'el faſſo, ond' a lui porto
Fù duro colpo, infellonito afferra.

CANT. ix. ſt. 88.

So with the ſtone, that gall'd him from afar,
The maſtiff wages unavailing war.

And after both our Spenſer:

Like as a cur doth felly bite and tear
The ſtone which paſſed ſtranger at him threw.

FAIRY QUEEN, Book iv. c. viii. ſt. 36.

Full

Full thirty dames the bloody pavement ſpread;
A hundred wounded from the temple fled.
Such was his people's fear, none durſt withſtand
The mad deſtruction of his ſlaughtering hand.
Swift fled the dames, and all the vulgar crew
With equal terror from the fane withdrew:
At length his grieving friends with gentle force
And mild entreaties ſtopp'd his deſperate courſe,
And led reluctant to the caſtle's height,
While all below was tumult, grief, and fright.
Still burns his rage; but ſince his people's prayer
His friends' advice had urg'd him now to ſpare
Our wretched lives, he bent his ruthleſs mind
To baniſh thence the race of woman-kind.
That fatal day he publiſh'd his command,
That every female ſhould forſake the land,
And here confines our ſex to this retreat,
Forbid, with heavy threats, t' approach his ſeat.
Thus wives divided from their huſbands mourn,
Thus weeping mothers from their ſons are torn;
When ſome too bold have dar'd to ſeek us here,
The tidings carry'd to the tyrant's ear,
On theſe his rage inflicts ſevereſt pains,
And thoſe to death without remorſe ordains.

Then,

Then, at the fort, he bids a law proclaim;
None more ſevere ere ſtain'd a ruler's name:
The law decrees each dame or damſel led
By evil deſtiny yon vale to tread,
Shall feel the ſmart of many a galling wound
From cruel ſtripes; then from the tyrant's ground
Be exil'd far; her garments clipt away
By impious hands ſhall to the ſight diſplay
What modeſt virtue bluſhes to betray.
Should one arrive whom ſome brave knight defends,
On her unpity'd certain death attends.
All thoſe who come with knights (their martial guard)
Are led by him, whoſe iron breaſt is barr'd
To pity's touch, to meet their cruel doom,
Slain by his weapon on his children's tomb.
Each champion's arms and courſer he detains,
Himſelf condemns to groan in ſervile chains.
Such is his power, that near him night and day
A thouſand warriors his commands obey.
Yet more—ſhould any hence diſmiſſion find,
By every ſolemn tie that holds mankind
He theſe adjures, unſhaken to proclaim
Eternal hatred to the female name.

If theſe fair damſels little claim your care,
If for yourſelves no anxious thought you bear,
In yonder fortreſs, where the tyrant dwells,
Prove if his cruelty or ſtrength excels.
The matron thus her moving tale addreſs'd,
Till pity melted every warlike breaſt;
And had not night reſtrain'd their eager courſe,
That hour had ſeen them with reſiſtleſs force
The caſtle ſtorm—but here compell'd to ſtay
Till early morn reveal'd her ſaffron ray,
In gentle ſleep the knight and virgins lay.
Soon as Aurora, with her bluſhing light,
Announc'd the ſun, and put the ſtars to flight,
The fearleſs three their limbs in armour brac'd,
And each fair damſel on their courſers plac'd;
When ſudden from behind they heard the ſound
Of horſes trampling on the neighbouring ground:
They turn'd, and gazing on the vale below,
Far as an arrow parted from the bow,
Full twenty warriors, horſe and foot, they view'd,
That through a narrow paſs their way purſu'd:
With theſe a hapleſs pinion'd female came,
Aged in looks, and ſuch as might proclaim
A wretch decreed by fire, or cord, or chains,
To bear the ſentence law for guilt ordains.

Though

Though diſtant yet, the baniſh'd female crew
By face and veſt in her th' attendant knew
Of fair Druſilla, ſhe, who with her dame
Seiz'd by Tanacro to the caſtle came,
His wretched thrall! to whom the dreadful care
Was given th' envenom'd chalice to prepare.
When on the nuptial day the female train
In eager numbers throng'd the ſacred fane,
She, fearing what might chance, remain'd behind,
Then fled the town ſome ſure retreat to find.
Ere long to Marganor the news was brought,
That in Oſterica ſhe refuge ſought;
And every means he try'd, that might ſecure
Her perſon, and his vow'd revenge enſure:
Large gifts he proffer'd ſordid ſouls to bow,
And wealth immenſe, till faithleſs to his vow
A lord, who gave her ſhelter in his land,
Betray'd her to the cruel tyrant's hand.
As the rich wares of merchants are diſpos'd,
On camels laid in ample cheſts enclos'd;
So to Conſtanza captive was ſhe ſent;
Where from their chief this troop with fell intent

Ver. 663. —— *Oſterica* —] Dutchy of Auſtria.
Ver. 672. —— *Conſtanza* —] A city of the Switzers.

Receiv'd the victim, deſtin'd to aſſuage
The impious Marganor's unbounded rage.
As the ſtrong tide that from the hill deſcends
Of Veſulus, and to the ocean bends,
When Lambra and Ticeno ſwell the courſe,
And Ada joins it with auxiliar force,
More deeply foams, with widen'd bed appears
Swell'd by freſh waves: So when Rogero hears
Of Marganor, he feels new wrath inflame
His generous breaſt; nor leſs each martial dame
With fury glows; and all with one accord
Reſolve t' aſſail the caſtle's impious lord,
And, fearleſs of his guard's ſurrounding band,
Exact the puniſhment his deeds demand.
Yet ſudden death they deem'd too mild a fate,
Reſolv'd that torments ſhould his crimes await.

But firſt their arms muſt free the wretched dame
Who with the troop to death devoted came:
They give the bridle to the fiery ſteed,
And urge through neareſt ways his rapid ſpeed;

Ver. 676. *As the ſtrong tide* —] The Po that breaks out from mount Veſulus, and diſcharges itſelf by ſeven mouths into the Adriatic ſea, being encreaſed by the conflux of many rivers from the Alps and Apennines.

And

And never yet th' aſſail'd receiv'd before
Aſſault more fierce from ſuch determin'd power:
Each flies, compell'd before the ſtorm to yield,
And leaves the captive dame, his arms and ſhield.
As when a hungry wolf, ſurcharg'd with prey,
Takes to the den ſecure his eager way,
If chance the train of men and dogs oppoſe,
He quits his courſe, aſide his load he throws,
And where he leaſt the beaten track eſpies,
Through thorny brakes with nimble feet he flies:
So from the field the routed band withdrew,
So ſwift on theſe the generous warriors flew.
With terror ſtruck, their wretched lives to ſave,
Some leap the rock, ſome ſeek the mountain cave;
With arms and priſoner, many leave behind
Their ſteeds forgotten, to the foes reſign'd:
From theſe Rogero and the joyful pair
Of martial dames, ſelected three to bear
Theſe three fair virgins, whom ſo late before
The courſers gall'd with double burthen bore.
Now to the tower of infamy they bend,
And will the matron ſhould their way attend,
To ſee on Marganor each wrong repaid
With full atonement to Druſilla's ſhade.

But, fearing ill, the beldame this deny'd;
Her, while in vain ſhe wept, and trembling cry'd,
Rogero in his nervous graſp compell'd,
And on Frontino plac'd reluctant held.
At length they came where from a neighbouring height
A town below lay ſtretch'd before their ſight
Of wide extent, on every ſide expos'd,
Nor fenc'd with ramparts nor with foſſe enclos'd.
Full in the midſt a rock high-towering ſhow'd
A lofty fort that on its ſummit ſtood.
To this with joy their eager courſe they held,
Where Marganor (deteſted tyrant) dwell'd.
The town they enter'd, when the watchful guard
Before, behind, their further paſſage barr'd.
Now Marganor, encompaſs'd with a crew
Of foot and horſemen, from the caſtle drew,
And in ſhort ſpeech, with haughty phraſe, explain'd
The cruel law that in his caſtle reign'd.
Marphiſa then (for ſo the fiery maid
With Bradamant and with Rogero laid
The firſt aſſault) in anſwer ſpurr'd her ſteed,
And onward ruſh'd with equal ſtrength and ſpeed:

Nor ſword, nor lance ſhe graſp'd, but many a blow
With gauntlet arm'd ſhe dealt and lāid him low
With batter'd helmet on his ſaddle-bow.
Marphiſa thus—not leſs the Dordan dame
Her courſer urg'd: with theſe Rogero came;
So fierce his onſet, ſix at once he ſlew
Ere from its reſt his potent ſpear he drew.
That, through his paunch the thrilling ſteel impreſs'd,
Theſe, through the neck, the head, or panting breaſt.
Within the ſixth, who fled, the weapon broke;
But firſt through ſpine and pap reſiſtleſs took
Its bloody way—All ſtretch'd on earth behold
Where Amon's daughter aim'd her lance of gold.
So from the burning ſkies is ſeen to fall
The dreadful bolt that rends and ſcatters all.
The people fly—ſome ſeek the mountain's height;
Some to the plain precipitate their flight:
Some in their dwellings, ſome in temples hide,
And every fence againſt aſſault provide.
None ſave the dead remain—meantime in bands
Behind his back the wretched tyrant's hands
Marphiſa ty'd; and to the dame conſign'd;
That ancient dame, who bent her vengeful mind
A torment worthy of his deeds to find.

Marphiſa threats to wrap the town in flame,
Unleſs they now their errors paſt diſclaim,
Unleſs they now the tyrant's law forſake,
And, in its ſtead, another ſtatute make.
All yield to her, for all with equal fear
Her wrath denounc'd for diſobedience hear;
Leſt the ſtern virgin with vindictive ire
Should ſhed their blood and waſte their domes with fire.
They hate fierce Marganor, nor leſs they hate
The cruel impious law enforc'd ſo late;
But ſuch their power who rule with tyrant ſway,
Whom moſt they loath the people moſt obey;
For mutual want of confidence enſures
A tyrant's ſafety and his reign ſecures.
Hence exile, murder, patient they behold,
Their honours tainted and purloin'd their gold.
But grief, though mute, to Heaven's high throne will cry,
And draw down tardy vengeance from the ſky,
When each delay the ſaints ſhall recompenſe
With puniſhment for every paſt offence.
By wrath and hatred urg'd the vulgar crew
With deeds and words their wild revenge purſue:

Each

Each ſhares the woodland ſpoil (the proverb cries)
When rent by winds a tree uprooted lies.
Let kings from Marganor this truth believe,
Who deals in wrong, ſhall juſt return receive.
All ranks, and all degrees, exulting view'd
The righteous ſufferings that his crimes purſu'd.
Many, who wept ſome mother, child, or wife,
Some ſiſter, by his rage depriv'd of life,
No more by fear withheld, impatient ſtood
With their own hand to ſhed the tyrant's blood;
Scarce now defended by th' united care
Of brave Rogero and the noble pair
Of martial dames, who doom'd him to ſuſtain
A wretched death of ſlow-conſuming pain.
To her who ſeem'd with hatred keen to glow,
As woman's heart can bear her deadlieſt foe,
They gave him bound—a hind that ſtood beſide
A ruſtic weapon for her rage ſupply'd,
A pointed goad he brought, with which ſhe drew
From every limb the ſtreams of ſanguine hue.
Not leſs Ulania and her friends combin'd,
(The dire diſgrace ſtill rankling in their mind)
To work his pain; nor idle long they ſtood,
But with the matron their revenge purſu'd.

Yet

Yet ſuch their wiſh t' offend, their ſex but ill
With feeble nerve ſupplies their ſtronger will:
With ſtones, with needles, puny war they wage,
And every inſtrument of female rage.
As when a river ſwell'd with melting ſnows
And ſounding rains a mighty torrent grows,
Down the ſteep hills it bears with ſweepy ſway
Trees, cots, and ſtones, and labouring hinds away:
At length, by ſlow degrees, with leſſening pride
In narrow channels rolls the ſhrinking tide,
Till boys and females can the current brave,
And dry-ſhod paſs the late tremendous wave.
Thus far'd it with the tyrant's ruin'd power,
Once dreadful prov'd, but dreadful prov'd no more!
Behold his creſt ſo fall'n, his courage broke,
His ſtrength ſo cruſh'd beneath a ſtronger yoke,
That infants ſcorn the tyrant whom they fear'd,
And rend his locks or pluck his briſtly beard.
The knight and virgins thence their way purſu'd
Where on the ſteepy rock the caſtle ſtood:

Ver. 812. *With ſtones, with needles,* —] In this and ſome other inſtances of the ſame kind, Ariôſto ſeems to depart from the female character, at the ſame time that the expreſſions are ſuch as muſt have a ludicrous effect in any language.

By

By none oppos'd, their hands the treaſures gain'd;
Whate'er of wealth or ſtores the walls contain'd.
Of theſe they gave Ulania part to ſhare
With thoſe, the late ſad partners of her care;
And part deſtroy'd: the ſhield of gold they found,
And here the northern kings in fetters bound;
Th' ill-fated three, who from their courſers caſt
By Bradamant, unarm'd, on foot had paſt
With that fair dame, who from a diſtant ſhore
The radiant ſhield and high commiſſion bore.
Nor know I yet but happier prov'd her chance,
That theſe nor graſp'd the targe nor held the lance:
Arms might ſhe wiſh, could arms her cauſe maintain,
But better left untry'd, than try'd in vain.
One fate had then involv'd the wretched dame
With thoſe who thither led by warriors came:
Like thoſe conducted to receive her doom
A wretched victim, at the brethren's tomb.
Unhappy females! fated to diſcloſe
Thoſe charms which virtue ſhudders to expoſe!
But more unhappy ſhe, who ſadly dies,
In bloom of life a ſpotleſs ſacrifice!
Since all diſgrace, by force compell'd, may find
Some kindly balm to ſoothe th' afflicted mind.

Ere

Ere theſe undaunted three the land forſake,
A ſolemn oath they bid the people take,
That every huſband ſhall his wife obey
And yield to her the ſovereignty of ſway,
With threats that he who dares this mandate ſcorn,
Too late in ſorrow ſhall his folly mourn.
While men in other climes the rule maintain,
They here, revers'd, muſt own the female reign.
Next were they bound what ſtrangers thither came,
Or knights or ſquires, of high or lowly name,
To chace them thence, unleſs they ſolemn ſwore
By Heaven, by Saints—or aught that binds us more,
The cauſe of women ever to defend,
Foe to their foes, and to their friends a friend.
Should any then in nuptial bonds be ty'd,
Or ſoon or later woo the bluſhing bride,
To her muſt each his vow'd allegiance pay,
And give her empire undiſputed ſway.
Marphiſa vows (ere months in circling round
Have clos'd the year, or leaves beſtrow'd the ground)
Once more to ſeek the land, and ſhould ſhe find
Her law neglected by their faithleſs kind,
To give their buildings to devouring fire
And ſee at once their name and race expire.

Ere

Ere yet they went, the knight and either maid
With pious care Druſilla's corſe convey'd
From ground impure, and in a tomb enclos'd
With her dear lord in laſting ſleep repos'd.
The crone on Marganor revenge purſu'd,
And all his limbs with purple gore bedew'd,
While ſtill ſhe mourn'd that Heaven deny'd her ſtrength
To draw his ſufferings out to endleſs length.
The warrior-virgins near a temple ſpy
A ſtately column pointing to the ſky,
On this engrav'd, by his command, they ſaw
The tyrant's impious and inſenſate law.
Thoſe arms that Marganor was wont to wield
Were here diſpos'd, his cuiraſs, helm and ſhield;
In trophy wiſe—and near they bade to place
Their new decree to bind the future race.
So long they tarried, till the column bore
Marphiſa's law, far other than before,
When the dire ſentence doom'd each wretched dame
To timeleſs death or heart-corroding ſhame.
The three departing thence, Iſlanda's fair
Remain'd behind rich veſtments to prepare,
With all the ſtate befitting one who came
To Charles' high court, and ſuch as might proclaim
An envoy from a mighty ſovereign dame.

Fell

Fell Marganor was to Ulania's power
Conſign'd; but left ſome unpropitious hour
With new device ſhould free him from her chain,
And he return t' afflict the female train,
She made the wretch a tower's ſteep height aſcend,
And with one leap his crimes and ſufferings end.
Of theſe the vary'd ſtory ſpeaks no more,
But follows thoſe that bend to Arli's ſhore.
That day and half the next the three purſu'd
Their friendly journey, till at length they view'd
Two different tracks (and well was either known)
One to the camp, one led to Arli's town.
Embracing oft, while words ſad lingering fell
From either's lips, the lovers bade farewel:
At length they part; the knight to Arli goes;
The damſels reach the camp: and here my tale I cloſe.

END OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK.

THE

THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT and Marphiſa arrive at the Chriſtian camp, where Marphiſa is introduced to the emperor Charlemain, and afterwards baptized in the Chriſtian faith. Saint John diſmiſſes Aſtolpho from Paradiſe with Orlando's wit. The knight returns to Nubia, where he reſtores Senapus to ſight, who raiſes a vaſt army to enable him to lay ſiege to Biſerta. His march into the dominions of Agramant. The wind ſecured in a bag. The transformation of ſtones to horſes. Agramant calls a council at Arli on the ſtate of his affairs. Speeches of Marſilius and Sobrino. By the advice of the latter, Agramant ſends an embaſſy to Charles with propoſals to determine the war by a ſingle combat. Charles accepts the conditions. Rogero is choſen on the ſide of the Pagans, and Rinaldo on the ſide of the Chriſtians. Affliction of Bradamant. Preparations for the liſt, and the ceremonies previous to the combat.

THE
THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

YE courteous fair! with gracious ear inclin'd
T' attend my ſtory, from your looks I find
That much by you Rogero ſtands reprov'd
For ſuch deſertion of his beſt belov'd:
You ſhare in anguiſh with his faithful dame,
And think he little feels love's potent flame.
Had any other cauſe allur'd the knight
Againſt her will t' abſent him from her ſight,
Though hopes of greater wealth might fire his breaſt,
Than Crœſus join'd with Craſſus once poſſeſs'd,

Ver. 10. *Than Crœſus join'd with Craſſus*—] Crœſus a king of Lydia celebrated for his great riches. Craſſus, called by the Romans, Marcus Craſſus, is ſaid to have been the moſt wealthy, and at the ſame time the moſt avaricious of men. His wealth was reputed to have been ſo immenſe, that he could have maintained the whole Roman army for one year without any apparent diminution of his poſſeſſions.

Yet ſhould I deem with you that Cupid's dart
Had feebly ſtruck, but fail'd to pierce his heart;
Since love's dear raptures never can be ſold
For mines of ſilver, or for heaps of gold.
Not only full excuſe, but he who weighs
What honour dictates, merits laſting praiſe,
Who ſhuns each action that may taint his name:
Had Bradamant, regardleſs of his fame,
Detain'd Rogero, ſuch reſtraint might prove
A female weakneſs more than virtuous love;
And argue motives of a baſer kind
Than ſuit a generous and enlighten'd mind.
If lovers like their own, or ev'n above
Their own ſhould prize the lives of thoſe they love,
Beyond ſelf-pleaſure, held by each ſo dear,
Should all the honour of their friends revere:
Honour, more worth than life; though life we find
Preferr'd to every good that courts mankind.
Though fierce Almontes had his father ſlain,
The guilt on Agramant leaves not a ſtain;
While many a kindneſs to the youth expreſt,
With grateful feeling warm'd Rogero's breaſt;
And urg'd him ſtill unſhaken to purſue
His maſter's ſteps: nor leſs the praiſes due

To

To one, who while her power could well detain
A parting lover, would that power reſtrain.
What though he left her thus, ſome future hour
Might heal the ſeeming wrong, and love reſtore
To all his vows—but one ſmall wound we feel
From honour's lapſe, not years on years can heal.

Rogero now to Arli's walls return'd,
Where Agramant his ſhatter'd forces mourn'd;
While Bradamant and brave Marphiſa ty'd
In friendſhip's bond, and ſoon to ſtand ally'd
By nearer claims, purſu'd the way that led
To where king Charles his conquering banners ſpread,
And ſtrain'd each nerve againſt the Pagan foe,
By war's whole force to lay their glory low,
And free at length the Chriſtian's fair domain
From Afric's inroad and the force of Spain.

Soon as th' approach of Bradamant was heard,
A ſudden joy through all the camp appear'd.
Still as ſhe paſs'd, on either hand the crowd
Declin'd with reverence, while to each ſhe bow'd:
Her coming known, to meet the glorious maid
Rinaldo haſten'd; nor Richardo ſtay'd;

Ver. 43. *While Bradamant* —] The poet returns to Rogero in this book, ver. 519.

Brave Richardetto, all the numerous race
Of noble Amon, mov'd with eager pace
To bid the virgin welcome to the place.
But when the tidings ſpread, that with her came
Marphiſa bold, in arms ſo great a name,
Who from Cathay, with warlike laurels crown'd,
Had bent her courſe to Spain's extremeſt bound,
Nor rich nor poor within the tents remain'd,
Such fond deſire each boſom entertain'd
T' enjoy the ſight; deep thronging round they drew,
Together ſuch a glorious pair to view.
To Charles they came, and ſhe who ne'er before
Inclin'd her knee to any earthly power,
Here firſt (as Turpin writes) that homage paid
To him, whoſe hand th' imperial ſceptre ſway'd,
To Pepin's mighty ſon, to whom alone,
Of every king through earth's wide regions known,
She deem'd ſuch honour due; nor held a name,
Chriſtian or Saracen, of equal claim,
Howe'er eſteem'd for virtue, wealth, or fame.
His tent forſaking, Charles advanc'd to meet
The fearleſs maid, and on his regal ſeat
Cloſe at his ſide in rank reſplendent plac'd,
Above the kings, and lords, and barons grac'd.

There

There due regard to nobleſt worth was ſhown:
There Paladins and princes of renown
Remain'd within, a fair ſelected few,
The reſt are kept without, a nameleſs vulgar crew.
Marphiſa then her grateful ſpeech addreſs'd:
O glorious king! o'er every ſovereign bleſt!
In arms unconquer'd—who from India's waves
To where in Gades' ſtraits old ocean raves,
From Scythian ſnows to Æthiop's burning ſand,
Haſt made thy croſs rever'd in every land!
Wiſeſt and beſt!—whoſe name all praiſe tranſcends,
And draws me now from earth's remoteſt ends:
Here let me own that firſt, as envy wrought,
Fell war and enmity with thee I fought;
And came reſolv'd ſuch mighty power to wreſt
From him, whoſe ſoul a different faith profeſs'd:
For this I dy'd the fields with Chriſtian blood:
For this, thy ruthleſs foe, prepar'd I ſtood
To work thy further harms—but ſtronger fate
To ſudden friendſhip chang'd my former hate.
While to thy loſs I plann'd the future blow,
I found (but how ſome better time ſhall ſhow)
Rogero, nam'd of Riſa, was my ſire;
'Gainſt whom a brother's treaſon durſt conſpire.

Ver. 88. — *in Gades' ſtraits*—] The pillars of Hercules.

Me, in her womb, my luckleſs mother bore
Far o'er the ſeas, where at my natal hour
A ſage magician bent his care to rear
My infant life—the ſeventh revolving year
Arabian ſpoilers ſnatch'd me from his hands
And ſold to Perſia, where in ſlaviſh bands
My perſon grew, till urg'd by lawleſs flame
The king my lord aſſail'd my virgin fame.
Then him, and with him all his court I ſlew,
Deſtroy'd his kindred, and his realm o'erthrew:
The crown I ſeiz'd—and ſcarce my age had told
The eighteenth ſun in annual progreſs roll'd,
Seven realms ſubdu'd beneath my arms I won,
When envying, as I ſaid, thy high renown,
I bent my thoughts to lay thy trophies low,
With what ſucceſs ſucceeding time would ſhow.
But now my will, by ſtronger power depreſt,
To milder purpoſe vails its haughty creſt,
Ere ſince I learn'd my honour'd birth to trace
In lineage near thy own illuſtrious race.
Thus, like my ſire, a double tie I own,
Child of thy blood, and ſubject of thy throne.
That hate, that envy, which ſo late before
My boſom ſway'd, I cheriſh there no more,

Or

Or bend on Agramant the vengeful tide,
All to his ſire or grandſire's name ally'd,
The foul, deteſted race by whom my parents dy'd.

Thus ſhe; and claim'd the hallow'd baptiſt rite,
Reſolv'd when firſt her ſword had ſlain in fight
The Turkiſh prince, by Charles diſmiſt to go
And on her eaſtern realms the faith beſtow;
Then turn on thoſe her arm's reſiſtleſs power,
That Trevigant and Mahomet adore,
With promiſe all her victor-ſword might gain,
Should own the cauſe of CHRIST and ſtrengthen Charles's reign.

The emperor, no leſs eloquent, than ſkill'd
In ſage debate and valiant in the field,
Much prais'd the generous maid, and much he prais'd
Her ſire, her lineage, high in honour rais'd.
To all her words he fram'd a fair reply,
Intrepid courage beaming from his eye,
Then clos'd his ſpeech, her proffer'd love to take,
And her his daughter by adoption make.

Again he roſe; he claſp'd her to his breaſt,
And with a father's kiſs her forehead preſs'd.

Ver. 132. *Thus ſhe*; —] Gregorio Calapreſe, an Italian, publiſhed a book entitled "A Lecture on the Oration of Marphiſa to Charlemain;" being a long tedious eulogium on this ſpeech, and on the ſpeech of Armida to Godfrey in the ivth book of the Jeruſalem of Taſſo.

With welcome joy advanc'd on either hand
The chiefs of Clarmont and Mograna's band.
'Twere long to tell how good Rinaldo paid
Diſtinguiſh'd honours to the glorious maid;
Her deeds he witneſs'd, when the numerous powers
Begirt Albracca's cloſe beleaguer'd towers:
'Twere long to tell what joy in Guido's breaſt
Her preſence wrought: what equal joy impreſs'd
Brave Sanſonetto's ſoul; nor leſs delight
Had ſable Aquilant, or Gryphon white;
Who late with her that cruel city * view'd
Where murderous females held their rule in blood.
With theſe good Malagigi, Vivian came,
And Richardetto, who the generous dame
Had ſeen in fight, what time with theirs ſhe join'd
Her conquering arms againſt the treacherous kind

* City of the Amazons.

Ver. 154. —— *when the numerous powers*] Alluding to Boyardo's ſtory.

Ver. 158. —— *Sanſonetto* —] This is undoubtedly a ſlip of the poet's memory. In the xxxvth book Sanſonetto, who had been made priſoner by Rodomont at the bridge, is ſaid to have been ſent by him to Africa, and was not releaſed at the time Marphiſa came to the Chriſtian camp; for in the xxxixth book the ſhip arrives with him and the reſt of Rodomont's priſoners on the coaſt of Africa, where he meets with Aſtolpho, and firſt recovers his liberty.

Of foul Maganza, and Lanfuſa's train,
Who met to ſell their kin for ſordid gain.
Imperial Charles himſelf with zealous care
Bids for th' enſuing day the pomp prepare,
When in the liſt before the public ſight,
Marphiſa might receive the hallow'd rite.
Biſhops and reverend Clerks, to whom is given
T' explain the Chriſtian laws preſcrib'd by Heaven,
Ile next conven'd, that theſe by truth inſpir'd
Might teach Marphiſa what our faith requir'd:
Th' archbiſhop, in his pontiff's weeds array'd,
Good Turpin, then baptiz'd the kneeling maid,
While pious Charles miniſtrant ſeem'd to ſtand,
And gently rais'd her with his regal hand.

But time requires me now for him whoſe ſenſe
Had left his brain the medicine to diſpenſe,
Which to our earth from yon bright orb afar,
Aſtolpho brings in great Elijah's car.
And now deſcending from the lunar height,
In Paradiſe the ſaint and warrior light;
The ſacred vaſe they bring whoſe wondrous power
Muſt the great maſter of the war reſtore.

Ver. 180. *But time requires* —] He returns to Bradamant, ver. 535. of this book. Aſtolpho was laſt mentioned in book xxxv. ver. 225.

Then

Then holy John to good Aſtolpho ſhow'd
A potent herb, with virtues rare endow'd;
With this, return'd to earth, he will'd the knight
To touch the Nubian king and heal his ſight.
Then ſhould the grateful prince, for eyes reſtor'd,
And hungry harpies baniſh'd from his board,
T' aſſail Biſerta's walls his aid afford.
He taught him how to arm the troops unſkill'd
In martial toil, and train them to the field;
And how unhurt to tread the burning way,
Where blinding ſands in circling eddies play.
He bade him now remount the ſteed that late
Had borne Rogero and Atlantes' weight.
Reluctant then his leave Aſtolpho took,
The hallow'd ſaint and bliſsful ſeats forſook:
Above the Nile he wheel'd his rapid flight,
'Till Nubia's nearer realm appear'd in ſight;
Then, in the city's walls with ſwift deſcent
Alighting to Senapus' preſence went.
Great was the joy the knight returning brought
To Nubia's king, who oft in grateful thought
Confeſs'd that aid, which from the ravenous power
Of famiſh'd harpies freed his genial hour.
But when the champion now had purg'd away
The cloudy film that veil'd his viſual ray,

Th'

Th' enraptur'd monarch, for his ſight reſtor'd,
His great deliverer as a God ador'd;
Nor only granted at his firſt demands,
T' invade Biſerta's wall, auxiliar bands,
But rais'd a hoſt, to which the mightieſt yield,
Twice fifty thouſand marſhall'd for the field;
And proffer'd theſe to head—the groaning plain
Could ſcarce the ranks of trampling foot ſuſtain.
On foot they march'd, for rare the race of ſteeds
In Nubia nurtur'd, while in troops ſhe breeds
The camel, patient long of parching toil,
And elephant, that ſhakes the groaning ſoil.
The night preceding, ere the numerous bands
Prepar'd to tread th' inhoſpitable ſands,
The Paladin his winged ſteed beſtrides,
Then to the ſouth his rapid pinion guides,
And gains at length the cave, where iſſuing forth
The ſouthern wind firſt breathes againſt the north:
The champion (as his ſage inſtructor taught)
With him prepar'd a bag capacious brought,
And while fatigu'd within the cavern deep,
Th' outrageous blaſt lay huſh'd in quiet ſleep,
This at the entrance cloſe, with ſilent care
Unknown to him, who little dreamt the ſnare

Aſtolpho

Aſtolpho held; and when with rapid force
At morn the wind eſſay'd its wonted courſe,
The cloſing bag the ruſhing plague repell'd,
And in its womb the ſtruggling captive held.
The knight o'erjoy'd at ſuch a val'd prey
To Nubia turn'd; and now began his way
With all his ſable hoſt, while plenteous ſtores
Were borne behind to feed the numerous powers.
With theſe the duke his glorious march purſu'd
Safe in th' impriſon'd wind, while round he view'd
Th' unſtable ſands, 'till from a mountain's height
The plain and diſtant ſhore appear'd in ſight.
His army here he ſtays, and here the beſt
In diſcipline he ſingles from the reſt,
And where the mountain bounds the ſpacious plain,
Encamp'd in legions leaves his martial train.
Himſelf, as one who ſeem'd by looks intent
On ſome great purpoſe, gain'd the hill's aſcent;

Ver. 240. *And in its womb* —] This fiction is borrowed from Homer, where Eolus makes a preſent to Ulyſſes of the winds in a leathern bag. Odyss. B. x.

——— at length for parting mov'd,
The king with mighty gifts my ſuit approv'd:
The adverſe winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compreſs'd their force and lock'd each ſtruggling blaſt.
Pope's Odyss. B. x. ver. 17.

There

There firſt the ground with knee devoutly preſs'd,
Then to his patron ſaint his prayer addreſt.
Secure that Heaven would liſten to his vows,
From ſcattering hands a ſtony ſhower he throws;
O! wond'rous deeds of thoſe who CHRIST believe!
The falling ſtones a ſudden change receive;
Each takes new ſhape and grows a living beaſt,
With well-turn'd hoof, arch'd neck, and nervous cheſt:
Two neighings ſhrill the winding crags reſound:
The new-form'd race in many a ſprightly bound
Ruſh to the ſubject vale with eager ſpeed,
Where every ſtone is now a generous ſteed.
They ſnort, they foam, they leap in ſportive play,
Of various colour, dappled, roan, or bay.
The ſquadrons, that beneath in order ſtand,
Theſe ſoon behold; as ſoon with ready hand
Secure, and mounting pour along the plain;
For each was form'd with ſaddle, bit, and rein.

Thus in one day Aſtolpho chang'd the force
Of fourſcore thouſand men from foot to horſe:
With theſe in waſte the country round he laid,
And wealthy plunder gain'd and priſoners made.

When Agramant had paſs'd to Gallia's ſtrand,
Three kings he left to guard his Afric land:

The

The king of Ferza, Algazieri's king,
And king Branzardo—theſe their numbers bring
T' oppoſe the duke, but firſt with ſails and oars
A rapid bark they ſend to Europe's ſhores
That Agramant might learn what ills ſtore
From ſuch incurſion of the Nubian foes.
Through ſurging tides the veſſel night and day,
To Arli's port purſues her ready way,
There finds the king with various woes diſtreſt,
And near by Charles' advancing powers oppreſt.
King Agramant who heard his own domain
Endanger'd thus, while Pepin's realm to gain
He croſt the ſeas, conven'd to deep debate
The chiefs and princes of the Pagan ſtate.
There once or twice his careful eyes he caſt
Where king Marſilius and Sobrino plac'd,
The council join'd; of all the honour'd train
Wiſeſt and eldeſt—when he thus began.
Though ill it fits a leader's name to own,
He ne'er divin'd what future time made known;
Yet will I ſay ſhould ſuch misfortune light,
As mock'd the preſcience of a mortal ſight,
Error were venial then—that Afric's lands
Were left diſarm'd expos'd to Nubia's bands

The fault was mine—but who ſave Heaven (whoſe eye
Can every deep event of time deſcry)
Could e'er have thought from realms remov'd afar,
So huge a hoſt would wage in Afric war;
Whoſe clime beyond the burning deſert lies,
Where clouds of ſand in duſty whirlwind riſe?
Yet to Biſerta's walls the ſiege is laid,
Our Afric pillag'd and her ſons diſmay'd.
Declare, O chiefs! if ſpent with fruitleſs toil
Our baffled troops ſhall quit this hoſtile ſoil:
Or urge the conflict on, till hence we bear
Yon Chriſtian Charles a priſoner of the war:
But how to guard at once my regal ſeat
And leave this empire cruſh'd with great defeat;
Let each diſcloſe the thought that ſways his breaſt,
While we from various counſels chuſe the beſt.
Here ended Agramant; and as he ſpoke
On Spain's imperial lord, who next him took
His honour'd place, he fix'd an earneſt eye,
As from his lips awaiting a reply.
He, riſing ſlow, awhile in ſilence ſtood
Before his chief, and firſt with reverence bow'd,
Reſuming then his place, in words prepar'd,
He thus the purport of his mind declar'd.

When Fame, O monarch! good or evil tells,
Evil or good beyond the truth ſhe ſwells.
I little truſt in tales that idly bred,
From tongue to tongue with lying rumours ſpread.
Leſs can I credit that which ſure will find
No credit from a cool conſiderate mind.
Who can believe that, with ſuch numerous bands,
A king, who holds the ſway o'er diſtant lands,
Should bend his march to Afric's peaceful ſoil
Through parching ſands, where ſhrunk with heat and toil
Cambyſes once had led, in evil hour,
With wretched omens his devoted power?
Perchance from native hills th' Arabian train
May make incurſion on the neighbouring plain,

Ver. 337. *Cambyſes once had led,* —] Cambyſes, king of Media, undertook two expeditions, one againſt the Amonites, the worſhippers of Jupiter Amon, and the other againſt the Macrobians, a people of Ethiopia that inhabited the country near the Southern ocean. He divided his army into two parts, with one he marched himſelf into Ethiopia, and the other he ſent againſt the Amonites, but their proviſions failing, and finding no ſupplies in the barren ſoil through which they paſſed, they were reduced to the moſt dreadful extremities, and at laſt conſtrained to return with great loſs: the other army in attempting to paſs over the deſerts was buried under the mountains of ſand.

And, while no force oppos'd, deſtruction make,
And ſack and kill, and many a captive take:
Meanwhile Branzardo, to whoſe truſted hand
Thou gav'ſt the rule (thy viceroy in the land)
For every ten a thouſand writes, that blame
For ſuch defeat may leſs attend his name.
Grant that the Nubians are by wondrous power
Sent like ſome ſtorm or heaven-directed ſhower,
Grant that they ſeem from clouds on earth to light,
Their march conceal'd from every mortal ſight,
Weak were indeed thy ſoldiers' hearts to ſhow
Inglorious fear of ſuch a daſtard foe.
Yet from thy ſhips diſpatch a choſen few,
And let thy ſtandards but appear in view:
Nubians and naked Arabs all ſhall fly,
And in their wonted confines trembling lie:
Though unexpected now thoſe ſpoilers dare
Diſturb thy kingdom with invaſive war,
While diſtant here thy banded powers remain,
And ſeas divide thee from thy native reign.
But thou on Charles with double ardor preſs,
His kinſman's abſence muſt enſure ſucceſs;
Orlando loſt, of all yon Chriſtian foes
Not one ſhall more your riſing fates oppoſe,

Unleſs yourſelf neglect the glorious crown,
That waits to bind your temples with renown;
Till time from thee his favouring lock ſhall turn,
And we too late our ſhame and ruin mourn.
With words like theſe, in reaſon's garb addreſt,
Spain's mighty lord the peers aſſembl'd preſs'd,
And urg'd to keep in France the martial bands
Till Charles was exil'd from his native lands.
Then king Sobrino ſpoke, whoſe judgment view'd
That king Marſilius leſs in ſpeech purſu'd
The general cauſe, than labour'd to conceal
His private aims with ſhow of public zeal.
He thus — When peace I counſell'd, would to Heaven
Th' event had ſhown that ill th' advice was given!
Or that thou then hadſt deign'd, O king! to hear
Thy old Sobrino with a willing ear;
Nor then in Rodomont confided moſt,
In Marlabuſto and Alzirdo's boaſt,
With Martiſino—would that each I name
Were preſent now!—but chief that ſon of fame,
Stern Rodomont, who vow'd in every chance
Thy fate to follow with his ſingle lance,
And cruſh beneath his arm the brittle power of France:

So

So might my tongue reproach the recreant knight
Who lives in ſloth, a truant from the fight;
While I who durſt ungracious truths declare,
(Then deem'd a coward) ſtill thy fortune ſhare,
And yet will ſhare, while life informs my breaſt,
That life, which now with weight of years oppreſt,
I ſtand prepar'd for each event to yield
To every Frank that dares us in the field.
Nor is there one ſhall tax Sobrino's name,
Of all, who boaſt their deeds eclipſe my fame.
Thus far I ſpeak, that what with fervent zeal
I once declar'd, and what I now reveal,
May no effect of fear or weakneſs prove,
But marks of loyal truth and faithful love.
Hear then, O king! my counſel to retreat,
And turn with ſpeed to thy paternal ſeat.
Unwiſe the man, whoſe fruitleſs aim purſues
The good another holds, his own to loſe!
What is our gain thou knowſt—from Afric's ſhore
Full thirty kings, the vaſſals of thy power,

Ver. 389. *Who lives in ſloth,*——] Rodomont, ſince he had been defeated by Bradamant on the bridge at the tomb of Iſabella, was retired from the field and lived a recluſe, as was the cuſtom of chivalry, to expiate the diſgrace which he had brought on the profeſſion of knighthood.

We croſt the ſeas—now count the remnant train,
And ſcarce a wretched third alive remain!
Forbid it Heaven, or more muſt yet be loſt!
Shouldſt thou, O monarch! follow to our coſt
Th' improſperous war, ſoon death may level all,
And chiefs and people ſhare one common fall!
Orlando's abſence yields but little aid
To force like ours with every day decay'd:
No ruin hence remov'd—though ruthleſs fate
Some little ſpace prolongs our wretched date.
Behold Rinaldo, fam'd in many a fight,
And ſcarcely yielding to Orlando's might.
Behold his brethren, kinſmen, all the train
Of Paladins, whoſe deathleſs arms maintain
The Chriſtian cauſe; whoſe deeds the world reveres,
And every Saracen with terror hears!
With theſe another Mars exacts the praiſe
Which to a foe my tongue reluctant pays;
The valiant Brandimart, whoſe fearleſs breaſt,
(Like his Orlando) danger ne'er depreſs'd:
Part have I heard, and part by trial known,
His deeds to others' coſt in battle ſhown.
And ſince Orlando to their arms was loſt,
Leſs good than evil has befall'n our hoſt.

To

To ſufferings now endur'd my boding mind
Foretels, alas! more ſufferings yet behind.
Lo! Mandricardo pale in death is laid,
And ſtern Gradaſſo has withdrawn his aid,
With Algiers's king—yet would the laſt as well
But prove his duty, as his arms excel,
Gradaſſo's abſence might be held more light,
Nor ſhould we ſo regret the Tartar knight.
While theſe we loſe, while breathleſs on the plain
Thouſands by thouſands lie our warriors ſlain,
While all our troops are drawn from Afric's ſhore,
Nor can ſupplies our drooping hopes reſtore,
Four knights have join'd with Charles, whoſe martial name
Equals Orlando's or Rinaldo's fame;
Since from theſe realms to where cold Bactros flows,
No chiefs in field can four ſuch chiefs oppoſe:
Perchance to thee is ſavage Guido known,
With Sanſonetto, and each generous ſon
Of Olivero born *—theſe more I fear
Than many a knight, than many a valiant peer,
That Germany and various regions ſend
Againſt our force their empire to defend;

* GRYPHON and AQUILANT.

Though each new aid that ſwells their hoſtile bands
From us new courage, new allies demands.
Whene'er we dare the field, the field we loſe,
And infamy with rout our arms purſues.
If Spain and Afric oft with loſs engag'd,
When, two to one oppos'd, the fight they wag'd;
What chance is ours, where Franks and Scots combine,
Where Engliſh, Germans, and Italians join,
Where every ſix of ours twelve Chriſtians meet?
What hope of aught but ſhame and foul defeat!
In time retire—and with thy kingdom ſave
Our few ſurvivors from a foreign grave.
Marſilius left, the world perchance may blame
Thy breach of faith, but to preſerve thy name
From all reproach, ſuch terms thou may'ſt enſure
As ſhall, with thine, Marſilius' peace ſecure.
Yet with thy fame if ill it ſeems to ſtand,
That thou, firſt injur'd, ſhould'ſt a truce demand;
If ſtill untir'd on war thy thoughts are bent,
(With what ſucceſs thou ſee'ſt by ſad event)
One only way remains to turn the tide
Of wavering conqueſt from the Chriſtian ſide:
Hear but my counſel—to ſome valorous knight
Entruſt our kingdom's cauſe in ſingle fight,
And be Rogero nam'd the champion of thy right.

We

We know Rogero arm'd with ſword and ſhield,
Can equal proweſs in the liſted field
With great Orlando or Rinaldo boaſt,
Or any leader of the Chriſtian hoſt.
But if thou ſtill purſu'ſt a general war,
Though more than human deeds his worth declare,
He ſtands but one amidſt innumerous foes,
Where warriors like himſelf their ſtrength compoſe.
If thou my words approve, a meſſage ſend
To Chriſtian Charles, that mutual ſtrife may end:
He for the liſt ſhall name his boldeſt knight,
Who dares encounter thine in equal fight
Till one ſhall fall—that king ſhall tribute pay,
Whoſe champion ſlain or vanquiſh'd yields the day.
Nor Charles I truſt (whate'er his arms have won)
Will proffer'd peace on ſuch conditions ſhun:
In brave Rogero firmly I confide
That certain conqueſt muſt his force betide:
So juſt our cauſe, that all to him ſhall yield,
Though Mars himſelf oppos'd him in the field.
With theſe perſuaſive words Sobrino mov'd
Th' aſſembled peers; the peers th' advice approv'd.
That day th' important embaſſy they frame,
That day to Charles the choſen envoys came:

When Charles, who knew what warriors of renown
Maintain'd his quarrel, deem'd the prize his own,
Then to Rinaldo he the combat gave,
Whom next Orlando, braveſt of the brave,
He truſted moſt—Meantime, on either hand,
The truce was welcom'd by each martial band:
With labours ſpent, with anxious cares oppreſt,
They hail the hour that promis'd future reſt;
And curs'd that diſcord (bane of human good)
That urg'd their ſouls to hate, their hands to blood.

Rinaldo thus with honour'd preference grac'd
Above his peers, in whom his ſovereign plac'd
The charge his empire and his fame to guard,
Exulting for the glorious liſt prepar'd;
Nor fear'd Rogero's arm might his excel,
Though by that arm ſtern Mandricardo fell.

But good Rogero, while his ſoul confeſs'd
His monarch's favour, ſingled from the reſt;
From Afric's lords by Agramant decreed
In ſuch a cauſe to conquer or to bleed,
Yet look'd with downcaſt eyes of heavy cheer,
Though, unappall'd, his boſom knew not fear.
Rinaldo had he ſcorn'd, and with him join'd
Orlando's ſelf, but, ah! his troubled mind

View'd

View'd in his foe a warrior near ally'd
To noble Bradamant, his future bride;
His beſt-belov'd, who oft with anguiſh mov'd
In tender lines his breach of faith reprov'd:
And ſhould he thus her future hopes requite,
To meet her brother now in mortal fight,
Such change to hatred muſt her boſom feel,
As all his cares could ne'er ſuffice to heal.
If to himſelf Rogero mourns in vain
The part that Heaven has call'd him to ſuſtain,
Soon as the flying news his fair-one hears,
Sighs follow ſighs, her eyes are fill'd with tears:
She ſtrikes her lovely breaſt, her golden hairs
She rends away, her bloodleſs cheek ſhe tears:
She calls Rogero perjur'd and ingrate,
And, loud lamenting, weeps her cruel fate.
Whate'er event ſhould chance on either ſide,
To her, in every chance, muſt woe betide:
She dares not think the day may fatal prove
To him, the object of her deareſt love:
But ſhould high Heaven his righteous doom diſpenſe
To puniſh France for ſome remote offence,
Beſide a brother's loſs, more thrilling pains
Muſt rend her ſoul, a deeper curſe remains:

She durſt not then, but to her foul diſgrace,
And hate incurr'd from all her angry race,
Again her dear, her plighted lord review,
And in the face of all thoſe vows renew,
Thoſe vows, which ever preſent to her mind,
By night, by day, her anxious thoughts deſign'd
To ſee fulfill'd—ſo ſtrong was either ty'd,
No ſtruggling could the mutual knot divide,
Or late repentance ſet their loves aſide.

But ſhe, whoſe friendly ſuccour ne'er had fail'd,
Whene'er ill chance againſt the fair prevail'd,
The ſage Meliſſa, with attentive ears
Not unconcern'd her plaintive ſorrow hears:
She comes, with gentle words to ſoothe the maid,
And promiſe gives of unexpected aid;
When need requires, to give her fears relief,
And ſtay the fight, her fatal cauſe of grief.

But now the rival knights, with equal care,
Their weapons for th' expected liſt prepare:
The choice of weapons to the chief remains,
Whoſe valiant arm the Roman cauſe maintains;
And he, who ſince his gallant ſteed he loſt,
Still fought on foot amid th' embattled hoſt,
Reſolves, in plate and mail, on foot t' engage,
With axe and dagger keen the fight to wage.

Thus, whether fix'd by chance, or whether wrought
By Malagigi with foreſeeing thought;
Who knew full well how Baliſarda's force
Through arms and armour takes its ruthleſs courſe,
Without their truſty ſwords each noble knight
With axe and dagger will decide the fight;
And near the walls of Arli's ancient ſeat,
They chuſe a ſpacious plain for combat meet.
Aurora ſcarce had rais'd her watchful head
Above the waves from old Tithonus' bed,
To uſher in the day that ſeem'd decreed
To ſee the victor crown'd, the vanquiſh'd bleed,
When, lo! on either hand, with equal care
A choſen ſquadron to the field repair:
They pitch the tents in due proportion'd ſpace,
And near the tents two riſing altars place.
Ere long, in order marſhall'd train by train,
The Pagan forces iſſu'd to the plain:
Full in the midſt, in barbarous ſplendor dreſt,
Proud Afric's king a fiery courſer preſs'd;

Ver. 584. *Aurora ſcarce had rais'd*—] The ſeveral circumſtances of the truce between Charles and Agramant, and the breaking of it by the intervention of Meliſſa, are copied from the xiith book of Virgil, where the Latin poet deſcribes the ceremonies preparatory to the ſingle combat between Æneas and Turnus, and the machine of Juturna.

His

His colour bay, his ſkin was gloſſy bright,
Black was his mane, two feet and front were white.
Beſide the king his ſteed Rogero rein'd;
Nor him t' attend Marſilius' ſelf diſdain'd,
Whoſe hand the helmet held, ſo late in fight
With peril conquer'd from the Tartar knight:
That helmet, once in Trojan battles borne,
A thouſand years ago by Hector worn.
With king Marſilius various chiefs of fame,
Nobles and barons plead their equal claim;
On either ſide his arms and weapons hold,
His arms with jewels ſet and rich with gold.

Then iſſuing from their works in ſhining ſwarms
Imperial Charles conducts his troops in arms,
In blazing pomp and military ſhow
As if on equal terms t' engage a foe.
His noble Paladins their lord encloſe,
And near him arm'd the bold Rinaldo goes,
Arm'd ſave his head—that helmet which of yore
In fatal combat fam'd Mambrino wore,
The Daniſh Paladin Ugero bears:
Duke Namus next beſide the knight appears,
One axe he holds, of two for fight ordain'd,
One royal Salomone's hand ſuſtain'd.

Here

Here various chiefs each Chriſtian ſquadron led,
And there the powers of Spain and Afric ſpread.
Between the camps was left an ample ſpace,
Where, ſave the champions, none the fatal place
Muſt dare to tread—the trumpet's dreadful breath
For each offence denouncing certain death.
The Chriſtian warrior firſt, prepar'd for fight,
His weapon ſeiz'd, and next the Pagan knight:
When now advanc'd before the martial bands
Two prieſts appear'd, each bearing in his hands
A volume clos'd: one hallow'd page proclaim'd
CHRIST's blameleſs life; the koran one was nam'd:
With that, the emperor came, devout in mien,
With this, the Pagan Agramant was ſeen.
Imperial Charles before his altar ſtay'd,
And thus, with lifted hands to Heaven he pray'd.
O GOD! who couldſt in fleſh reſign thy breath
To ſave devoted ſouls from ſin and death!
O Virgin pure! from whom, for our frail ſake,
That GOD vouchſaf'd a human form to take,
And in thy hallow'd womb nine months remain,
Thy virgin-flower preſerv'd from mortal ſtain;
Be witneſs now, that for myſelf I ſwear,
And each, that may henceforth this ſceptre bear,

To

To Agramant and all, whose future hand
Shall hold the rule of his paternal land,
Of finest gold an annual sum to pay,
Should here my chosen champion lose the day:
And more—I swear to fix a peace so sure
As may to time's remotest verge endure.
If this I fail, let each offended power
On me, on mine, the heaviest vengeance shower;
But spare my people—here thy wrath let fall,
Nor stretch, for my offence, thy scourge to all.
Yet to the world a dread example show,
What punishment awaits the broken vow.
Thus while he pray'd, he grasp'd the sacred book,
With pious zeal, and upwards fix'd his look.
And now they pass'd to where with splendor grac'd,
The Pagan train a second altar plac'd
There vow'd king Agramant to waft his powers
Through midland waters back to Afric's shores,
And tribute to the Christian monarch yield,
Should good Rogero vanquish'd press the field,
And bid (as Charles had sworn) all hatred cease
To bind the solemn league with lasting peace.
The Pagan then amidst the listening crowd,
His prophet Mahomet invok'd aloud,

And

And on the book, t' obſerve his oath he ſwore,
The book which in his hand the Pontiff bore.
Then from the altars ſworn each prince withdrew
Back to his train; when from the martial crew
The noble champions, ere in fight they join'd,
Advanc'd with mutual oaths themſelves to bind.
Rogero ſwore, if heedleſs of the right
His monarch ſhould diſturb th' approaching fight,
No longer to confeſs his ſovereign ſway,
(His chief or peer) but only Charles obey.
Then vow'd Rinaldo, if the Chriſtian lord
Should the firſt cauſe to break the truce afford,
And ſudden call him from the liſted field,
Ere he ſhould fall, or ſee Rogero yield,
Then for his ſovereign Agramant to own,
His future knight and guard of Afric's throne.
Now all perform'd, as ſolemn rites requir'd,
Each champion backward to his lines retir'd,
To wait the ſign—when ſoon reſounding far
The ſhrill-mouth'd trumpet gave the peal of war.

Ver. 669. —— *the Pontiff*—] This word may probably appear not ſtrictly proper when applied to a Mahometan prieſt; but it is after the Italian—Papaſſo—liberties of this kind are common with the poets of that time.

The

The fight begins—loud ſtrokes are echo'd round;
Now high, now low, the brandiſh'd weapons ſound.
Above, beneath, the thundering axe is ſped;
Now aim'd againſt the breaſt, and now the head.
So well they ſtrive, no words ſuffice to praiſe
The matchleſs ſkill that either arm diſplays.
But good Rogero, who the brother fought,
Of her whoſe love poſſeſs'd his every thought,
So cautious ſtruck, his caution ſeem'd to ſhow
A ſtrength inferior to his gallant foe;
Readier to ward than ſtrike, he ſeldom aim'd a blow.
Scarce knows he what he ſeeks; nor would he try
To wound Rinaldo, nor himſelf would die.
But now methinks the ſtated bound in view
Permits me not the ſtory to purſue.
The book enſuing ſhall the reſt unfold,
If then you deign to hear the ſequel told.

END OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

THIRTY-NINTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO and Rinaldo being engaged in ſingle combat to decide the diſpute of the two nations, Meliſſa, by a device, incites Agramant to break the truce. A general battle enſues, and the two knights ſeparate by mutual agreement. Valour of Bradamant and Marphiſa. Proceedings of Aſtolpho in Africa. The leaves of trees transformed to ſhips. Arrival of Olivero, Sanſonetto, Brandimart, and other Chriſtian knights, who had been priſoners to Rodomont. Theſe are received with great joy by Aſtolpho. Orlando, in his madneſs, wandering from place to place, comes to the camp of Aſtolpho, who, according to the inſtructions of Saint John, reſtores him to his ſenſes. Preparations for the ſiege of Biſerta. The Pagan army in France being routed by Bradamant and Marphiſa, Agramant is obliged to quit the field, and with ſome of his ſhips ſails from the port of Arli for Africa, but is met by Dudon's fleet, that attacks him unawares during the night, and burns and deſtroys moſt of his veſſels.

THE

THIRTY-NINTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

GREAT is the woe that good Rogero knows,
A woe by far ſurpaſſing other woes:
On either ſide too cruel fate prevails;
His honour here, and there his love aſſails.
He now may periſh by Rinaldo's hand;
Or ſhould his arm the Chriſtian foe withſtand,
He to his miſtreſs muſt reſign his breath,
Whoſe hate incurr'd ſhall ſeal his bittereſt death.
Rinaldo, not with thoughts like theſe diſtreſt,
On conqueſt bent his brave opponent preſs'd
With every nerve; his axe of temper ſteel'd
Now here, now there in rapid circles wheel'd,
At head or arm he aim'd; while ſtill prepar'd
On every part the threatening wound to ward,

Rogero turn'd; but when a ſtroke he dealt,
The cautious ſtroke Rinaldo little felt.
Anxious the Pagan lords the knights ſurvey,
Who ſeem'd ill pair'd for ſuch a glorious day.
Too ſlow his arm and axe Rogero moves:
Too well his arm and axe Rinaldo proves.
The king of Afric pale with alter'd hue,
Bent on the doubtful fight his fearful view:
On old Sobrino now he turn'd the blame,
Whoſe erring counſel riſk'd a nation's fame.
But ſage Meliſſa, that eternal ſource
Of magic power tranſcending human force,
Now caſt aſide her female form, and took
The king of Algier's habit, voice and look.
Like haughty Rodomont her arms ſhe bore,
Like him a dragon's ſemblant hide ſhe wore:
Like him ſhe ſeem'd her pointed lance to wield,
So hung her ſword, ſo gleam'd her boſſy ſhield:
A demon, in a courſer's ſhape, ſhe rode,
And ſudden piercing through the wondering crowd,
Before Troyano's penſive ſon ſhe preſs'd,
And, frowning, thus with thundering voice addreſs'd.
Ill have you judg'd, O king! with ſuch a knight
To match a ſtripling warrior, raw in fight;

In

In ſuch an arm ſo raſhly to confide
For what muſt Afric's weal and crown decide.
Haſte—ſtay the combat—on whoſe iſſue wait
Diſgrace and ruin to yourſelf and ſtate.
'Tis Rodomont that ſpeaks—attend no more
To keep the truce or oath you madly ſwore.
Unſheath the ſword—let every valiant hand
Enforce its edge on yon devoted band.
Lo! I am here—and each, amid your hoſt
May now the vigour of a hundred boaſt.
Thus ſhe: unwary Agramant approv'd,
And forth he ruſh'd with headlong fury mov'd:
The lying form of Sarza's monarch wrought
Such ſudden change, he baniſh'd from his thought
The treaty made; nor had he priz'd ſo high
A thouſand warriors as this ſole ally.
Behold on every ſide with eager ſpeed,
They couch the ſpear and ſpur the foamy ſteed:
Meliſſa, when her arts had mix'd in fight
The jarring nations, vaniſh'd from the ſight.
The champions, who the growing tumult ſaw,
The liſts diſturb'd againſt all martial law,
With-held their ſtrokes, and join'd their friendly hands,
Till time ſhould tell what fury mix'd the bands

In impious ſtrife, and whence the breach had ſprung,
From ancient Charles or Agramant the young.
Again each vow'd to prove the future foe
Of him whoſe guilt could thus his faith forego.
Wild uproar now ſucceeds—and ſhouting loud
Here forward preſs, there backward ſhrink the crowd.
One act alike is honour, or diſgrace,
And ſtamps alike the valiant and the baſe.
Alike, on every ſide, in heaps they run,
But theſe to meet, and thoſe the fight to ſhun.
As when a well-breath'd hound impatient views
A beaſt ſwift flying which the pack purſues:
He hears the dogs, he pants to join the train;
His lord forbids it, and he pants in vain:
So, with her noble friend, Marphiſa's breaſt
Till then the feelings of the brave confeſs'd;
Till then the pair with deep regret ſurvey'd
Each mighty hoſt in idle pomp array'd;
And oft repin'd to think the ſolemn day
Forbade their arms t' invade ſo rich a prey.
But now, the league diſſolv'd, they gladly flew
To ſate their warmth on Afric's warring crew:

Ver. 69. *One act alike*—] The ſenſe of this paſſage, which at firſt may appear rather obſcure, is, that ſome ſhow their valour by running to engage the enemy, and ſome their cowardice by running to avoid the enemy.

Her

Her ſpear Marphiſa through the foremoſt ſent;
His breaſt it pierc'd and iſſu'd at a vent
Two feet behind: her falchion then ſhe took,
And four ſtrong helmets ſhatter'd at the ſtroke.
Not with leſs valour Bradamant engag'd,
Though with her golden lance the virgin wag'd
A different fight, while all to earth ſhe threw,
But not a warrior by her weapon ſlew.
Thus, ſide by ſide, the pair undaunted fought,
And witneſs'd each what deeds the other wrought:
Till, parting now, they took a ſeparate courſe
As anger drove them on the Mooriſh force.
Who can the name of every Pagan tell,
That by the lance of gold diſmounted fell?
Or thoſe, whoſe heads on earth full low were laid,
Or cleft or lopt by fierce Marphiſa's blade?
As where on Apennine ſoft breezes blow,
And verdant turf the heights aſcending ſhow,
Two rolling torrents ruſh with ſweepy ſway,
And from the ſummit take divided way:
They whirl huge ſtones, from craggy hills uptear,
The towering trees, and to the vallies bear
The labourer's hope, and ſtrive with rageful force
Which moſt ſhall ſcatter ruin in its courſe.

The fearleſs virgins thus their progreſs held
Along the plain, while Afric's legions quell'd
Confeſs'd their might, and ſhrunk with chilling fear,
Where that the falchion wielded, this the ſpear.
King Agramant can ſcarce the troops detain
Around his ſtandard, and their flight reſtrain.
He calls aloud—he turns—intrepid ſtands
To brave the foe, and Rodomont demands!
Impell'd by him he deem'd his fame betray'd,
The ſolemn league diſſolv'd, ſo lately made,
His Gods profan'd—while he for whom he broke
All ties of honour; now his ſight forſook:
Nor yet Sobrino he beheld, for fled
In Arli's walls Sobrino veil'd his head,
Abjur'd the deed, and in his fears divin'd
Some plague that day by righteous Heaven aſſign'd
To puniſh guilt of ſuch an impious kind.
With him Marſilius to the town retir'd,
Such dread religion in their ſouls inſpir'd.
Thus Agramant can ill th' aſſault ſuſtain
Of royal Charles, conducting in his train
The Engliſh, German, and Italian name,
All valiant chiefs and men of mighty fame.
With theſe the Paladins their ſtation hold,
Like ſparkling jewels ſet on tiſſued gold;

And

And join'd to these were knights of high renown,
Whose praise in arms through all the world was blown;
Guido, whose worth his noble deeds declare,
And Olivero's sons *, a dauntless pair.
Already told, 'twere needless now to tell
Of those two dames that fought in field so well.
By hands like these the carnage wider spread,
And countless Pagans strow'd the fields with dead.

But leave we here the fight, and traverse o'er
Without a ship the sea to Afric's shore;
Nor think with Gallia's arms my mind so fraught,
To banish good Astolpho from my thought:
What grace the sage Apostle show'd the knight
Already have I told; and if aright
My mem'ry serves, how king Branzardo rose
With all his force to meet the Christian foes,
And Nubia's strength, and how to his the train
Of Algazieri's king was join'd in vain:
Such motley succours, as in haste supply'd,
Through all her kingdom Afric could provide.

* Gryphon and Aquilant.

Ver. 142. *And leave we here the fight,*—] He returns to Bradamant and Marphisa in this book, ver. 540, and to Agramant, ver. 528 of this book.

Of

Of every kind, where mix'd without regard;
The levies ſcarce old age or females ſpar'd:
For Agramant, on vengeance bent, had drain'd
With two deſcents on France his native land:
Her ſtrength exhauſted thus, the remnant few
Compos'd a feeble and unwarlike crew:
And ſuch they prov'd; for when with diſtant ſight
They view'd the foe, they turn'd their backs in flight,
(Like timorous herds) before the Chriſtian knight*.
With Pagans ſlain Aſtolpho heap'd the ground,
But ſome their ſafety in Biſerta found.
Brave Bucifaro priſoner then remain'd:
The ſheltering city king Branzardo gain'd,
Who deeply mourn'd for Bucifaro's fate,
A loſs not little to the public ſtate.
Large was Biſerta and requir'd his care
Againſt a ſiege her bulwarks to repair:
Ill could he this purſue without the aid
Of Algazieri's king †, and oft he weigh'd
The hapleſs prince's loſs, while, deep diſtreſt,
A thouſand cares lay brooding in his breaſt.

* Astolpho. † Bucifaro.

Ver. 157. *With two deſcents* —] It appears from Boyardo that Agramant had twice invaded the dominions of Charlemain.

At

At length his mind recall'd a Danish knight
Whom many a month, a prisoner made in fight,
He held in bonds; and Dudon was his name:
Near Monaco him Sarza's king o'ercame,
When first to France he croſt from Afric's shore;
The Paladin from that disastrous hour
Remain'd a captive in Branzardo's power.
For Butifaro now Branzardo meant
T' exchange the Dane, and trusty envoys sent
To Nubia's chief, for o'er the Nubian bands
By spies he knew that England's duke commands;
And deem'd he gladly would such terms receive,
A Paladin from bondage to relieve:
Nor err'd the prince, since good Astolpho clos'd
With king Branzardo for th' exchange propos'd.
Dudon, releas'd, the gentle duke repaid
With grateful thanks, and now companions made

Ver. 177. —— *Dudon was his name:*] This knight is one of the personages in the Orlando Innamorato, and is there said to be made prisoner with Rinaldo, Prasildo, and others, at the bridge of Arridano; and mention is made by Boyardo of his being taken prisoner by Rodomont, as here set forth by Arioſto.

Ver. 185. —— *that England's duke commands:*] By this passage it appears that Senapus gave the effective command of the whole army to Astolpho.

In

In glorious toils, in counſel both unite,
And plan by land and ſea the future fight,
Aſtolpho, leader of ſo vaſt a power,
That Afric's forces, ſeven times number'd o'er,
Could ne'er oppoſe, revolving in his thought
What from the holy ſage in charge he brought,
To take Provence and all the neighbouring ſtrand
Of Acquamorta from the Pagan's hand,
Which late they won, he from his numerous train
Selects the ſoldiers that might beſt ſuſtain
New toils and dangers on the gulphy main,
Then either hand with gather'd leaves he fill'd,
Which laurels, cedars, palms, and olives yield;
Beſide the margin of the ſeas he ſtood,
And caſt the foliage in the daſhing flood.
O happy ſouls! ſo highly priz'd in Heaven!
Stupendous grace to mortals rarely given!
O wonder! ſcarce by human faith believ'd!
Soon as the waves the ſcatter'd leaves receiv'd,
They ſwell'd in bulk, and (miracle to view!)
Each long, and large, and curv'd, and heavy grew.
The fibres ſmall to cables chang'd appear'd,
The larger veins in ſolid maſts were rear'd:
One end the prow, and one the ſteerage ſhow'd,
Till each a perfect ſhip the billows rode.

In

In equal number now the tides they ſweep
As leaves before were ſcatter'd on the deep.
Strange was the ſight, as theſe in turn became
Barks, galleys, tranſports, every various name
That forms a fleet, with compaſs, oars, and ſails,
Prepar'd to ſtem the ſurge and catch the gales.
Nor fail'd the duke ſuch ſkilful hands to find
As oft were wont to dare the ſtorm and wind.
Corſians and Sardians, bred to plough the wave,
His pilots, maſters, and his ſeamen gave.
Embark'd full twenty thouſand quit the land
Of every kind, o'er whom the chief command
Brave Dudon held, whoſe name to none could yield
For ſkill at ſea or courage in the field.
While near the coaſt the fleet at anchor lay,
Awaiting winds to ſpeed them on their way,
From diſtant lands a veſſel reach'd the ſhore
That many a luckleſs warrior captive bore.
Thoſe knights ſhe brought, who at the riſk of life,
Prov'd on the narrow bridge th' unequal ſtrife;
Whom haughty Rodomont awhile detain'd,
And doom'd to lie in foreign dungeons chain'd.
With theſe the kinſman * of the earl was found,
And Sanſonetto, Brandimart renown'd;

* Oliviero.

With

With more, whoſe titles need not here a place,
Of Gaſcon, German, or Italian race.
The pilot, driven before th' impetuous wind,
Had left his deſtin'd Algiers far behind,
And now unconſcious of the lurking foes,
Not fearing danger, to the bay he goes;
There peaceful thinks among his friends to reſt;
As Progne flies to her loquacious neſt.
But when he ſaw th' imperial eagle fly,
The golden lily and the leopards nigh,
The frighted colour from his features fled;
As one who, unawares, with heedleſs tread,
Has cruſh'd a ſnake that ſwoln with poiſon lay,
In ſlumber roll'd amid the graſſy way:

Ver. 248. *As Progne flies to her loquacious neſt.*] —*loquaci nido*—this phraſe is uſed by Dryden ſpeaking of the ſwallow in his verſion of Virgil:

To furniſh her loquacious neſt with food.

Ver. 249. —*th' imperial eagle fly,*
The golden lily and the leopards nigh,] The eagle and the golden lily were the arms of the empire and of France, and therefore borne by Charlemain. The leopards are ſaid by Arioſto, I know not with what authority, to have been the arms of England, and borne by Aſtolpho, ſon of Otho, king of England; hence in the xvth book he ſays of this knight that he was

Known by the baron of the leopard's name.

Trembling and pale he flies the venom'd peſt
That darts his tongue and rears his ſanguine creſt.
In vain the pilot would regain the deep,
Or in his hold the captive warriors keep.
Brave Brandimart and Olivero freed,
With Sanſonetto, from the deck proceed
To greet the generous duke and Dudon brave,
Who to their friends a cordial welcome gave;
While him whoſe ſhip the noble priſoners bore,
They doom'd for penance to the labouring oar.
Great Otho's ſon * within his tent receiv'd
The warlike gueſts, with welcome reſt reliev'd;
With needful food, with arms and veſts ſupply'd,
What want could claim or friendſhip could provide.
With theſe to waſte awhile the ſocial hour
In pleaſing converſe, Dudon near the ſhore
Detain'd his fleet, and deem'd the time delay'd
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd warriors well repaid.
Of theſe he heard whate'er of late befel
To Charles or France; by theſe inſtructed well
Where beſt prepar'd his navy's ſtrength to bend,
To guard the faithful and the foes offend.
While thus in uſeful talk the peers he held,
A ſudden noiſe was heard, that louder ſwell'd,

* Astolpho.

From

From man to man purſu'd with deep alarms
Of rattling drums that rouz'd the camp to arms.
Aſtolpho with his noble comrades preſs'd
Their ready ſteeds, and to the ſound addreſs'd:
With eager looks enquiring as they paſs'd
Whence came the tumult, till they view'd at laſt
A ſavage man, who naked and alone
Had all the camp in wild diſorder thrown.
Graſp'd in his hand a club he brandiſh'd, rude
With frequent knots, of firm well-ſeaſon'd wood:
Where'er it fell, each wretch that felt the blows
Lay ſtretch'd on earth, nor ſoon recovering roſe.
A hundred had his ſenſeleſs fury ſlain,
All ſtrength was fruitleſs, all reſiſtance vain,
While here and there the ſcatter'd arrows light,
None daring now t' engage in cloſer fight.
Aſtolpho, Dudon, Brandimart amaz'd,
With Olivero on the ſavage gaz'd.
Drawn by the noiſe they came, and wondering ſtand
To ſee the proweſs of a ſingle hand:
When, on a palfrey pacing ſwift, they view
A comely dame in robes of ſable hue,
Who ſtrait to Brandimart impatient goes,
And round his neck her eager arms ſhe throws.

This dame was Flordelis, whoſe gentle breaſt
The love of Brandimart ſo far poſſeſs'd,
That when ſhe left him, in the ſtream o'erthrown,
The Pagan's thrall, her grief too mighty grown
Her reaſon ſhook: but when ſhe heard the knight
Had ſent her lover, ſince the luckleſs fight,
To Algier's town with others in his train;
Her love reſolv'd to croſs the ſurgy main.
But ere ſhe parted from Marſeilles, ſhe found
A foreign ſhip from eaſtern climates bound,
That brought a knight who many years had told
In royal Monodantes' houſehold old;
Who now had travers'd various regions o'er
(Or toſt on ſeas or wandering on the ſhore)
For Brandimart, who late in France appear'd
(So went the fame) and hence for France he ſteer'd.
She knew Bardino in the hoary ſage,
The ſame who Brandimart in infant age
Reſentful

Ver. 319. *She knew Bardino* —] This Bardino is ſaid by Boyardo to be an old ſervant in the houſe of Monodant, father of Brandimart, who, for ſome offence taken at Monodant, ſtole from him this ſon, and put him into the hands of a knight, called, the lord of Sylvana's rock, where he attended himſelf the infancy of the young prince, who, after the death of the knight became heir to his poſſeſſions; but

Reſentful from his ſorrowing father took,
And careful nouriſh'd in Sylvana's rock.
His cauſe of travel known, the faithful fair
Urg'd him with hers to join his pious care,
And told how Brandimart for Afric ſent
A wretched priſoner in Algiers was pent.
Soon as the land they reach'd, they heard the towers
Of fam'd Biſerta by Aſtolpho's powers
Were cloſe beſieg'd, and heard, but doubting heard
That with him Brandimart in arms appear'd.
When Flordelis her deareſt lord beheld,
Her ſpeedy ſtep, by heart-felt love impell'd,
Declar'd her ſecret joy, a joy that roſe
To greater height from ſenſe of former woes.
The gentle knight who equal rapture prov'd,
To ſee that wife o'er every bleſſing lov'd,
With eager warmth to meet the fair-one preſs'd,
Receiv'd, embrac'd, and held her to his breaſt;
On her dear lips imprinting many a kiſs,
Nor ſoon had ſated with the guiltleſs bliſs,

at the time that Ziliantes was delivered by Orlando from Morgana, Bardino making his peace with Monodant, diſcovers his ſon to him, and Brandimart and Ziliantes are the ſame day reſtored to their father.

But,

But, lifting up his eyes, by chance he view'd
Where near the dame his old Bardino ſtood.
He ſtretch'd his hand, preparing to embrace
And aſk what fortune from his native place
Had drawn him thus—when now the tumult ſpread
Cut ſhort their greeting, while huge numbers fled
Before the club, which, with reſiſtleſs ſway
The naked ſwain impell'd and clear'd each crowded way.
When Flordelis beheld with heedful eyes
The ſtrange aſſailant—Lo! the earl (ſhe cries.)
At once Aſtolpho near, with earneſt view
Survey'd, and ſoon his lov'd Orlando knew,
By tokens, which the ſainted three who dwell'd
In earthly Paradiſe, to him reveal'd:
Elſe had the wondering warrior ne'er explor'd,
In ſuch a form, Anglantes' courteous lord,
Who, long diſtraught, thus wild and ſavage ran,
And to the wretched brute debas'd the man.
Aſtolpho, by his ſtarting tear, confeſs'd
The tender feelings of a generous breaſt,

Ver. 350. —— *Lo! the earl* —] The laſt we heard of Orlando was in Book xxx. ver. 108.

Ver. 353. —— *the ſainted three* —] Enoch, Elias, and Saint John.

To Dudon then and Olivero near
He turn'd and ſaid—Behold Orlando here!
Theſe, bending on the hapleſs earl their view,
At length in him their long-loſt champion knew,
Alike beholding with amaze and grief,
A ſtate that ſeem'd ſo hopeleſs of relief.
Of all the warlike peers were few but ſhow'd
Infectious ſorrow which their cheeks o'erflow'd.
To whom Aſtolpho thus—No longer waſte
The time in plaints, but rather let us haſte
To work his cure—he ſaid, and left his ſteed:
The reſt their ſeats forſook with equal ſpeed.
Now Brandimart by Sanſonetto ſtood:
With holy Dudon, Olivero ſhow'd
A ready

Ver. 374. — *holy Dudon* ——] An Italian commentator calls Dudon a pattern of meekneſs and piety. Romances tell us, that this knight, leaving the military profeſſion, became a hermit; and the poet here, by a kind of poetical anticipation, gives him this epithet, which he repeats in the next book. Such a ſtory is told of our famous Guy of Warwick, to which circumſtance Mr. Scott very poetically alludes in his elegant deſcriptive poem entitled ARMWELL.

——— Warwick's ancient walls,
Where under umbrage of the moſſy cliff,
Victorious Guy, ſo legends ſay, reclin'd
His hoary head beſide the ſilver ſtream,
In meditation rapt —— ver. 188.

Cervantes

A ready zeal, and all at once drew near
With force combin'd to ſeize the madding peer.
Orlando, who the ſhining band perceiv'd
That hemm'd him round, his knotty weapon heav'd
With twofold ſtrength, and, lo! as Dudon ſpread
The fencing ſhield to guard his daring head,
And nearer drew, the club deſcending weigh'd
His buckler down, but Olivero's blade
Met half the blow, which elſe ſo fiercely driven
Through ſhield and helm the mortal wound had given.
The ſhield it broke, the helm its fury found;
And Dudon lay extended on the ground.
At once his falchion Sanſonetto drew,
With ſwift deſcent the well-aim'd weapon flew,
And cleft the madman's ponderous mace in two.
Now Brandimart behind Orlando plac'd,
With either arm in ſtricteſt graſp embrac'd
His heaving flank: his legs Aſtolpho took,
While to and fro enrag'd Orlando ſhook

Cervantes has a humorous paſſage, with an eye no doubt to theſe legends of romance, where Don Quixote and Sancho debate upon turning ſaints or archbiſhops.

See DON QUIXOTE.

The valiant pair, till with reſiſtleſs might
Ten paces off he threw the Engliſh knight,
Who backward fell: but ſtill in vain he ſtrove
From Brandimart's tenacious graſp to move.
With forward ſtep as Olivero came,
His hand the madman clench'd with furious aim,
And ſent him pale to earth, while drench'd in blood
His mouth and noſtrils pour'd a purple flood.
Strong was the helm that fury to ſuſtain;
That fury elſe had Olivero ſlain:
Yet prone he fell, and look'd like one in death,
Who yields to Paradiſe his fleeting breath.
Aſtolpho now and Dudon roſe, who preſs'd
The earth ſo late; but Dudon ſtill confeſs'd
His blow receiv'd—again erect they ſtood,
With Sanſonetto, who the knotted wood
So ſtrongly cleft: all three their forces join'd:
Brave Dudon then with matchleſs ſtrength behind
Orlando held, while with his foot in vain
The madman ſtrove to caſt him on the plain.
The reſt his arms confin'd, but uncontroll'd
His nervous arms ſoon burſt their ſtrongeſt hold.
Whoe'er perchance in ſome wide field has view'd
By dogs and men a ſtately bull purſu'd,

That,

That, bellowing loud, as here and there he wheels,
In either ear the fangs indented feels.
So ſeem'd Orlando, more than mortal ſtrong,
So drew with eaſe thoſe mighty chiefs along.
But Olivero, who the ground forſook
Where ſtretch'd he lay beneath the madman's ſtroke;
Beheld their vigour thus in vain combin'd
T' effect the deed Aſtolpho had deſign'd:
And now he ponder'd in his ſecret thought
Some better means t' effect the purpoſe ſought:
Sudden he bade th' aſſiſtant train provide
Strong lengths of cord with running nooſes ty'd:
Theſe round Orlando's legs and arms he threw:
The diſtant ends among the warlike crew
He gave, and each with force the cables drew.
As ſome large ſteed or ox which ſwains ſurround
With ruſtic toils, is headlong drawn to ground.
So fell the earl—All ruſh'd with eager haſte
Compreſs'd his hands and feet, and bound them faſt.
Thus proſtrate laid, in vain Orlando ſtrove
Now here, now there his fetter'd limbs to move.
Aſtolpho, who the high commiſſion bears
To heal his madneſs, for the taſk prepares:
He bids them thence remove the ſenſeleſs knight;
When Dudon, large of bone, of ſinewy might,

The earl uplifting on his ſhoulder laid,
And to the ſea th' enormous weight convey'd.
Seven times Aſtolpho bade his limbs to lave,
Seven times to plunge him in the briny wave,
Till from his face and body, black by toil
In parching ſuns, they waſh'd the fetid ſoil.
With herbs collected then (in vain oppos'd
By ſtruggling breath) the madman's mouth he clos'd,
That not a paſſage might for air remain
Save through the noſtrils leading to the brain.
And now Aſtolpho in his hand ſuſtain'd
The veſſel where Orlando's wit remain'd:
Beneath his noſtrils this with niceſt care
He held unſtop'd, when (wondrous to declare)
With air inhal'd the breath returning drew
The ſubtile wit, that from the priſon flew,
Back to its native ſeat, nor left behind
A ſingle atom of th' ethereal mind:
But more enlarg'd his manly ſoul is grown,
With eloquence and wiſdom ſcarce his own.

Ver. 461. *But more enlarg'd*—] Thus Homer, ſpeaking of the reſtoration of the companions of Ulyſſes to their native ſhape, ſays they grew

More young, more large, more graceful to the eyes!
POPE, ODYSS. B. x.

As

As one, whoſe ſenſe by noxious dreams oppreſt,
Sees horrid forms diſturb his broken reſt,
Monſters unknown! or in his troubled thought
Has ſome ſtrange deed of dreadful import wrought,
Ev'n when he wakes, his phantom fears remain
And ſtill the viſion haunts his teeming brain:
So when his reaſon had reſum'd her ſway,
Orlando long in ſtupid wonder lay:
On Brandimart, on England's valiant lord
Whoſe pious care his better ſelf reſtor'd;
On Aldabella's brother, with a look
Of deepeſt thought he gaz'd, nor ſilence broke:
But

Ver. 473. *On Aldabella's brother,*—] Alda the fair. By Boyardo, Pulci, and other romance writers, it appears that Orlando was married, and that the name of his wife was Aldabella, ſiſter to Olivero. In the Morgante of Pulci, Orlando, at the defeat of Ronſcevalles, recommends her at his death in a pathetic prayer to the protection of Heaven. Her name is mentioned with Clarice (Rinaldo's wife) in the firſt Canto of the Innamorato, amongſt the lords and ladies of the court of Charlemain, but no where elſe, as I remember, in the whole poem.

Era qui nella ſala Galerana,
Eravi Alda la moglie d'Orlando,
Clarice, e Armellina tanto humana ——
BOYARDO.

Era

But while he much his preſent ſtate admir'd,
Nor whence he came, nor how convey'd enquir'd:
He marvell'd when his naked limbs he ſpy'd
From head to foot with cords ſo firmly ty'd:
At length he ſpoke, as in the cavern'd ſhade
To thoſe who bound him once Silenus ſaid—
SOLVITE ME—and with ſuch courteous mien
He ſpoke, and look'd with features ſo ſerene,

They

Era in ſala Clarice, e Galarena,
Del Daneſe Ermellina, Alda d'Orlando,
L'una Palla parea, l'altra Diana—— BERNI.

In the old poem of Aſpramonte, Aldabella ſiſter to Olivero, makes peace between Orlando and Olivero, who were at variance, and is afterwards married to Orlando, with which event the poem concludes.

See ASPRAMONTE, C. xxiii.

As her name only appears in the above paſſage of the Furioſo, it may be thought that Arioſto was led inadvertently to introduce it here from the familiarity of romance tradition ever preſent to his imagination; for it is likely neither he, nor Boyardo, meant that Orlando ſhould be conſidered in their poems as a married man: but no ſuch apology can be made for Arioſto with reſpect to Rinaldo's marriage, which he has ſo fully adopted. Sir John Harrington omits here the name of Aldabella: the laſt tranſlator, Mr. Huggins, retains the name, but probably was not acquainted with the circumſtance that gave riſe to the preſent note.

Ver. 481. SOLVITE ME—] *Releaſe me*—Arioſto here alludes

They loos'd his bands, and heedful to provide
For every want, with covering veſts ſupply'd.
While all alike their friendly influence join'd
To ſoothe the anguiſh of a noble mind,
For actions paſt that left a ſting behind.

Orlando, heal'd of every love-ſick care,
The dame, whom once he deem'd ſo good, ſo fair,
So highly priz'd, he now eſteems no more,
But ſcorns thoſe charms he held ſo dear before;
And every wiſh he bends t' efface the ſhame
Which love had caſt on all his former fame.

Meanwhile to Brandimart Bardino ſaid,
That Monodant, his royal father dead,
He from his brother Gigliantes came,
And all the lands that own'd his rightful claim,

ludes to a paſſage in Virgil, and puts into the mouth of Orlando the words ſpoken by Silenus when he was ſurpriſed by Egle the Naïd and two ſhepherds (by Dryden called Satyrs) in the cave where he lay aſleep.

SOLVITE ME, pueri: ſatis eſt potuiſſe videri.
ECLOG. vi. ver. 24.

—— Unlooſe me, boys (he cry'd)
Enough that by ſurpriſe I've been eſpy'd.

As Arioſto has inſerted the Latin words in the Italian, it was thought right, however ſtrange it may appear, to follow him in the tranſlation.

(Nations

(Nations that dwell amid the ſcatter'd iſles
Which chearful Phœbus gilds with evening ſmiles)
T' invite him now to realms beyond compare
With every other, peopled, rich, and fair:
To many a reaſon urg'd he this adjoin'd,
Sweet is his country to a patriot mind!
And would he now embrace his better fate,
Henceforth his ſoul might ſcorn a wandering ſtate.
Then Brandimart reply'd—His force to prove,
In aid of Charles, and for Orlando's love
The ſword he drew, nor would the cauſe forego,
'Till Heaven ſhould reconcile the Pagan foe:
The war once done, hereafter might he weigh
The duties of his own paternal ſway.
Next morn the Daniſh * leader to the ſhore
Of fair Provence his vaſt Armada bore.
From England's duke Orlando learns the ſtate
Of Afric's war, and oft in deep debate
Employs the time, bids ſtronger ſiege encloſe
Biſerta's town, but on the duke beſtows
The praiſe of all, while yet the noble duke
From Brava's warrior every counſel took.
What order they purſu'd, and how aſſail'd
Biſerta's city; how their arms prevail'd;

* Dudon.

The

The firſt aſſault what deeds Orlando dar'd,
And who with him the foremoſt honours ſhar'd,
Be not diſpleas'd if theſe I paſs awhile,
For ſubjects not unlike to change the ſtile.
Vouchſafe to hear what now demands a place,
How by the Franks the Moors were held in chace.
Unhappy Agramant alone remain'd,
And all the perils of the day ſuſtain'd,
While many a Pagan by Marſilius led,
And king Sobrino to the city fled:
Each prince for ſafety haſten'd to his fleet,
Their ſafety doubtful while at land to meet.
By their example many a knight and lord
Of Mooriſh nation, went with ſpeed on board.
Still Agramant th' unequal combat bore,
But when he found his force avail'd no more,
He turn'd the reins, and yielding to his fate
Purſu'd the ready way to Arli's gate.
Behind him Rabican, like lightening, came,
Impell'd by Bradamant, the noble dame,
Who glow'd with ardor for Rogero's ſake
(So oft withheld) the Pagan's life to take.

Ver. 524. —— *if theſe I paſs awhile,*] He deſcribes the ſiege of Biſerta, Book xl. ver. 68.

Not

Not leſs Marphiſa burn'd with fierce deſire
To appeaſe, with late revenge, her murder'd ſire:
The goring rowels in her fiery ſteed
She drove, and by her own impell'd his ſpeed.
But this nor that, though borne on fury's wing,
Could in their courſe outſtrip the flying king,
Who ſoon the city's cloſing gates attain'd,
And ſafely thence his anchoring veſſels gain'd.
As when two generous leopards through the wood
(A beauteous pair) have long with ſpeed purſu'd
The nimble goat or ſtag, return'd at length
Defrauded of their prey, with baffled ſtrength,
They leave the tardy chace, and with diſdain
Lament their force and ſwiftneſs urg'd in vain.
So ſeem'd the virgins, ſo with ſhame return'd,
And oft with ſighs the Pagan's ſafety mourn'd,
Nor ceas'd their rage, but on the remnant crew
Diſpers'd in broken ranks again they flew;
Now here, now there, their thundering weapons pour
On thoſe, that falling fall to riſe no more.
What now avails the wretched bands to fly,
When flight no longer ſafety can ſupply?
For Agramant, t' enſure retreat, had clos'd
The gates of Arli next the camp expos'd;

While every bridge that o'er the Rhodan led,
His friends deſtroy'd, and took from thoſe who fled
All hope—Ah! when a tyrant's need demands,
Like worthleſs herds are held Plebeian bands.
Some in the ſtream, and ſome in ſeas are drown'd,
And ſome with crimſon torrents drench the ground.
What numbers periſh'd!—Priſoners few remain'd,
For few, ſo bold, the foe's attack ſuſtain'd.
Of all that in this laſt embattled plain,
On every ſide by countleſs heaps lay ſlain:
Though huge the throng, yet moſt had preſt the land
By Bradamant and by Marphiſa's hand.
Still through the region many a ſign appears;
Where Rhodan flows, her walls where Arli rears:
The neighbouring fields are throng'd with ſepulchres.

Now Agramant impatient gives command
To launch the heavieſt veſſels from the ſtrand;
Yet ſome he left with lighter barks behind,
To take the fugitives that wiſh'd to find
Their ſafety in the ſea: two days he ſtay'd,
So long the adverſe winds his fleet delay'd;

Ver. 583. *Now Agramant*—] He returns to Bradamant and Marphiſa, Book xlii. ver. 170.

The

The third he ſtretch'd his canvaſs to the gale,
And hop'd for Afric's coaſt ſecure to ſail.
But king Marſilius with increaſing dread
Beheld the blackening clouds around him ſpread;
And fear'd at length his own paternal Spain
Would all the remnant of the ſtorm ſuſtain;
Then ſought Valencia, and with anxious care
Began his forts and caſtles to repair
For war, that ſeem'd himſelf and friends to threat,
From which himſelf and friends their ruin met.
Now Agramant for Afric bids expand
His ſails, with ſhips ill-ſtor'd and thinly mann'd.
Few were his men, but not their ſorrows few,
When looking back on Gallia's ſhores, they view
Three-fourths deſerted of their wretched crew.
One, calls his ſovereign proud; one, cruel calls;
Imprudent, one; and as it oft befalls
In times like theſe, each gladly would accuſe,
But fear forbids the murmuring tongue to looſe;
Yet ſome there were, who met in ſecret, durſt
On friendſhip's faith each other's feeling truſt:

Ver. 598. *From which himſelf and friends their ruin met.*] Nothing further is ſaid of Marſilius, or what befel him, at the concluſion of the war. It appears only from what the poet ſays in the xliid book, that the Chriſtians obtained a complete victory over all their enemies.

Theſe vent their rage, while he their wretched chief
Thinks each his ſovereign loves and ſhares his grief.
A king no face beholds without diſguiſe,
And all he hears is flattery, fraud, and lies.
The king of Afric, well-advis'd, forbore
To ſteer his veſſels for Biſerta's ſhore,
Since there he knew that all the hoſtile land
The Nubians held: but higher up the ſtrand,
Where rocks diſplay'd a leſs impending ſteep,
He thinks with winding courſe to ſtem the deep,
There, landing ſafe, his forces backward ſteer
And with unlook'd-for aid his people cheer.
But ſoon his cruel deſtiny withſtood
The ſage intent the prudent leader ſhow'd,
And brought th' Armada form'd by wondrous power
Of gather'd leaves (that through the billows hoar
Had ſail'd for France) in dead of night to meet
The toſſing veſſels of the Pagan fleet,
Midſt murky clouds without a gleam of light
And unprovided for ſo fierce a fight.
Nor yet king Agramant the tidings heard,
That Otho's ſon with ſuch a navy ſteer'd;
Or had he heard, what faith would man beſtow
To tale ſo ſtrange, that midſt the ſeas could grow
A hundred veſſels from a ſlender bough.

Hence, without fear, he ſail'd, nor deem'd to find
A ſingle ſhip t'obſtruct his courſe deſign'd;
No watch, no centinel was plac'd on high,
To give him notice of a foe ſo nigh.
Aſtolpho's navy, well by Dudon ſtor'd
With arms and mariners, and troops on board,
At riſing eve the Pagan veſſels view'd,
And favour'd by the darkening night purſu'd.
Theſe ſoon aſſail the unprovided foe,
And iron hooks and miſſive weapons throw,
And grapple cloſe; till now ſo near they drew
That by their ſpeech the hoſtile Moors they knew.
The bulky ſhips, with ſuch o'erbearing force,
By winds propitious that impell'd their courſe,
Amidſt th' affrighted Saracens were ſent,
That many a veſſel to the bottom went.
The Chriſtians now their eager weapons ply'd:
Flames flaſh'd with wreathy ſmoke on every ſide:
Huge ſtones were caſt, and dire confuſion ſwell'd,
The troubled ocean, that had ne'er beheld
So fierce a tempeſt on his watery field.
Brave Dudon's men, to whom by favouring Heaven
Unwonted ſtrength and dauntleſs hearts were given,
(For, lo! the hour by righteous powers deſign'd
To plague for paſt miſdeeds the Pagan kind)

Afar

Afar and near ſo well their arms employ'd,
That Agramant could no defence provide:
A cloud of arrows hiſs'd above his head;
Around him ſwords, and ſpears, and axes ſpread:
Of ſize enormous many a ponderous ſtone
Thundering from high, by mighty engines thrown,
Through prow or ſteerage drove with craſhing ſway,
And op'd to ruſhing waves a dreadful way.
But moſt th' increaſing fires annoy'd the foe,
In kindling rapid, but in quenching ſlow.
The wretched ſeamen would from danger run,
But ſwifter ruſh on what they ſeek to ſhun.
Some by the foe with murdering ſteel purſu'd,
Leap headlong from the decks and ſwim the flood:
Some while their nervous arms their weight ſuſtain,
Now here, now there, to ſave their lives would gain
A friendly bark; the bark with numerous freight
Already charg'd, rejects their added weight:
The cruel ſword each clinging hand divides,
The ſever'd hand ſtill graſps the veſſel's ſides,
The ſhrieking owner ſinks in crimſon tides.
Some ſeek by water to prolong their breath,
Or, dying, periſh by a milder death:
Till, ſwimming long, when hope no more prevails,
When ſtrength decays apace, and courage fails,

The thought of drowning, ſpite of former dread,
Recalls them to the flames from which they fled:
Eager they ſeize ſome burning wreck, and loth
To die of either death, they die of both.
Some from the biting axe, or brandiſh'd ſpear,
Back to the ſeas return with double fear;
Till ſcarce eſcap'd the fate they deem'd ſo nigh,
A dart or ſtone o'ertakes them as they fly.
But ceaſe we here, leſt we the tale prolong
To tire your patience with a tedious ſong.

END OF THE THIRTY-NINTH BOOK.

THE

FORTIETH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

AGRAMANT with great difficulty eſcapes, with Sobrino, in a ſmall bark, from Dudon's fleet. The ſiege of Biſerta. The aſſault deſcribed. Valour of Brandimart. The town is taken by ſtorm. The flight and deſpair of Agramant: he meets with Gradaſſo, who engages to fight in his cauſe. A meſſenger is diſpatched to Orlando, in the names of Agramant, Gradaſſo, and Sobrino, to challenge him and two more knights to the combat. Orlando accepts the challenge, and names for his fellows Brandimart and Olivero. Rogero, after the truce was broken, having debated ſome time, determines to follow Agramant to Africa. Arriving at Marſeilles, he engages in combat with Dudon, to releaſe ſeven kings, whom that knight had taken priſoners from the fleet of Agramant.

THE

FORTIETH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

HARD were the taſk, and tedious, to recite
The various chances of that naval fight:
Uſeleſs for thee to hear, O glorious heir
Of Hercules unconquer'd! as to bear
To Samos vaſes with unfruitful toil,
To Athens owls, or crocodiles to Nile:
Since

Ver. 3. —— *O glorious heir*] Cardinal Hippolito de Eſte.

Ver. 5. *To Samos vaſes.*—] A kind of proverbial expreſſion, as we would ſay, "to carry coals to Newcaſtle." Samos is reported to have been famous for the making of earthen veſſels, from the plenty of earth or clay adapted to that purpoſe.—Concerning the owls of Athens, Tully uſes this expreſſion: *Hoc eſt Athenas noctuas mittam.* "That is, "I will ſend owls to Athens." But the proverb aroſe (ſay ſome) not ſo much for the plenty of thoſe birds, as becauſe the Athenians had a coin ſtamped with the figure of an owl,

Since all I paint, but from tradition known
Thou ſaw'ſt thyſelf, and haſt to others ſhown.
Great was the ſpectacle thy faithful band
Enjoy'd by night and day, when ſafe on land,
As in a theatre, they view'd the foe
With fire and ſword oppreſt in winding Po.
What groans and ſhrieks were heard, what human blood
With purple ſtreams diſtain'd th' infected flood!
What cruel deaths in ſuch dire fights they die,
Thou ſaw'ſt, and numbers could with thee deſcry.
Myſelf was abſent far—ſix days had paſt
Since thence diſpatch'd I went with duteous haſte,

as appears from Plutarch in the life of Lyſander, where it was laid to the charge of a great officer named Gyſippus, that he rooſted too many owls in his penthouſe, meaning the money which he had concealed of the kind of coin here deſcribed. The Nile has always been well known to abound with crocodiles.

Ver. 17. *Myſelf was abſent far*—] Ferrara, being beſieged by the troops of Venice, and by thoſe of Pope Julius II. the duke ſent Ludovico Arioſto, our poet, to the pope, to mitigate the anger which he had conceived againſt the Ferrareſe. In the meantime Cardinal Hippolito obtained a victory over the enemy in the river Po; and Arioſto, returning from his embaſſy, with great hopes of reſtoring peace, heard the account of Hippolito's ſucceſs. EUGENICO.

See the life of Arioſto, where he appears to have been twice ſent ambaſſador to the pope.

Before

Before the holy Sire our wants to ſpeak,
Embrace his knees and timely ſuccours ſeek.
But ſoon no aid of horſe or foot we claim'd;
Thy fearleſs arms the golden lion tam'd,
And cruſh'd ſo far that from that fatal hour
He ne'er again reſum'd his wonted power.
But from Alfonſin Trotto, preſent there,
Afranio, Peter Moro, ſkill'd in war,
Alberto, Annibal of noble name,
Bagnio and Zerbinetto, like in fame,
And Arioſtos three that honours claim;
From theſe the deeds I learnt, and ſince ſurvey'd
The numerous banners in the fanes diſplay'd;
And fifteen gallies that I captive view'd,
With barks a thouſand moor'd in Tyber's flood.
Whoe'er beheld the flames, what wrecks beneath
The waves were whelm'd, what grievous forms of death

Ver. 25. —— *Alfonſin Trotto*, —] A kind of ſteward in the houſhold of duke Alphonſo, who kept account of all expences. FORNARI.

Ver. 29. — *Arioſtos three that honours claim.*] Alphonſo, to whom Caſtiglione addreſſed his book: the other, Ludovico's brother Alleſſandro, who, from the ſatire addreſſed to him, appears to have been in the ſervice of Cardinal Hippolito; the third may be Carlo or Galaſſo Arioſto. FORNARI.

Reveng'd our palaces by fire laid low,
Till every ſhip was conquer'd from the foe,
May judge what dreadful ills the Pagan train,
Unwarn'd and weak, were fated to ſuſtain,
With Agramant their king, at dead of night,
Aſſail'd by Dudon with unequal fight.

'Twas night; and not a feeble glimmering ſhone,
When firſt the Chriſtians had th' aſſault begun:
But ſoon as ſulphur, pitch, and brimſtone pour'd
On ſide or ſtern the crackling ſhips devour'd,
So clear each object ſeem'd reveal'd to view,
As day from ocean's face the darkneſs drew.
Thus Agramant who, by the gloom deceiv'd,
Of ſmall account the hoſtile fleet believ'd,
When now the flame diſclos'd their numerous power
He ſees, alas! what ſcarce he deem'd before,
The navy's ſtrength; and in his alter'd mind
Far other iſſue to the fight divin'd.
Then with a few the veſſel he forſakes,
And with the gallant Brigliadoro takes
Whate'er he priz'd: a lighter bark receives
The wretched prince; in ſilent haſte he cleaves
(Stealing from ſhip to ſhip) the troubled tides,
Till ſafe at diſtance from the foe he rides:

While far behind his wretched friends remain,
By Dudon thus with dreadful carnage ſlain.
Fire burns them, water drowns, and ſteel deſtroys,
And he, the cauſe of all their ruin, flies.
So flies king Agramant, and in his fate
Sobrino ſhares, with whom he mourns too late
He once unheeding heard the ſage foretel
Th' impending ills that ſince too ſure befel.
But let us to Orlando turn the ſtrain,
Who, ere Biſerta's town might ſuccours gain,
Advis'd her walls and bulwarks to deſtroy,
That never more her power might France annoy.
Thus fix'd; the third enſuing day was nam'd
T'aſſault the town, and through the camp proclaim'd;
With duke Aſtolpho many ſhips remain'd
T' aſſiſt the ſiege, from Dudon's fleet detain'd:
Of theſe he made brave Sanſonetto guide,
A chief by ſea and land of courage try'd.
Who now with theſe againſt Biſerta ſtood,
And from the port a mile at anchor rode.
Aſtolpho and Orlando, who, with mind
Of Chriſtian frame, no enterprize deſign'd

Ver. 68. *But let us to Orlando* —] He returns again to Agramant, ver. 278 of this book.

Heaven

Heaven unimplor'd, bade through the camp declare
By herald's voice a day for faſt and prayer;
Exhorting each the third returning light,
Prepar'd to wait the ſignal for the fight,
To ſtorm with fire and ſword Biſerta's town,
And from her buildings heave the loweſt ſtone.

When now the hoſt from morn till eve had pray'd
And every due of pure religion paid,
All thoſe in blood or friendſhip bound, invite
Each other to partake the feſtive rite;
Their languid bodies then refreſh'd with food,
They wept, embrac'd, and ſuch their actions ſhow'd,
Their looks, their words, as deareſt friends that part
When thoughts of abſence rend the feeling heart.
Within Biſerta's walls, the prieſts no leſs,
Midſt throngings numbers to the temple preſs:
They beat their breaſts, to Macon they complain,
But Macon hears not, and their plaints are vain.

What

Ver. 98. ——*to Macon they complain,*] By Macon is meant Mahomet. In this paſſage, as in ſeveral others, the poet without ſcruple blends the manners of Mahometans, Pagans, and Chriſtians. The old Italian poets and romance writers, as has been before noticed, uſe indiſcriminately the appellation of Pagan to Infidels of every denomination; and Arioſto here makes his Mahometans talk of votive gifts and ſtatues

What prayers are offer'd, and what alms beſtow'd
By each apart! What public gifts are vow'd
Of ſtatues, fanes, and altars, to diſcloſe
In future times their paſt and preſent woes!
Now by their Cadi bleſt, in arms prepar'd,
The people ruſh their city's walls to guard.
In Tython's bed ſtill fair Aurora lies,
And darkneſs ſtill o'erſpreads the morning ſkies,
When there Aſtolpho, Sanſonetto here,
In armour ſheath'd before their ranks appear.
Orlando now the ſignal gives, and all
Advance with eager ſpeed t' attack the wall.
With four extended fronts Biſerta ſtood,
Two next the land, and two o'erlook'd the flood.
Her ramparts once by ſkilful artiſts rais'd,
Were much for ſtrength and much for beauty prais'd.
Now, wanting hands, the works by ſlow decay
Declin'd; for ſince within Branzardo lay
Begirt with foes, no workmen could his care
Procure, nor time the bulwarks to prepare.

ſtatues, ideas totally repugnant to the doctrine of Mahomet; but a ſtrict obſervance of what painters call the *coſtumi* (or manners) is not to be looked for in Taſſo or Arioſto. By the word Cadi is meant here the high-prieſt or chief teacher of the ſect, though it ſeems to be rather the title of the civil judge amongſt the Turks.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile Aſtolpho to the foremoſt place
Aſſign'd the king * who rul'd the ſable race.
Forward they ruſh to ſhake the trembling towers,
With fierce aſſault—ſo thick the mingled ſhowers
From twanging bows, from ſlings and engines rain,
That ſcarce the Pagans can the ſtorm ſuſtain.
To reach the foſſe the foot and horſemen drive,
And ſafely now beneath the walls arrive.
All toil, as if on each was plac'd the war,
And ſtones, and beams, with ſtrength unceaſing bear:
Theſe in the foſſe they caſt, where deep below
The waters drain'd an oozy bottom ſhow.
Full ſoon the depth is fill'd with eager pains,
And, lo! the foſſe is levell'd with the plains.
Aſtolpho, and with him Orlando join'd,
And Olivero, on the walls deſign'd
To urge the foot—impatient of delay
The Nubian bands, allur'd with hopes of prey,
Each threatening danger met with fearleſs view,
And ſhelter'd with the tortoiſe nearer drew.
Huge battering rams, and vaſt machines they bore
To burſt the gate and ſhake the ſolid tower;

* Senapus.

Ver. 121. *Aſſign'd the king who rul'd* —] Senapus, king of Nubia, who after he was reſtored to his ſight, accompanied Aſtolpho with a powerful army.

Beneath

Beneath the walls they pour'd compact and ſtrong,
Nor unprovided found the Pagan throng.
Theſe, from on high, fire darts and jav'lins throw,
And ponderous ſtones and rafters ſend below.
The thundering tempeſt falls, and batters down
The planks of engines rais'd againſt the town.
Much toil and pain the Chriſtian bands endure
The firſt aſſault, while glooms the air obſcure:
But when the ſun in eaſtern ſplendor burns,
Then changing Fortune from the Pagan turns.
Orlando then on every ſide purſues
The ſiege, and cloſe by land and ſea renews.
Brave Sanſonetto with his naval power
The port has enter'd and poſſeſs'd the ſhore;
With bows and ſlings he galls the foes from far,
And every engine fram'd for miſſive war;
And darts and ſpears and ſcaling-ladders ſends
(Whate'er his ſhips ſupply) to aid his friends.
Orlando, Olivero, and the knight *
Who late in air ſuſtain'd ſo bold a flight,
With Brandimart, a fierce aſſault maintain,
Far from the ſea and next the upland plain.
The hoſt is fram'd in four well-order'd bands,
And each brave chief himſelf a fourth commands;

* Astolpho.

Walls,

Walls, gates, they ſtorm, alike they preſs the foe,
And ſhining proofs of dauntleſs courage ſhow.
Each warrior ſingly better can diſplay
His worth, than blended in a general fray.
Who claim'd the foremoſt praiſe a thouſand eyes
Might now be witneſs, and adjudge the prize.
Here towers of wood are driven on wheels; and there
Vaſt elephants, inur'd the weight to bear,
Plac'd on their backs huge caſtles lift ſo high,
That far beneath the hoſtile ramparts lie.
Lo! Brandimart a ſcaling-ladder rears
Againſt the wall, and mounting others chears:
His bold example many chiefs purſue,
For who would pauſe with ſuch a guide in view?
None heed how well the ladder might ſuffice
To bear the numbers that attempt to riſe.
Brave Brandimart to reach the height intent,
Fights as he mounts, and wins the battlement:

Ver. 176. *Lo! Brandimart a ſcaling-ladder rears*] Very ſimiliar to this ſpirited paſſage is the deſcription of Rinaldo's attack at the walls of Jeruſalem in Taſſo, Book xviii. ver. 510.

——— with eager haſte
A ſcaling-ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd;
Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour,
Dauntleſs he mounts amidſt the ponderous ſhower.

With

With hand and foot he ſtrives, till with a bound
He treads the works, and whirls his falchion round:
He drives, o'erturns, he ſcatters, thruſts and cleaves,
And many a proof of matchleſs valour leaves.
But ſudden with its freight (a dreadful ſight)
The ladder breaks, and headlong from the height,
Save Brandimart, the bold aſſailants fall
Each pil'd on each beneath the well-fought wall:
Still Brandimart maintains his glorious heat,
Nor bends his thought a moment to retreat;
Though far beneath his followers lie o'erthrown,
Himſelf a mark to all the hoſtile town.
His anxious friends entreat him to return,
In vain they call—he hears with generous ſcorn.
Lo! from the walls, full thirty yards in height,
Within the city leaps the fearleſs knight;
Unharm'd

Ver. 199. *Within the city leaps*—] Arioſto ſeems here to have made uſe of a paſſage in Quintus Curtius, when Alexander the Great, at the ſiege of Oxydrace, having ſcaled the walls, leaps ſingly amidſt the enemy, where he fights with incredible valour, till receiving ſeveral wounds, he is nearly oppreſſed by numbers that ſurround him, when the Macedonians, terrified at the danger to which their king was expoſed, force the gates to come to his aſſiſtance, and the city is taken by ſtorm. The action of Brandimart is ſcarcely more romantic than that of Alexander, whoſe

Unharm'd he lights, as if his fall to meet
Soft down or turf were ſtretch'd beneath his feet.
Through deepening ranks of arm'd encircling foes,
As if unarm'd, his trenchant weapon goes.
Now here, now there he pours with generous ire,
Now theſe, now thoſe before his face retire.
His friends, without, think all relief too late
T' avert his death, and yield him up to fate.
From tongue to tongue th' unwelcome tidings grew:
Loquacious Fame, enlarging as ſhe flew,
To good Orlando firſt her ſpeed purſu'd
With reſtleſs wing, then Otho's ſon ſhe view'd,
And Olivero laſt—all three, who lov'd
The noble Brandimart, his danger mov'd;
But moſt Orlando—ſhould they help delay,
Their dear companion on that fatal day
Might breathe his laſt—Each for a ladder calls,
With emulation each aſcends the walls;
With ſuch fierce ſemblance and with looks ſo bold,
The wither'd Pagans trembled to behold,
As midſt the ſeas, when rattling winds prevail,
The roaring floods th' endanger'd bark aſſail;

courage, ſtrongly ſtimulated by his enthuſiaſtic admiration of the ancient heroes, brings him nearer to the fabulous warriors of romance, than any other hiſtorical character, unleſs perhaps we except, in our own times, that of Charles XII. of Sweden. See QUINTUS CURTIUS, Book I. ch. iv, v.

And

And now the prow and now the poop engage,
To force their paſſage with tempeſtuous rage;
Pale ſtands the pilot, who ſhould help ſupply,
He groans—he ſighs—his art and courage die;
Till through a breach one wave its entrance ſpeeds,
And, where it enters, wave to wave ſucceeds.
So when theſe noble three the walls had gain'd,
An eaſy conqueſt for the reſt remain'd:
Fearleſs they preſs, and raiſe on every ſide
A thouſand ladders to the works apply'd.
Meanwhile the battering rams with ruin ſhake
The jointed ſtones and many an opening make.
Thus, pour'd through more than one defenceleſs part,
Aſſiſtance came to noble Brandimart.
As when the king of floods, with deepening roar,
In ſudden deluge burſts his ſounding ſhore;
Wide o'er the field his ruſhing tide is borne,
The furrows drowns and ſweeps the ripen'd corn:
Whole flocks and ſheep-cotes by the ſtream are toſt,
And dogs and ſhepherds in the waters loſt;
While wondering fiſh amid the branches glide,
Where birds could late the yielding air divide.
With ſuch a fury, where the walls diſcloſe
A gaping breach, the martial current flows,

Of ſhouting troops, with ſword and brandiſh'd flame
To ſink the remnant of the Pagan name.
Rapine and Murder, foul with gory ſtain,
And Avarice, thirſting for another's gain,
That ſtately city now in ruin lay,
The queen of Afric once and firſt in ſway!
With ſlaughter'd men is heap'd the groaning ground,
Th' innumerous ſtreams that flow from every wound
Swell to a pool, more diſmal than the lake
Which, circling Dis, Cocytus' waters make.
From ſtreet to ſtreet the hungry flames aſpire,
Domes, moſques, and portals feed the ſpreading fire.
The pillag'd dwellings groans and ſhrieks repeat,
And frequent hands the wretched boſom beat.
Behold with piles of coſtly treaſure borne,
The mournful victors through each gate return;
With vaſes fair, with veſtments richly wrought,
And maſſy ſilver from the temples brought,
Snatch'd from their fabled Gods—Sad mothers here
Are dragg'd, and there the captive ſons appear.

Ver. 255. *Which, circling Dis,—*] Dante, in his Inferno, feigns a river of red water, of which the four infernal ſtreams are formed. Phlegethon, one of theſe, ſurrounds the city of Dis or Pluto.

Behold

Behold ſubjected to the ſoldiers' luſt
Matrons and maids!—a thouſand deeds unjuſt
To good Orlando told, but told in vain,
Which he, nor duke Aſtolpho could reſtrain.
Brave Bucifaro, Algazieri's lord,
Was ſlain by gallant Olivero's ſword.
All hopes of better fortune caſt aſide,
By his own weapon king Branzardo dy'd.
Soon with three wounds in death was Fulvo laid,
Whom firſt the noble duke had priſoner made.
When Agramant for France his arms prepar'd,
Theſe three he left his Afric realms to guard.
King Agramant who with Sobrino took
His haſty flight, and all his ſhips forſook,
Began with ſighs Biſerta to deplore,
The cauſe divin'd, when blazing from the ſhore
He view'd the flames; but when at full were known
The ſufferings of his once imperial town,
Urg'd by deſpair, himſelf his life had clos'd,
But that Sobrino ſuch dire thought oppos'd.
Sobrino thus—What couldſt thou more beſtow
To ſwell the triumph of thy haughty foe,
Than by thy death to give him hopes to gain
The quiet rule of Afric's wide domain?

To him thy life, O king! muſt this deny,
Thy life muſt cauſe of endleſs fears ſupply.
Long, long ere Afric ſhall his laws confeſs:
Thy death alone enſures his full ſucceſs;
That death, which us of every hope deprives,
Of hope, the only good that now ſurvives.
Yet live—thou ſtill ſhalt happier hours employ
To turn our tears to ſmiles, our grief to joy.
If thou art loſt—ſure bondage is our fate,
And Afric mourns a tributary ſtate.
If life thou wilt not for thyſelf prolong,
Yet live, O king, to ſave thy friends from wrong.
Th' Egyptian Soldan, whoſe dominions lie
So near thy own, will men and ſtores ſupply;
Ill muſt he brook, in Afric thus o'er-run,
To ſee the growing power of Pepin's ſon.
Thy kinſman Norandino will ſuſtain
A war ſo juſt thy kingdom to regain:
And, would'ſt thou ſeek their aid, thou ſoon may'ſt find
In aid of thee Armenians, Turks combin'd,
With Medians, Perſians, and Arabians join'd.

Theſe ſoothing words the prudent ſage addreſs'd
To waken comfort in his ſovereign's breaſt,

But

But while with words his drooping lord he cheer'd,
In thought perchance far other end he fear'd.
The wretched ſtate of him too well he knows,
How vain his hope, who, when by powerful foes
Oppreſt, beholds them ſeize his regal lands,
And flies for ſuccour to Barbarian bands.
Of this Jugurtha, Hannibal of old,
And many a name in ſtory'd annals told,
Example yield, and Ludovico (nam'd
Il Moro) in our time has ſince proclaim'd,
Who by another Ludovico fell:
This knows thy brother (great Alphonſo) well,

Ver. 319. *Of this Jugurtha, Hannibal of old,*] Hannibal, being overcome by the great Scipio, took ſhelter firſt with Antiochus, but afterwards ſuſpecting his faith, he went to Pruſias king of Bithynia, who treacherouſly prepared to deliver him up to the Romans, of which Hannibal having intelligence, killed himſelf by poiſon. Jugurtha, truſting to the good faith of Bocchus, king of Mauritania, was by him delivered priſoner to Scylla.

Ver. 321. —— *Ludovico (nam'd Il Moro)*—] Ludovico Sforza duke of Milan, who fell into the power of Lewis XII. king of France. See note, Book xxxiii. ver. 245.

Ver. 324. *This knows thy brother*—] The poet here addreſſes cardinal Hippolito, to whom his work is dedicated.

Who deems the man to madneſs near ally'd,
That ſhall (O prince!) by adverſe fortune try'd,
More in another than himſelf confide.
Hence, in that war where through the pontiff's ire
He ſaw ſuch foes againſt his peace conſpire,
Though in his feeble ſtate, he little knew
To frame deſigns, though he, from whom he drew
His beſt defence, from Italy was driven,
And to his deadly foe the kingdom given,
Yet would he ne'er for threats or promiſe yield
His cauſe to others, or reſign the field.

King Agramant, now ſteering from the weſt
His beaky prow, had through the waves addreſt
His foamy courſe, when ſudden from the ſhore
A dreadful tempeſt roſe with hollow roar;
The pilot, at the helm, aloft ſurvey'd
The blackening ſkies, and inſtant thus he ſaid.
I ſee a gathering ſtorm whoſe threaten'd rage
Not all my art ſuffices to engage:
If you, O chiefs! attend what I adviſe,
Near, to the left a lonely iſland lies,
Where we ſecure may ſafe at anchor keep,
Till paſt the fury that o'erhangs the deep.
The king conſenting, to the left they ſtand,
And ſafe from perils now, approach the land

Welcome

Welcome to ſeamen worn with length of toil,
'Twixt Afric placid, and Vulcan's fiery ſoil.
In this ſmall iſland not a cot was found;
Pale juniper and myrtle ſhade the ground:
A pleaſing ſolitude, from man remote,
Where breed the deer, the ſtag, the hare and goat:
By few but fiſhers known: here oft they came,
And cleanſing from the ooze and briny ſtream,
On lowly ſhrubs their humid nets they dry'd,
While fiſhes ſlept beneath the quiet tide.

Arriv'd, another veſſel here they view'd,
Like them by fortune ſheltering from the flood;
This the great king of Scricana bore,
Who late embarking, ſail'd from Arli's ſhore.
Together met, the kings with friendly grace
Receiv'd each other in a dear embrace.
For friends of old, and in one cauſe combin'd,
Before proud Paris' walls in arms they ſhin'd.
With deep concern Gradaſſo heard the fate
Of Agramant, and to his wretched ſtate
Fair comfort gave, and, as a courteous prince,
His perſon offer'd in his friend's defence;

Ver. 363. *Who late embarking,*—] Gradaſſo, king of Sericano, after finding Bayardo, (ſee Book xxxiii. ver. 699) for which he had engaged in a duel with Rinaldo, left France to return to his native country.

But

But will'd him ne'er from Egypt's faithleſs power
(A wandering exile) ſuccours to implore.
Enough of old was Pompey warn'd (he ſaid)
Unhappy Pompey to his death betray'd:
But ſince thou ſay'ſt Aſtolpho with the bands
Of Æthiopia from Senapus' lands,
Has Afric ſeiz'd, and (ſword and fire employ'd)
The capital of all thy realm deſtroy'd;
And that Orlando, who with ſenſeleſs mind
Late rov'd an out-caſt, him in arms has join'd;
Methinks the means I ſpy, which well purſu'd
From preſent ill may work thy future good.
For love of thee, and to maintain thy right,
Orlando will I call to ſingle fight:
Full well I know with me he ne'er can ſtand,
His breaſt though adamant, though ſteel his hand.
He once remov'd, the Chriſtian church I hold,
As to a hungry wolf the bleating fold.
Then have I plann'd from Afric's realm to chace
(Nor hard I deem the taſk) the Nubian race.

Ver 372. *But will'd him ne'er—*] Gradaſſo, to diſſuade Agramant from ſeeking aſſiſtance of the Soldan of Egypt, as adviſed by Sobrino, ſets before him the example of Pompey, who loſt his life by truſting to the faith of the Egyptians.

Thoſe

Thoſe Nubians, whom the Nile's far-winding tides
From theſe disjoin, but more whoſe faith divides;
The Arabs and Macrobians; thoſe with hoard
Of gold and jewels, theſe with courſers ſtor'd;
Chaldeans, Perſians, many names that own
My regal ſway, the ſubjects to my throne:
Theſe, at my nod, on Nubia's realm ſhall fall,
And ſoon from Afric every band recall.
Unhappy Agramant full gladly clos'd
With what Gradaſſo's friendſhip laſt propos'd,
And deem'd his thanks to favouring Heaven were due
That to the deſert iſle the monarch drew.
But never could he yield (though fate once more
Would on ſuch terms Biſerta's walls reſtore),
That in his cauſe, to his eternal ſhame,
Gradaſſo, in his ſtead, ſhould combat claim.
If in the liſt Orlando muſt be try'd—
Be mine the trial—(Agramant reply'd)
Prepar'd I ſtand—and as by Heaven decreed,
Let death or victory the fight ſucceed.
Be ſtill the combat mine (Gradaſſo cries).
And what I wiſh a ſudden thought ſupplies,
Let thou and I together wage the fight
Againſt Orlando and ſome other knight.

Exclude me not, I little ſhall complain,
If, laſt or firſt—(thus Agramant again)
How through the world ſuch glory can I ſhare,
Or find, like thine, a partnerſhip in war?
Sobrino then—Muſt I remain behind?
Old as I ſeem, yet know with age declin'd
Experience dwells, and counſel oft avails
In danger moſt, where nerve or courage fails.
Strong was Sobrino and robuſt in years,
For deeds of valour fam'd above his peers:
Through all his veins the vigorous ſpirits flow'd,
As prime of youth ſtill warm'd his generous blood:
Juſt ſeem'd his ſuit—and for the deſtin'd way
A meſſenger was nam'd, on whom to lay
Th' important charge for Afric to repair,
And to Orlando's ear the challenge bear;
And urge the knight with two brave warriors more
In arms to meet the three, where round the ſhore
Of Lipaduſas' iſle the billows roar.
The meſſenger, as ſuch commiſſion needs,
With oars and ſails to reach Biſerta ſpeeds,
There finds Orlando, who o'er all preſides,
And midſt his friends the ſpoils of war divides.

And

And now in public was the fight declar'd,
To which the Pagan king the Chriſtians dar'd:
Such joy Anglante's noble lord confeſs'd
With honour'd gifts the herald he careſs'd,
And fair diſmiſs'd him—from his friends he knew
That bold Gradaſſo Durindana drew.
Hence, through deſire his weapon to regain,
He purpos'd once to croſs the Indian main.
Alone he deem'd Gradaſſo there to find
Whom fame declar'd by lands and ſeas disjoin'd
From diſtant France: but now in happy hour
He hopes that fortune might his ſword reſtore;
With this he hopes to gain his valu'd horn
(So long withheld) by fam'd Almontes borne:
And Brigliadoro, from his lord detain'd,
Which in the field Troyano's offspring rein'd.
Orlando now t' engage the triple foes,
His faithful Brandimart and kinſman choſe:

Ver. 451. ——*his valu'd horn*] This horn, of which nothing particular is related in Arioſto, appears in the poem of Aſpramonte to have been won by Orlando from Almontes, with his armour, and is ſaid by Boyardo to have been afterwards ſtolen from Orlando by Brunello. Concerning the miraculous horns ſo frequently mentioned in romance, ſee note to Book xv. ver 105.

Ver. 453. *And Brigliadoro,*—] After the death of Mandricardo this horſe was preſented by Rogero to king Agramant.

Both had he prov'd as thoſe that knew not fear,
And oft had prov'd each warrior held him dear.
For him and for his friends fair ſteeds he ſought
With armour try'd, and ſwords of temper wrought
And jouſting ſpears—for well to you is known
How from theſe knights had fortune reft their own.
Orlando (as I told) in frantic mood
His mail had piecemeal ſcatter'd through the wood:
Stern Rodomont from two their armour gain'd,
Which long the virgin ſepulchre contain'd.
Few arms and weapons now could Afric boaſt,
The beſt king Agramant for Gallia's coaſt
Exhauſted to ſupply his numerous hoſt.
Orlando bids from every part produce
Such arms as beſt might ſerve their preſent uſe,
And on the ſhore full oft the noble knight
Conſults his partners on th' expected fight.
One day, as diſtant from the camp he ſtood
With eyes intent upon the billowy flood,
He ſaw a veſſel with expanded ſail
To Afric ſpeed before the driving gale,
Without or ſeamen, paſſengers, or guide,
As fortune ſped, or winds their breath ſupply'd:
With canvaſs ſtretch'd the veſſel nearer bore
Her rapid way and reach'd at length the ſhore.

But ere of theſe I further can rehearſe,
The love I bear Rogero claims the verſe:
His ſtory I reſume, and haſte to tell,
What him and Clarmont's noble knight befel.
Of either warrior we the tale purſue
Who lately from the martial liſt withdrew;
The truce o'erturn'd by breach of every right,
And all the ſquadrons mix'd in mortal flight.
Of each they meet the champions ſeek to know
Who, loſt to honour, could his faith forego:
From what fell cauſe ſuch impious ſtrife could ſpring,
From royal Charles, or from the Pagan king.

Meantime a ſervant of Rogero, nurs'd
In courts and camps, and faithful to his truſt,
Who, while the conflict rag'd 'twixt either hoſt,
Had ne'er, by flight, his deareſt maſter loſt,
Approach'd, and ſudden to his hand convey'd
His ſword and ſteed to give the Pagans aid,
Rogero graſp'd the ſword, his ſeat regain'd,
But heedful from forbidden fields refrain'd.
He parted thence; yet ere he went, once more
Renew'd the oath he to Rinaldo ſwore:

Ver. 482. *But ere of theſe*—] He returns to Orlando, Book xli. ver. 179.

If

If Agramant were firſt the truce to break,
Him and his ſect for ever to forſake.
Of all he ſought, and learnt alike from each
That firſt from Agramant began the breach.
Him dear Rogero lov'd; and this could give
Small cauſe, he fear'd, his ſovereign lord to leave.
Already have I told that, thouſands ſlain,
Diſpers'd and loſt were Afric's broken train,
Low in the wheel's unſtable motion hurl'd,
As ſhe * decrees, whoſe empire rules the world,
Now held Rogero with himſelf debate
T' abide in France; or ſhare his monarch's fate;
When love that held him with a powerful rein
From Afric's land would ſtill his ſteps detain;
And dread of ſhame his other thoughts control'd,
And bade him faith with good Rinaldo hold.
No leſs reflection rankled in his breaſt,
That thus to quit king Agramant diſtreſt,
Muſt argue fear—though juſt to ſome might ſeem
The cauſe, yet others might his ſtay condemn;
And urge the licenſe ſuch an oath to break,
At firſt unlawful and unjuſt to take.
That day and all the live-long night he mus'd,
And all th' enſuing day in doubts confus'd;

* FORTUNE.

At

At length he fix'd to bid awhile adieu
To Gallia's realm, his ſovereign to purſue.
Full well his ſoul love's potent rule obey'd,
But more his loyalty and honour ſway'd.
He turn'd to Arli, hoping there to find
Some Turkiſh bark to ſpeed his courſe deſign'd.
At ſea or anchor not a bark he found,
Nor Pagans ſaw, but lifeleſs on the ground;
For Agramant, what ſhips his need requir'd
Departing took, the reſt in port he fir'd.
His aim deceiv'd, to reach the neighbouring ſtrand
Of fair Marſeilles, Rogero paſs'd by land,
In hope ſome veſſel there might waft him o'er,
To ſeek his lord, to Afric's diſtant ſhore.
The Dane who late at ſea ſo bravely fought
The Mooriſh fleet, his priſoners hither brought.
Scarce could a grain be caſt amidſt the flood,
So thick around th' innumerous navy rode:
So cloſe each bulky ſhip to ſhip was join'd,
Each ſhip with victors and with captives lin'd.
The Pagan veſſels, ſav'd that fatal night
From fire and wreck (ſave thoſe that ſcap'd in flight)
By Dudon taken, now Marſeilles had gain'd,
With theſe, ſeven kings who once in Afric reign'd,

Who when they ſaw their kingdom's overthrow,
With their ſeven ſhips ſubmitted to the foe.
That day had Dudon left his deck to meet
His ſovereign Charles, and landing from the fleet
His ſpoils and captives, rang'd in long array
The ſolemn triumph through the public way.
Abaſh'd and mute th' unhappy priſoners ſtand;
Around exult the conquering Nubian band;
While, caught from man to man, with loud acclaim
The neighbouring cliffs reſound with Dudon's name.
This fleet, for Agramant's, the warlike youth
At firſt believ'd, and eager for the truth
His courſer ſpurr'd; but as he nearer drew,
Too ſoon his eyes the mournful captives knew.
The king of Naſamana there he view'd:
There Bambirago, Agricaltes ſtood;
There Ferraurantes, Rimedon renown'd;
Balaſtro, Manilardo there he found.
All theſe, with looks declin'd deep anguiſh ſhow'd,
While down each cheek the manly ſorrows flow'd.

Ver. 567. *Agricaltes*—] Here is an apparent ſlip of the poet's memory, for Puliano king of Naſamana, and Agricaltes, were killed by Rinaldo in the xvith Book, and Balaſtro by Lurcanio in the xviiith book.

Rogero

Rogero ſaw, nor ſaw with breaſt unmov'd,
The doleful ſtate of thoſe whom dear he lov'd:
But well he knew entreaty here would fail,
And aid, enforc'd by arms, alone prevail.
Againſt their guards his reſted ſpear he drove;
Nor fail'd his ſpear its wonted force to prove.
His falchion next he drew, and round him ſlain
A hundred fell, and groaning bit the plain.
Dudon the tumult hears, beholds the blows
Rogero gives, nor yet the warrior knows:
He ſees his men who turn their feet to fly,
With many a groan, with many a fearful cry.
In corſlet, mail, and cuiſhes arm'd he ſtands,
And ſwift his courſer, ſhield and helm demands.
Lightly he mounts his ſeat, receives his lance,
And ſhines confeſt a Paladin of France.
He bids the troops on either hand recede,
And gores with iron heel his foamy ſteed.
A hundred now Rogero's arm had kill'd,
And riſing hopes each captive's boſom fill'd:
When holy Dudon on his ſteed he view'd,
As round on foot th' ignoble vulgar ſtood,

Ver. 592. *When holy Dudon* —] See Book xxxix, note to ver. 374.

He deem'd him leader of the powers, and flew
To give the warrior-chief a warrior's due.
Him Dudon met, but when approaching near,
He ſaw Rogero come without his ſpear,
His own he caſt aſide, as one in fight
Who with advantage ſcorn'd t' aſſail the knight.
Rogero, when the courteous act he ſpy'd—
Sure yonder warrior (to himſelf he cry'd)
Or much I err, is one of many nam'd
The Paladins, in fields of battle fam'd:
Fain would I, ere we join in combat, know
The name and lineage of my gallant foe.
He aſk'd; and by his fair reply was known
Dudon the brave, the Dane Ugero's ſon.
To him good Dudon made the like requeſt,
Rogero equal courteſy expreſs'd.
Againſt each other now (their names declar'd)
They hurl'd defiance and for deeds prepar'd.
That iron mace, which in a thouſand fields,
Had giv'n him endleſs glory, Dudon wields:
With

Ver. 612. *That iron mace* ——] The poet here arms Dudon with a mace and Rogero with a ſword, which may ſeem rather ſingular, as it is not explained how ſuch difference of weapons was conſonant to the laws of chivalry, nor is there any other example of the kind in Arioſto or Boyardo, though

With this full well his rightful claim he ſhow'd
To Daniſh valour and Ugero's blood.
That ſword, which helm and cuiraſs can divide,
Which ſcarce is equall'd through the world beſide,
Rogero graſps, and while he graſps, diſplays
A virtue pair'd with noble Dudon's praiſe.
But good Rogero fear'd, o'er every fear,
T' offend the virgin to his ſoul ſo dear,
Aſſur'd if by his hand the knight ſhould bleed,
Her hatred muſt attend the luckleſs deed.
Skill'd in each noble houſe of France, he knew
Dudon his birth from Armellina drew,
Siſter to Beatrice, of whom was born
His Bradamant, whoſe gifts her ſex adorn.
Hence ne'er with point direct the thruſt he bends,
And ſeldom with its edge his blade deſcends:
Still on his guard, as falls the ponderous mace,
The ſtroke he parries, or he ſhifts his place.

it is here ſaid that Dudon was celebrated for the uſe of this weapon. It is however certain, that the poet does not imply that any unfair advantage was taken, ſince he commends the courteſy of Dudon for caſting away his ſpear to meet Rogero on equal terms. After all, the introduction of the mace might ariſe ſolely from a deſire of giving more variety to the battle.

Well Turpin thinks that by Rogero ſlain
Had noble Dudon preſt the ſanguine plain;
But he, who fears th' advantage given to uſe,
Still fights with caution, nor his ſtroke purſues.
By turns Rogero in his ſkilful hand
With flat or edge his falchion can command:
Now whizzing round his rapid weapon flies,
And with ſuch force aſtoniſh'd Dudon plies,
That ſcarce with dazzled eyeſight can he rein
His frighted courſer or his ſeat retain.

But more henceforth—who deigns to lend an ear,
Some future time the finiſh'd tale ſhall hear.

END OF THE FORTIETH BOOK.


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